

Wicklow County Council

COUNTY LIBRARY SERVICE

RULES

1. This book may be kept for two weeks. It may be renewed if not required by another borrower.

2. A fine of One Penny will be charged for the first week or portion thereof, and Twopence for every succeeding week that the book is kept beyond the specified time.

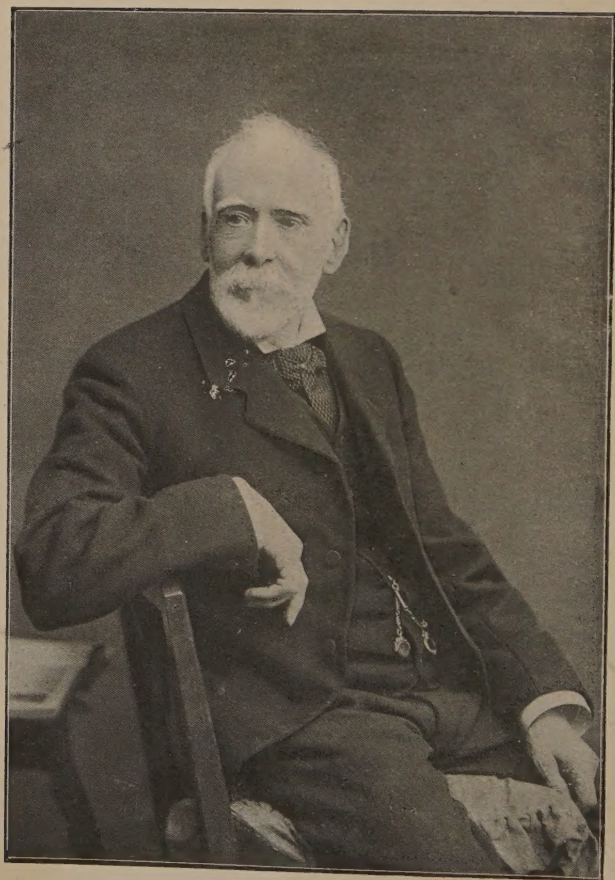
3. Books damaged or lost must be replaced by the borrower or the cost thereof refunded.

4. Borrowers should remember that where a case of Infectious Disease occurs in their house, any Library books in their possession at the time should be immediately handed over to an officer of the Sanitary Authority to be disinfected or destroyed, and that no books can be issued to such borrowers until the house is declared free from infection. Under the "Public Health Acts Amendment Act, 1907," neglecting to comply with this Rule renders the borrower liable to a fine not exceeding Forty Shillings.

5. Borrowers should report loss of books or change of address to the Local Librarian.

"Donegal Democrat", Ltd., Ballyshannon,

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
Troubled Times in Irish Politics.
BY
T. D. SULLIVAN.



T. D. SULLIVAN.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF TROUBLED TIMES IN

IRISH POLITICS

By T. D. SULLIVAN



DUBLIN:

SEALY, BRYERS & WALKER,
Middle Abbey Street.



M. H. GILL & SON, LTD.,
O'Connell Street.

1905.

PRINTED BY
SEALY, BRYERS AND WALKER,
MIDDLE ABBEY STREET,
DUBLIN.

WICKLOW COUNTY LIBRARY

Date Recd. 24/1/58

Inv. No. Webb

Acc. No. 67,039

Class No. 9002v.

Rebound.....

157-

PREFATORY.

A FEW words as to how the following pages came to be written.

In the month of September, 1900, after a connection of forty-five years with *The Nation* newspaper, my journalistic work came to an end. This was a consequence of the amalgamation of *The Nation* with the Dublin *Daily Independent*.

At the General Election, which took place one month later, after a service of twenty years in the House of Commons and on political platforms throughout Great Britain and Ireland, I ceased to be a member of the British Parliament.

I had intended to offer myself for re-election to my constituents of West Donegal; and with that view I proceeded to the locality in the early days of September, 1900. I was cordially received by the people of the several towns I visited; and I wrote to a local solicitor to engage his services as my conducting agent. After the lapse of some days I received a telegram from him informing me that with the assent and support of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of the Diocese, he was himself coming forward as a candidate. That was the first I had heard of any such project of eviction;

I had got no "notice to quit," either by letter or in the press, though rumours had reached me that certain dignitaries of the Diocese thought I had not been sufficiently amenable to what was called the "discipline" of the Irish Parliamentary party. Two days later the Administrator of the parish of Glenties interviewed me at a hotel in the town of that name, told me that the Bishop was not favourable to my candidature, as I might easily have judged from the terms of a letter he had written to the rev. chairman of a convention at Letterkenny, and that under those circumstances I would not be justified in seeking for re-election. He complained of my having gone through the town getting a nomination-paper signed without having obtained his assent; and said that if he held up his hand I would not get a vote in the parish. I did not share the opinion of his reverence; but after he left I resolved that I would not ask my friends in the constituency, clerical and lay, to put themselves in the unpleasant position of opposing the will and wishes of their Bishop and certain of his clergy. I recognised that they were entitled to exercise great influence and authority in a matter of this kind. Next morning I bade adieu to Donegal and took the train for Dublin.

Later on, being completely disengaged, some friends suggested to me the idea of writing a sketch of my political experiences—a sort of short "history of my own time." It had been a time of strenuous political life, covering the '48 Movement, the Phoenix Con-

spiracy, the Fenian Rising, the Tenant-Right, Amnesty, and Home Rule agitations, the Parnellite Movement, the "Split," the Forgeries Commission, the Land League, the Coercion Acts, State Prosecutions, etc. Contemporaneously with the struggle waged against British misgovernment in Ireland, there were frequent protracted and bitter quarrels amongst Nationalists themselves, further complicating the situation. Through all the trouble the spirit of Irish patriotism shone out undimmed, and of the principle of nationality there was no surrender.

I acted on the suggestion, in the hope that brief sketches of those national movements, frankly and fairly set forth, would be interesting and perhaps instructive to many of my countrymen.

This volume is the result.

T. D. SULLIVAN.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I.

Daniel O'Connell.—A Repeal "Monster Meeting."—Bantry distinguishes itself.—Boating through the streets of Skibbereen.—The Potato Blight.—The Great Famine.—The Young Irelanders.—Pike-making in Bantry.—A. M. Sullivan sets out to join the Rising in Tipperary.. 1

CHAPTER II.

Gavan Duffy and the new *Nation*. A Peace Policy.—Native Industries.—The Tenant-right Movement.—Causes of its Failure.—A new Proprietary of *The Nation*.—Mr. Duffy leaves Ireland for Australia. 8

CHAPTER III.

Constitutional Agitation versus Secret Conspiracy.—John Mitchell's views.—'98 and '48. 14

CHAPTER IV.

The War with Russia.—The Irish Tenant League.—The so-called "Papal Aggression."—The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.—The Sadler and Keogh Treachery. 20

CHAPTER V.

The Question of "Priests in Politics." A Fierce Controversy.—Action of Archbishop Cullen. —The Popular Leaders stand up for the Rights of the Clergy. 30

CHAPTER VI.

Rise of the Phoenix Movement.—Arming and Drilling.—A Semi-secret Society.—O'Donovan Rossa takes the Lead.—Arrests and Prosecutions. 35

CHAPTER VII.

Rossa Resumes Operations.—Pikes and Rifles.—More Trouble with the Clergy.—Phoenixism is transformed into Fenianism.—Establishment of *The Irish People* Newspaper. .. 44

CHAPTER VIII.

Renewal of the Anti-clerical War. —Articles and Correspondence of *The Irish People*.—The Government takes Action.—Capture of *The People* Office.—Seizure of Documents.—Arrest of the Leaders.—Trial, Conviction, and Sentence. 53

CHAPTER IX.

The Fenian Trials.—C. M. O'Keeffe.—His Plan for dealing with the Irish Aristocracy, and proposed Boycotting of Belfast.—Pagan O'Leary.—The Military Fenians.—Pigott at his old Libels again.—Verdict of Arbitrators against him.—Letter of Mr. J. K. Casey.—Establishment of *United Ireland*: Editor, William O'Brien. .. 64

CHAPTER X.

Traitorous Conduct of Pigott.—He tries to extort Blackmail from Mr. Egan.—The Fenian Rising in West Kerry.—Dr. Moriarty's famous Sermon.—He denounces the Fenian Organisers; But Praises the Honourable Conduct of the Insurrectionists. .. 76

CHAPTER XI.

The Fenian Rising in Dublin.—William O'Brien on Fenianism. The Cruise of the "Erin's Hope."—More Denunciations of "Agitation."—Constitutional Meetings Attacked.—The Grattan Statue.—Riot in the Rotunda.—Fenian Rejoicing.—But the Statue is Erected. .. 87

CHAPTER XII.

Attempted Assassination of the Duke of Edinburgh by O'Farrell near Sydney, Australia.—O'Farrell's Letter to *The Nation*, and what was done with it.—Unpleasant times for Irishmen in Sydney.—The Amnestied Fenians.—Richard O'Sullivan befriends them.—His death in San Francisco. .. 103

CHAPTER XIII.

Assassinations.—Attempted Murders.—Death Sentences.—
 Reprieves ordered by James Stephens.—P. J. Meehan and
 A. M. Sullivan. Alleged threats against the Life of Richard
 Pigott.—T. D. Sullivan Cautioned.—Warning Notice from
 "The Executive." 108

CHAPTER XIV.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Young Irelander, Loyalist, Canadian Mini-
 ster.—His Opposition to the Fenians.—His Assassination. 119

CHAPTER XV.

The Amnesty Movement.—The Policy of Intolerance.—More
 Attacks on Public Meetings.—Attempt to break up a
 Tenant-right Demonstration in Limerick.—Desperate Riot
 in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester.—Mr. John O'Leary's
 later opinions on Political Rowdyism. 128

CHAPTER XVI.

The Amnesty Meeting in the Phoenix Park.—Attack by the
 Police.—Brutal Batoning of the People.—Protest of the
 Amnesty Committee.—Action of Irish Members in Parlia-
 ment.—The Government gives way.—The Right of Meeting
 conceded.—A Popular Victory. 138

CHAPTER XVII.

Two Prominent Nationalists go wrong.—Mr. P. J. Smyth
 quarrels with, and quits the Home Rule Party.—He gets
 a small Government Appointment.—Career of The
 O'Donoghue.—His intended Duel with Sir Robert Peel.—He
 Deserts the National Party.—Challenges George Henry
 Moore to a Duel.—Withdraws from Political Life. 145

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Longford Election.—Candidature of John Martin.—The
 Home Government Association.—John Devoy and the
 "New Departure."—The Dynamite Policy.—Meditations by
 Mr. Patrick Ford.—Proposals of Mr. Tom Mooney and Mr.
 Patrick Crowe.—Letter of A. M. Sullivan.—Dynamite Explo-
 sions in London.—The Fate of "Captain Mackay." 158

CHAPTER XIX.

- The Fenian Rescue at Manchester.—Execution of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien.—“God Save Ireland.” 176

CHAPTER XX.

- The Obstruction Policy in Parliament.—Declining influence of Mr. Butt.—Rise of Messrs. Parnell and Biggar.—All-night Sittings.—“New Rules,” and “Blocking Notices.”—Sudden death of Mr. Biggar. 181

CHAPTER XXI.

- Beginning of Mr. Parnell's trouble.—His long absences from Duty.—He Leads a Hidden Life.—Re-appears for a while.—Forces Captain O'Shea on the Electors of Galway.—His Arrest and Imprisonment.—The “No Rent Manifesto.”—The negotiation of the “Kilmainham Treaty.”—Release of Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, Davitt, O'Kelly, &c. .. 190

CHAPTER XXII.

- The Phoenix Park Murders.—Address from Parnell, Dillon, and Davitt.—Discovery of the Invincible Society.—Arrest of alleged Members.—James Carey gives Information.—Assassination of Carey by Patrick O'Donnell.—Execution of O'Donnell. 200

CHAPTER XXIII.

- A New Coercion Act.—Defeat of Gladstone's Home Rule Bill.—Departure of the Home Rule Viceroy, the Earl of Aberdeen, from Ireland.—Great Farewell Demonstration in Dublin. 207

CHAPTER XXIV.

- The Irish Unionists; Their Publications; Their Literary Champions.—The “Professor of Moral Philosophy.”—His Abusive Letters to Irish Nationalists.—He “goes for” Lord Mayor Sullivan.—The Carlisle Placard.—The Loyal Riot at Glastonbury.—The Dublin Corporation and Sir Garnet Wolseley.—Freedom of Dublin voted to Messrs. Parnell and Dillon. 214

CHAPTER XXV.

Visit of the Irish Municipal Deputations to Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden.—Address presented to him from the Women of Ireland.—Return visit of Englishwomen to Dublin with an address “to their Irish Sisters.”—Great Demonstration of Welcome in the Rotunda. 226

CHAPTER XXVI.

Yet another Coercion Act.—Attack on Liberty of the Press.—I set the Act at Defiance, and am Prosecuted.—Novel Scenes in Court.—Struggle for the City Sword and Mace.—My Conviction and Sentence.—Experience of Tullamore Jail.—English Demonstrations of Sympathy. 234

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Times Articles on “Parnellism and Crime.”—How they were manufactured.—Flanagan, Houston, and Pigott.—The Forged Letter.—Repudiation by Parnell.—Action against *The Times* by Frank Hugh O'Donnell.—Appointment of the Special Commission. 246

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mainly about Pigott.—His begging and blackmailing Letters.—He Threatens to Commit Suicide.—The Forged Parnell and Egan Letters.—His stories of the Black Bag.—Houston employs him to get Evidence, and buys the Forgeries for *The Times*. 256

CHAPTER XXIX.

Pigott before the Special Commission.—Break down of his Evidence.—His Interviews with Mr. Labouchere.—Makes a Confession of his Guilt.—Flies to Paris.—Warrant for his Arrest.—Is captured at Madrid.—Puts a Pistol into his mouth and shoots himself.—Report of the Special Commission. 270

CHAPTER XXX.

The Parnell Mystery.—Uneasiness in the Irish Party.—Lost, Stolen, or Strayed? Captain O'Shea brings an Action for Divorce.—No Defence.—Question of the Irish Leadership.—Parnell's Manifesto.—Action of the Irish Delegates in America.—The Discussions in Room 15.—The Split. 277

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Boulogne Negotiations.—Their Failure.—Mr. Parnell takes the Field in Ireland.—He is defeated at the Polls.—Desperate Election Riots. 295

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Freeman's Journal on "The Moral Question."—The Archbishop of Dublin Denounces the Paper.—The Siege and Capture of *United Ireland* office: It is taken and retaken. Mr. Parnell heads the final charge and breaks into the premises.—Starting of a new anti-Parnellite paper, *The Insuppressible*.—Founding of *The National Press*. 304

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Mr. Parnell's campaign in Ireland.—His Illness and Death at Brighton.—His Remains Brought to Dublin.—Great Funeral Demonstration.—Poems and Articles of Lamentation. 313

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Proposals for reunion rejected by Parnellites.—Anti-Clerical War Continued.—*The Freeman* changes sides.—It gets a Mock Funeral and is Cremated 318

CHAPTER XXXV.

The General Election of 1892.—Fierce Contests.—Desperate Fighting in Meath.—Priests Assaulted and Wounded.—The Parnellites lose Twenty-one Seats. .. 323

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Home Rule Campaign in England.—English Political Oratory.—Bulls and Blunders.—The Birmingham Pup. 332

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Mr. Gladstone's Second Home Rule Bill.—Conduct of the Parnellite Party.—Mr. John Redmond puts the Bill in Peril.—It is Passed by the House of Commons, but Rejected by the House of Lords. 337

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Lively Scenes in the House of Commons.—Fisticuffs.—A Pugilistic Colonel gets a Black Eye.—Plain Words from Mr. Healy and Mr. Sexton.—Colonel Saunderson's Hostile Message.—The Home Rule Campaign in Ulster.—Orange "Counter Demonstrations."—Atrocious Speech of Lord Rossmore.—The Orange Leaders, Johnston, Saunderson, and Waring. 346

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Death of Mr. Gladstone. A Statue of the Home Rule Statesman offered to Dublin. The Corporation refuse to give a site for it.—Protest against their Conduct by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. 359

CHAPTER XL.

The Local Government Act.—The Land Conference.—The Dunraven Treaty.—The Land Purchase Act.—Discussions as to its Merits.—Mr. William O'Brien "retires from Public Life." 365

CHAPTER XLI.

The National Question.—"The Dawning of the Day."

Appendix. 377

Index 383

Recollections of Troubled Times in Irish Politics.



CHAPTER I.

Daniel O'Connell.—A Repeal "Monster-meeting."—Bantry distinguishes itself.—Boating through the streets of Skibbereen.—The Potato Blight.—The Great Famine.—The Young Irelanders.—Pike-making in Bantry.—A. M. Sullivan sets out to join the rising in Tipperary.

IN the month of June, 1843, I was one of a party who went from my native town of Bantry to attend O'Connell's "Monster-meeting" in Skibbereen. There was at that time a flourishing Temperance Society in Bantry, of which I was a member; the Society had a good band of about twenty-five performers, amongst whom were my father, my younger brother, A. M. Sullivan, and myself; it also owned a large and handsome pinnace specially built for the use of its members; and our boatings about the harbour, our marching and band-playing through the streets, and our excursions to picturesque resorts in the neighbourhood, with our temperance medals and badges displayed, were, as we believed, the pride and glory of the town.

When the O'Connell meeting was about to be held

at Skibbereen, the Bantry men considered how they could best make a striking display in the procession. Their decision was to mount their pinnacle on wheels and have it drawn by a team of horses to the place of assembly, the bandsmen to take their seats in the craft and discourse national airs while accompanying the Liberator to the platform. The plan was carried out ; our pinnacle was much admired, and looked very gay, as we had set up flagpoles, from which streamed green banners and bunting of various colours. To these flags, however, O'Connell objected. Standing up in his triumphal car, as his vehicle passed ours at one point of the route, he shouted in stentorian tones and with a wave of his hand, "Take down those flags ; they are not allowed by law !" The bandsmen were astonished ; they stopped their music for a moment or two, then resumed it, let the Liberator pass majestically by—and did not remove the flags.

That was the only occasion on which I saw O'Connell. Well, may I apply to the scene the noble lines in which Lord Lytton describes a similar experience at the great Tara meeting :

"Once to my sight the giant thus was given,
Walled by wide air and roofed by boundless heaven.
Beneath his feet, the human ocean lay,
And wave on wave flowed into space away.
Methought no clarion could have sent its sound,
E'en to the center of the hosts around ;
And as I thought, rose the sonorous swell,
As from some church-tower swings the silvery bell ;
Aloft and clear from airy tide to tide
It glided easy, as a bird may glide.
To the last verge of that vast audience sent,
It played with each wild passion as it went ;
Now stirred the uproar—now the murmurs stilled,
And sobs or laughter answered as it willed.

The Great Famine, which wrought havoc amongst

the peasantry and brought ruin upon other classes during the years 1846-47, withered up the Repeal movement. No agitation for political reforms could be carried on by a plague-stricken and starving people. Food was what they needed and most urgently demanded. The political argument died away, drowned in cries and petitions for relief, lost in weepings and wailings for the victims who were perishing in hundreds by the roadsides, in the fields, and in their bare and empty houses. The Government were not entirely inert in the emergency; but for a long time they took the matter very coolly. They had scientists to investigate and report upon the nature of the potato disease, and statisticians to make out estimates and returns. In reply to deputations and addresses urging on them the necessity of large and prompt measures of relief, they announced that they were watching the case, that the newspaper reports were exaggerated, and that what might be found to be really requisite would be done in due time. Meantime the potatoes were rotting; the home-grown corn was being seized, sold, and exported to pay the landlords' rents; * the Government declined to open the ports and allow a free importation of foreign food stuffs; and men, women, and children were hourly perishing of hunger under conditions almost indescribable. There was only too much reason to believe that the Ministry regarded the situation as one that would eventuate in a mitigation of "The Irish difficulty,"

* The landlords, in many cases, had their bailiffs to go to the farms of the poor people whose potatoes had rotted, and mark their little stacks of corn with tar to indicate that they had been seized for rent and were the landlords' property. This black mark was known amongst the people as "the landlord's cross." See Canon O'Rourke's "History of the Great Irish Famine." Duffy & Co., Dublin, 1875.

and which, therefore, they need not be in a great hurry to ameliorate. Some of the British newspapers spoke out plainly in that sense, intimating their belief that the whole thing was an intervention of an All-wise Providence for England's benefit; while the extreme Protestant organs and some of their pulpit orators confidently declared that the famine was a Divine chastisement of the Irish people for their adherence to "Popery." *

At the same time humane Englishmen and women organised relief committees and sent generous subscriptions for the relief of the sufferers. There always were and always will be in England a proportion of fair-minded and kind-hearted people ready to respond to the call of charity, come from where it may. They gave noble help to Ireland in this emergency. Two organisations were especially prominent in the good work; one was "The British Association for the relief of distress in Ireland and Scotland," the other was the "Society of Friends" (commonly called Quakers). Amongst the agents of the latter body who visited the famine-stricken districts was a wealthy gentleman of Norwich, Mr. William Forster and his son, Mr. W. E. Forster (then about twenty-eight years of age). The young man, in one of his reports on the situation, said:—"When we entered a village our first question was, How many deaths? 'The hunger is upon us' was everywhere the cry. . . . In fact as we went along the wonder was, not that the people died, but that they lived." This young man was in after years (1880 to 1882) Chief Secretary for Ireland

* See The Rev. John O'Rourke's "History of the Irish Famine," chapter 25. The Rev. Hugh M'Neill, afterwards Dean of Ripon, published as a tract one of his sermons in which he put this view very strongly; it was entitled "The Famine, a Rod."

under Mr. Gladstone's Government, battling with the Land League, administering a stringent Coercion Act, sending Nationalist agitators to prison by the hundred, and acquiring for himself, by reason of certain orders issued to the police, the nickname of "Buckshot Forster."*

Amongst the districts most heavily smitten were those contiguous to the towns of Bantry and Skibbereen. The scenes witnessed there were heart-rending. To my sorrow, I saw many of them—saw some of the living skeletons at the doors of their cabins, or trying to totter about to beg food—saw also the "trap-coffins" in which bodies were being carted to the burying-ground, there to be slid, coffinless, into the common pit or fosse that had been dug for them.† Affairs were even worse in and around Skibbereen. Amongst the recorded incidents of the time are many of a most touching kind; I will refer to only one, made specially memorable by the part borne in it by a youth, who was destined to give much trouble to the British Government, and to win distinction for himself in after years. A poor woman, named Jillen Andy, had died of starvation; a son of hers, an imbecile, but with intelligence enough to care for his poor mother, asked this youth to help him to bury the corpse. The boy readily assented; he assisted in digging the shallow

* Mr. Wemyss Reid, in his biography of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, intimates that the issue of this order was wrongly attributed to him, and the nickname therefore was undeserved.

† The pit was about forty feet square; into it were cast the bodies of 900 famine victims. Forty years after that time, two brothers, natives of the town, Messrs. Tim and Maurice Healy, M.P's, got erected, at their own expense, a large limestone cross of Celtic pattern over the spot, until then unmarked in any way. The only inscription on the memorial is in these words:—"To mark the Famine-Pits of 1846-8. May God give rest to the souls of the faithful departed."

grave, stepped into it, carefully received and reverently laid down the coffinless remains, and then took part in shovelling the earth gently over the emaciated frame. The impression made on his mind by that scene was indelible. Twenty years afterwards, when a political convict, undergoing penal servitude in Chatham prison, he wrote a pathetic poem on the subject. The following are two of its stanzas :—

All, all are gone that buried Jillen, save
 One banished man who, dead-alive, remains—
 The little boy who stood within the grave,
 Stands for his country's cause in England's prison chains.

• • • • •
 Welcome these memories of scenes of youth,
 That nursed my hate of tyranny and wrong,
 That helmed my manhood in the path of truth,
 And help me now to suffer and be strong.

The youthful actor in that work of Christian charity, the author of the poem from which I have quoted, was Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa.

Before the Repeal movement had quite died away in the stress of the famine time, came the secession of the "Young Irelanders" from O'Connell's Association. With them went the sympathies of most of the youth and a great proportion of the manhood of the country. In my native town the people "went Young Ireland" almost to a man. John Mitchell was our prophet. We formed a "Confederate Club" and resolved to go with the "forward" party to whatever extent they might advance. Of this club my father, my brother A. M. Sullivan, and myself were members. We took part in organising the reception given to William Smith O'Brien when he visited Bantry on a tour of inspection a few weeks before the attempted "rising" in Tipperary. A good deal of surreptitious pike-

making went on in the town at that time. I provided myself with an article of that kind, and, by way of ensuring its effectiveness, I spent some time in giving a very fine point to the blade and a keen edge to the inner curve of the hook. Shortly afterwards when Government proclamations were issued and searches for arms by the police were expected, there was a general hiding of those weapons. I hid mine—and I have not seen it since.

About three weeks after his tour through the south Mr. Smith O'Brien attempted to lead off an insurrection at Ballingarry. News did not travel as fast in those days as it does now, but one morning we got word that the battle-flag had been unfurled, and that gallant Tipperary was "up." On the evening of that day A. M. Sullivan was missing from his home. When the night passed without his returning, his family suspected, and soon found out, what had happened; and as we had learned from later intelligence that the rising had collapsed and was not likely to be re-attempted, I, with another relative of his, started in pursuit of the young volunteer. We came up with him near Bandon, and after some persuasion induced him to give up his hopeless adventure and return with us to his home.

A few years later A. M. Sullivan, who had developed a talent for newspaper work—he was clever with pen and pencil, was a fairly good shorthand writer, and had acquired a local reputation as an eloquent speaker—left his native town to seek employment in Dublin, and so commenced a distinguished career.

CHAPTER II.

Gavan Duffy and the new *Nation*.—A Peace Policy.—Native Industries.—The Tenant-Right Movement.—Causes of its Failure.—A New Proprietary of *The Nation*.—Mr. Duffy leaves Ireland for Australia.

AT the time of the failure of the insurrectionary movement, Mr. C. G. Duffy, founder and editor of the *The Nation* was fast held in Richmond Prison, Dublin, and his paper was non-existent, having been suppressed by the Government on July 29th, 1848.

After three abortive trials for the newly-made crime of "treason-felony" he was released on the 10th of April, 1849. Hardly had he breathed the air of freedom when he set about reconstituting the great organ of national opinion which the Government thought they had destroyed for ever. The first number of a new series of *The Nation* appeared on September 1st, 1849. But it was not quite like *The Nation* of the earlier period; the heat, the glow, the passion of that time did not reappear. Mr. Duffy was too honest a man to keep on publishing pike-and-gun literature after the failure of his countrymen to rally to the insurrectionary standard when it was upraised. With practical good sense he saw and said that the three things now necessary to save the remnant of the Irish race from utter ruin were: an honest patriot party in the House of Commons, a reform of the Irish land laws, and the development of native trades and industries.

But this programme was too tame to suit the taste of a good many young men. Notwithstanding all that had happened, they desired that a warlike note should be continued in Irish National Journalism. The

ballads of the older *Nation* were still ringing in their ears; the glitter of Meagher's "sword-speech" was in their eyes; John Mitchel's savage scorn of Parliamentary agitation had entered into their blood. After the stimulating fare to which they had been accustomed, Mr. Duffy's new scheme offered them what they regarded as a diet of cold gruel, and they would have none of it. By this class of Irishmen his constitutional plans and industrial projects were derided, and organs were soon started to reflect their views and advocate their opinions.

Almost immediately after the disappearance of *The Nation* in July, 1848, one Bernard Fullam who had been its registered publisher, and whose name had appeared on its imprint every week, bethought him that here was an opportunity of stepping into Mr. Duffy's shoes and capturing his business. He promptly brought out, at what had been the office of *The Nation*, impliedly with the sanction of his former employer, a paper affecting to be a continuation of the suppressed journal, and exactly similar to it in appearance. His first intention—as set forth in his prospectus—was to call this publication *The National*, but the device turned out to be a good deal too clever for his own convenience. The authorities at Dublin Castle, thinking they were about to get Mr. Duffy's journal again under a thin disguise, resolved to bar the project, and the Lord Lieutenant issued a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Bernard Fullam. That gentleman immediately went into hiding, and from his place of retirement had assurances conveyed to the Viceroy that he harboured no intention of attacking "law and order," and that if he were allowed to go on with his intended publication it should not appear under the title to which his Excellency had objected. The matter was arranged in that way; the warrant was

not executed, and Mr. Fullam brought out his paper under the name of *The Irishman*.

This proceeding was unfair to Mr. Duffy. Possibly Mr. Fullam thought that his former employer would soon be speeding across the ocean in the wake of Mr. Mitchel; but without waiting to see what might be the upshot of the impending trial he set up his *Irishman*, with the obvious purpose of getting hold of the former readers of *The Nation*. Mr. Duffy, who was much incensed by this proceeding, took what steps he could to let the public know that he had no connection with Mr. Fullam's paper. On his release from prison he promptly re-issued his own famous journal, which may be said to have been not dead, but like Juliet in the tomb, in a state of suspended animation. Mr. Fullam's *Irishman* died shortly afterwards.

Under the heading of "Seeds and Saplings" Mr. Duffy published in his new *Nation* a number of suggestions for the promotion of various crafts and industries. With the history of the measures by which England had destroyed Ireland's trades and manufactures he was perfectly familiar, but it seemed to him to furnish no reason why some effort should not now be made to produce at least a minor class of articles for home consumption. The extent to which Irishmen had allowed the manufacture of even the simplest requisites and conveniences of civilised life to pass into English hands he descanted on in a number of stinging articles of which the following is a specimen passage:—

When an Irish gentleman rises in the morning, he is lathered with a brush, and shaved with a razor made in England—he is probably washed with a soap and combed with a comb made in England; for though soap and combs are manufactured at home, one trade is conducted with no spirit, and the other is nearly extinct. He is braced with suspenders of silk, Indian-rubber, or doe-skin, brought from Lancashire. He puts on a stock or neck-tie woven by Englishmen in Manchester. His

shirt was probably sewed in England, for thousands of dozens of shirts, shirt fronts and shirt collars made from Irish linen by English hands, are sold in this country; the very studs of mother-of-pearl, bone, or metal, were fabricated in England. His stockings are, perhaps, Irish, for the Balbriggan stockings are the most durable in the world; but his vest came from Leeds; his coat, by bare chance, may be Irish; but the velvet on the collar, the serge in the lining, and the silk that sewed it, belong to trades which have long disappeared from Ireland. His pocket-handkerchief came from India or Glasgow; and if he is effeminate enough to perfume it, the perfume was made in England or France and sold at thousands of pounds annually to Ireland. His shoes may be sewed at home, but probably the leather, and certainly the bindings come from England. And yet there is nothing on this man from the shoe-tie upwards that could not be made at home before the new year dawns.

The series of articles of this class published in *The Nation* were not without effect on public opinion; they produced some good results; that they did not cure the evil is evidenced by the fact that at the present time we have Irish journals publishing precisely similar complaints and protestations. Happily, matters have much improved since the time of Mr. Duffy's satirical observations; a vigorous movement in favour of home industries is now afoot, and it is likely to go on and prosper.

The great feature of what I may call the Duffy period, following on the re-establishment of *The Nation*, was the Tenant-Right movement. The agitation was ably led by patriotic priests, by some Presbyterian clergymen, and by laymen of different creeds and classes who, conscious of the dire needs of the people, put their whole hearts into the work of agitating for a reform of the land laws. It failed because its Parliamentary champions betrayed their trust—not all of them, indeed, but the foremost men amongst them—and because influential men in Ireland who were mainly instrumental in getting them returned to Parliament

before their treachery, connived at, if they did not help, their re-election after that great political crime.

With the decline of the Tenant-Right agitation and the elevation of political profligacy to high place and power, the hearts of the Irish people sank within them, and the quietude that comes of baffled hopes and defeated endeavour, overspread the land. To Mr. Duffy this state of things became intolerable; he made up his mind to withdraw from Irish politics and quit the country. He disposed of his property in *The Nation* to Mr. A. M. Sullivan and Mr. Michael Clery arranging that they were to retain as editor Mr. John Cashel Hoey, who had been his part proprietor and associate editor from the revival of the paper in 1849 to 1855. Of these three men Mr. Duffy said in his retiring address, published in *The Nation* of August 18th, 1855 :—

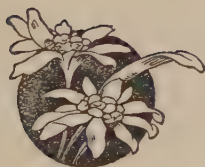
My property in *The Nation* will pass into the hands of two young Irishmen bred up in its doctrines—Messrs. Sullivan and Clery—one of them associated with Maurice Layne in his last projects, and both of them eager to serve or suffer in the national cause. The editorship will remain with my late partner—the comrade and colleague, who, since *The Nation* was revived, has shared all my labours and possessed my entire confidence. He has been substantially editor for three years; and in his hands one of my dearest wishes, that its character may be unalterably maintained, will be accomplished. May he be the herald of a generation destined to take up anew the hereditary task of our race, and *The Nation* a tripod to preserve the sacred fire!

It was in this document—penned as a farewell address to the electors of the borough of New Ross—that Mr. Duffy, after having pictured in gloomy colours the deterioration that had come upon the political life of the country made use of the memorable expression :—
“ Until all this be changed there seems to me no more

hope for the Irish cause than for the corpse on the dissecting table."

On the 6th of November, 1855, Mr. Duffy sailed for Melbourne, Australia, on board the "Ocean Chief," repeating, it may be, to himself, as he paced the deck, the opening lines of one of Moore's mournful songs:—

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark,
Wherever blows the welcome wind;
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind,



CHAPTER III.

Constitutional Agitation versus Secret Conspiracy.—John Mitchel's Views.—'98 and '48.

RIGHTLY had Mr. Duffy said in his retiring address, that his property in the *Nation* had passed into the hands of "two young Irishmen bred up in its doctrines." One of those doctrines—temporarily abandoned during the insurrectionary movement of '48, but afterwards restored to public favour—was that a re-establishment of the Irish Parliament could be won by constitutional agitation, vigorously and wisely carried on. The Young Ireland leaders did not share O'Connell's views as to the iniquity of having recourse to arms to effect the liberation of their country; but during the greater part of their public life they held that the recovery of Irish legislative independence by peaceful means was well within the bounds of possibility. Another of their doctrines was that, war or no war, pikes or no pikes, there should be no recourse to secret conspiracy. They believed that in the existing condition of the country no wide-spread conspiracy could be safe from Government spies and informers, and that consequently the authorities could come down upon and destroy any such organisation at whatever time might seem to them best for the effectuation of that purpose. John Mitchel, at the very start of his avowedly revolutionary journal, *The United Irishman*, put this view very clearly. In one of his public letters addressed to the Viceroy, Lord Clarendon, whom he

usually styled "Her Majesty's Executioner General and General Butcher of Ireland," he wrote :—

An exact half century has passed away since the last Holy War waged in this Island, to sweep it clear of the English name and nation. And we differ from the illustrious conspirators of 'Ninety-Eight not in principle—not an iota—but, as I shall presently show you, materially as to the mode of action. Theirs was a secret conspiracy—ours is an open one. They had not learned the charm of open, honest, outspoken resistance to oppression : and through their secret organization you wrought their ruin. *We* defy you, and all the informers and detectives that British corruption ever bred. No espionage can tell you more than we will proclaim once a week on the house-tops. If you desire to have a Castle detective employed about *The United Irishman* Office in Trinity Street, I shall make no objection, provided the man be sober and honest. . . . So that you see we get rid of the whole crew of informers at once.

There was grim humour in those words, but also an element of good sense. Mr. Mitchel's plan of insurrection, however, did not work out to a success, for the simple reason that the Government were too strong for their foes, no matter whether they declared their plans and projects in the newspapers or concerted them under conditions of supposed secrecy. But this much can be said for the system of action he recommended, that its failure did not bring such an amount of legal raiding and scourging on the country as in later (as well as in earlier) years followed the break-up of movements founded on a different principle. In the one case, generally speaking, overt acts had to be proved against the accused ; in the other, mere membership of a treasonable society was sufficient, if established, to bring on the conspirators sentences of penal servitude or long terms of imprisonment under the harshest conditions.

The first number of Mr. Mitchel's astonishing journal

was published on the 12th of February, 1848; in the following May its bold editor was arrested and put on his trial for treason-felony; on the 26th of that month he was convicted and sentenced to transportation for fourteen years; on the 27th he was placed on board a Government steamer and shipped off for Bermuda, and on the same day the office of his paper, *The United Irishman*, was raided by Dublin Police, the types seized, and the paper suppressed.

At the time of Mr. Mitchel's conviction he entertained a strong belief that the insurrection on which he had set his heart and staked his life would soon be started by the brave comrades he was leaving behind. A few weeks afterwards—in the month of July—they made the attempt, but it was ill supported, and the affair was over in half a day. The people did not respond to the call of their leaders. One of those gentlemen, speaking subsequently to Mr. Duffy, said: "The towns bade us try the rural districts; in the rural districts the farmers would not give us their arms, and the labourers had none; the priests opposed us, and the clubs sent about one per cent. of their number to our aid." At the barricade at Ballingarry, writes Mr. Duffy in his "Four Years of Irish History" there were "twenty-two guns and pistols, about as many pikes and pitchforks, and seventy or eighty men and women armed with stones." Mr. John B. Dillon, who was able to speak from personal knowledge, estimated the armament of the crowd at "about 30 rust-eaten fowling-pieces, with an average of one round of ammunition for each." A poor equipment surely with which to face the forces and resources of the British empire.

Most of the '48 leaders were arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to terms of penal servitude. Mr. John B. Dillon escaped to America. While "on the run" in England a curious incident occurred. An Irish Protestant

clergyman, a personal friend of Mr. Dillon, talking with a young Englishman who had visited the famine districts in Ireland in 1847, said, "What a position would be mine if he (Dillon) came to me for shelter! He knows well enough I would not betray him; but we could not give him room." The answer was "Send him to me; he would be quite safe here; no one would suspect a Quaker." That hospitably-inclined gentleman was the "Buckshot Forster" of after years in Ireland, and had the son of Mr. John B. Dillon under lock and key in Kilmainham Prison for following—to a certain extent—in the footsteps of his father.

The collapse of the insurrectionary movement, the wreck of the people's hopes, the quick change in the political atmosphere from summer heat to winter cold, was very trying to the temper of many earnest Nationalists. In the columns of their favourite journals *ante* Ballingarry they had got songs, poems, and articles glowing with high hope and battle-passion. One could almost warm one's hands at them. With what a meteoric blaze and rush came D'Arcy McGee's fine lyric "The Shearers' Song," on the minds of the excited people:—

The harvest sun is setting
 Like a fire behind the hills;
 'Twill rise again to see us free
 Of life, or of its ills;
 For what is life but deadly strife
 Which knows no truce or pause?
 And what is death but want of breath
 To curse their alien laws?

CHORUS.

Then a-shearing let us go,
 Oh! a-shearing we will go;
 On our own soil 'twill be no toil
 To lay the corn low.

How will you go a-shearing,
 Dear friends and neighbours all?
 Oh! we will go with pike and gun
 To keep our own or fall;
 We'll stack our arms and stack our corn
 Upon the same wide plain,
 We'll mount a guard on barn and yard
 And give them grape for grain.

Chorus—So a-shearing, etc.

God speed you, gallant shearers—
 May your courage never fail—
 May you thrash your foes and send the chaff
 Careering on the gale.
 May you have a glorious "harvest home,"
 Whether I'm alive or no—
 The corn grows *here*—your foe comes *there*—
 Either *it* or *he* must go!

Chorus.—So a-shearing, etc.

In one of the last numbers of the old *Nation*, when its editors, poets, and correspondents were growing impatient of delay and calling out for a speedy recourse to belligerent operations, the gifted singer, Lady Wilde, gave her countrymen an inspiring poem of which the following is the opening stanza:—

Oh! that I stood upon some lofty tower
 Before the gathered people face to face,
 That like God's thunder might my words of power
 Roll down the cry of freedom to its base!
 Oh! that my voice, a storm above all storms,
 Could cleave earth, air, and ocean, rend the sky
 With the fierce earthquake shout, To arms! to arms!
 For truth, fame, freedom, vengeance, victory!"

The first number of the revived *Nation* had another

poem from the same pen. It was entitled "Discipline," and opened thus :—

Close the starry dream-portal,
We must tread earth again ;
Flashes no light immortal
Now on life's dreary plain.
We must wait, like the Stoic,
Brave, enduring, and strong,
Till the soul's strength heroic
Bend the fetters of wrong.

There was a great difference in the tone of the two compositions ; but in the interval—May, '48, to September, '49—many things had befallen to sadden the poetess and bring sorrow to the heart of every lover of Ireland.



CHAPTER IV.

The War with Russia.—The Tenant League.—The so-called
 “Papal” Aggression.—The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.—
 The Sadleir and Keogh Treachery.

THE outbreak of the war with Russia, in March, 1854, caused a great quickening of the hopes of Irish Nationalists and gave cheer to their hearts. England was now at war with a first-class European power, and who could tell what developments might take place ere the close of the conflict? The situation, however, from their point of view, was grievously complicated by the fact that, under the guidance of Napoleon the Third, France became an ally of England, and thus the triumph of Russia would involve the humiliation of an old friend. They knew, moreover, that Russia was the chief actor in the partition of Poland, a crime as cruel as England’s conquest and oppression of Ireland; but even so, they gave their sympathies and best wishes to the power at war with the misrulers of their own country.

The National journals reflected and stimulated the popular feeling. In the columns of *The Nation* it got vigorous expression. The mismanagement of the campaign, in its earlier stages, by the British generals gave opportunity for much satirical writing; even the London *Times* waxed angry over it, and allowed a contributor to travesty the despatches of the Commander-in-Chief in the following not too elegant effusion:—

Lord Raglan might in September have taken
 Sebastopol duly and truly,
 But the weather (he raves about weather) was warm,
 And he wished to take it—coolly!

October, November, December came on
 As if missioned his army to kill off,
 "The weather is now too cold," quoth he,
 "I'll take it—with the chill off."

Thus whether the weather be foul or fair
 Sebastopol 'scapes the blow—
 Then, down with the weather-glass! give us a man
 Who will take it—whether or no!

Some other stanzas of the composition were even more bitter than the foregoing. Our *Nation* bards did better, I think. The *Times*, in one of its leading articles having dolefully and oracularly said: "It is Head, Head, Head that is wanting in the Crimea," one of our literary craftsmen sent us some verses on that text, from which I take a few lines:—

'Tis very, very sad to know
 How quickly spreads this mortal ill;
 The heart was flabby long ago,
 We thought the head was healthy still;
 We know a nation may endure
 The treasure spent, the life-blood shed,
 The only want without a cure
 Is Head, Head, Head.

Thomas Irwin—a most interesting personality and a genuine poet—contributed to *The Nation* several pieces in this scoffing and caustic vein. From one of them, which greatly caught the public fancy, I take the following verses:

Come, boys, and gather round me here,
 And let's lament on England's ruin;
 Old Saxon Lion, staunch and dear,
 Must we surrender you to Bruin?
 I'm sure I thought I had a tear
 To weep your fall—but then 'tis brewing—
 Pass the liquor, Paddy Cooney,
 Tim O'Farrell, Teddy Mooney—
 I'm sure I thought I had a tear
 To weep your fall—but then 'tis brewing—
 Lend me one of yours, Mulrooney!

.

They say the Russians never built
 A town that she can't match her might with;
 They say she's men in coat and kilt
 To storm their walls and scale their heights with:
 I think there's nothing but the hilt
 Of her old weapon left to fight with.
 What do you think, Paddy Cooney,
 Tim O'Farrell, Teddy Mooney?—
 I think there's nothing but the hilt
 Of her old weapon left to fight with;
 Where's its Irish blade, Mulrooney?

.

Well, well—some say her voice is gone,
 Though loud and hoarse she tries to roar it;
 They hint her tyrant race is run,
 And I'd be sorry to ignore it:
 I think as sets her blood red sun
 Our emerald star may glitter o'er it—
 What do you think, Paddy Cooney,
 Tim O'Farrell, Teddy Mooney?
 I think as sets her blood red sun
 Old Erin's star may glimmer o'er it—
 Do you take my sense, Mulrooney?

Another contributor, Mr. E. L. Doyle, made merry over the fact that go where you would among "society people" you could not get away from gabble about military matters—batteries, trenches, redoubts, lines of circumvallation, and so on. The following lines are from a skit of his entitled "The War Bore":—

Would some kind person take me where the people sometimes
 are
 Not talking of the Allies and that Billingsgated Czar,
 Of Russian sortie parties—now can these re-unions be
 As stupid as tea parties here, such deuced bores to me?
 Such bores, such awful bores, indeed: last night two grim
 old maids,
 Quite stunned me about bombshells, cannon balls and "bloody
 blades."

One, her cousin, "dear Fitzphips," had led his troops not many paces,

When his brains, for once, surprised his men by dashing in their faces ;

The other's friend, MacSnooks—"MacSnooks, dear, you remember,

Who ran away with Mrs. Slope, a year on last December"—
Rain, rags, have changed his temper so, oaths are his only speeches,

He's called "the storming party" now, he raves so much for breaches.

.

"Reason," as some old proser says, "was tottering on her throne,"

When a hill of fat and satin bore down on me alone :

I knew the dame of old ; I knew the war-bend of her nose,
Her full resounding speeches, their opening and their close.

The rest is dim ; I know not how I gained my room at last—
I dreamt a dozen Inkermans before the night was passed.

The Crimean war brought no advantage to Ireland. Russia was overborne and defeated by a combination of four Powers—France, England, Turkey, and Sardinia. Then the Irish people had no resource and no policy open to them except to try what they could do for the removal or mitigation of their grievances by the agencies of constitutional agitation and Parliamentary action. The "extreme party"—for such a party still existed—might scoff at these things, but they had no practical alternative to offer.

A vigorous agitation for a reform of the land system had grown up in Ireland during those comparatively quiet years "when the war-drums throbbed no longer and the battle-flags were furled." The tenant farmers could not see in the failure of the physical force movement any reason why they should lie down under the feet of their landlords and make no struggle against the legalised injustice of which they were the victims. A

"Tenant League" was formed to set forth their grievances and agitate for redress. The League spread rapidly, and soon became a great national organisation. The foremost Irish politicians, with many of the most energetic and popular priests, became its leaders. Charles Gavan Duffy, George Henry Moore, and Frederick Lucas—editor of the *Tablet*, at that time published in Dublin—were in the front rank of its fighting line. The Presbyterian farmers of the North showed much sympathy with the movement, for they, too, though not so hardly used as the Catholic tenantry, had reason to complain of landlord exactions. For a time, through the agency of some of their ablest spokesmen, clerical and lay, those Ulstermen carried on a sort of working alliance with the tenant-righters of the other three provinces. This co-operative action gave much pleasure to Irish patriots generally, who regarded it as an omen of a still larger union at no distant date. It was poetically designated by Mr. Duffy "The League of the North and South." His associate editor, Mr. John Cashel Hoey, broke into lyrical poetry on the inspiring theme; a joyous lay of his, entitled "A Song for the League," of which I quote two verses, appeared in the *Nation* of August 3rd, 1850:—

There's union now 'twixt North and South,
From Waterford to Derry,
From the swelling slopes of pleasant Louth,
To the iron cliffs of Kerry.
Hurrah for Munster, true and brave!
For Ulster, sure and steady!
For Connaught, rising from the grave!
For Leinster, rough and ready.

The news shall blaze on every hill,
And ring from every steeple,
And all the land with gladness fill—
We're one united people!

The nation's curséd foe is he,
And born to stretch a halter,
Who mars the march of Liberty
By feud of race or altar.

So all appeared to be going well for the tenant cause ; but soon came a woful change. In the political as in the physical world from time to time, storms burst forth unexpectedly, contrary winds arise, and cross currents are created, often resulting in shipwreck. Such a disaster came upon the Tenant League when, in November, 1850, Lord John Russell, Prime Minister of England, started an anti-Catholic agitation, in the stress of which all less exciting questions were swept aside. He published a letter, addressed to the Protestant Bishop of Durham, denouncing in violent terms the conduct of the Pope in recasting the organization of the Catholic Church in England by restoring to it its hierarchical form, reconstituting a number of Catholic sees, and conferring on their archbishops and bishops territorial designations.

This proceeding the irate Prime Minister treated pretty much as if it were a foreign invasion and the advancement of a claim to lord it over the soil of England. Almost immediately the Protestant bigotry of the country was aflame. Anti-Catholic riots broke out in London and some of the provincial towns ; Catholic churches were attacked and desecrated ; and the newly-appointed Archbishop of Westminster, Dr. Wiseman, was burned in effigy. The highest representative of the law in England, the Lord Chancellor, was not above pandering to the passions of the mob. Responding to a toast at the Lord Mayor's banquet he quoted the lines which Shakespeare, in his " Henry VI.," puts into the mouth of Gloster :—

Under our feet we'll stamp thy Cardinal's hat
In spite of Pope or dignities of Church.

The ag ny was prolonged by the introduction (Feb. 7th, 1851) and the passing into law (Aug. 1st, 1851) of a Bill to prevent the assumption of territorial titles by Catholic ecclesiastics in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The state of feeling thus created was not favourable to united and friendly action between Irish Catholics and Protestants on any imaginable subject, and the co-operation between them on the land question gradually weakened and died out. That, however, was not what ruined the Tenant-Right movement; the mischief was wrought by the hands of traitors and place-hunters within the party.

In Ireland this "no Popery" agitation created deep resentment, and evoked a storm of popular indignation. Within some two or three weeks after the passing of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act a "Catholic Defence Association" was formed in Dublin to protest against the measure and clamour for its repeal; also to demand a reform of the laws affecting the higher education of Catholics, and press for the establishment of an Irish Catholic University. The Nationalists of Dublin and throughout the country did not quite like this Catholic Defence Association; they found no fault with its principles, but they had no faith in its leaders, whom they regarded as being—with some few exceptions—a lot of "Cawtholic" loyalists, whigs, and "West Britons."

We then had the Catholic Association and the Tenant League working simultaneously. The people in general and most of the clergy regarded the League as the more important of the two; but certain of the Bishops, with the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen as chief among them, gave their exclusive support to the Association. Mr. William Keogh, Q.C., M.P. for the Borough of Athlone, having personal aims and ambitions very near his heart, gave the light of his countenance to both organizations, but sought to recommend himself to the Bishops above

all. On the platforms of the Association, he stormed against the new Act. "I now," said he, on one occasion, "as one of Her Majesty's Counsel, whether learned or unlearned in the law, unhesitatingly give his proper title to the Lord Archbishop of Armagh." This was merely a piece of pretentious and safe bravado; there was nothing in the Act to prevent his calling the Archbishop by any title he might choose. In the same speech he spoke the following remarkable words, anticipating by many years the oratory and policy of the Parnell and Biggar period:—

If you send to Parliament forty, or even thirty, representatives determined to stand together as one man, and to say to the Minister of the day, "We require such and such measures for the people of Ireland, and we require above all the repeal of this penal measure,"—if your representatives say, "We will have no terms with any Minister, no matter who he may be, until he repeals that Act of Parliament and every other which places the Roman Catholic on a lower platform than his Protestant fellow subject,"—believe me if you send representatives into Parliament determined to act after the fashion some twenty-five of us have acted already, they will return to you after another session able to tell you they have succeeded in repealing this Act, and prevented the passage of any other measures restrictive of your religious independence.

At meetings of the Tenant League Mr. Keogh was no less emphatic in declaring his fealty to the Tenant cause. On at least two occasions he publicly swore that, no matter what party might be in power, he would be no friend or supporter of any government until a Tenant Right Bill, equal at least to that introduced by Mr. Sharman Crawford, should be passed into law, and the Titles Act repealed. The man was clever, courageous, unprincipled. He was thus noisy and flamboyant because he knew that his integrity was doubted, and that his character as an impecunious and unscrupulous political adventurer was correctly appraised by many

close observers. He was conscious of his talents ; he had brains to sell, and he meant to make market of them on the first opportunity.

His chance came when, in December, 1852, the Tory government of Lord Derby was defeated in the House of Commons, and Lord Aberdeen took office with a Coalition Ministry. The next piece of news that reached the ears of the Irish people was that the leaders of the so-called "Irish Brigade," the champions of the Tenant cause, the fulminators of reverberating thunder against the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, had gone over to the Government, jumping delightedly at the places and the pay that had been offered them. William Keogh was appointed Solicitor-General for Ireland ; John Sadleir was made Junior Lord of the Treasury ; Edmond O'Flaherty got the post of Chief Commissioner of Income-tax.

Honest men were grieved and shocked by this treachery. *The Nation* was almost savage in its denunciation of the traitors. Mr. Duffy wrote as though his heart would break. But one chance of punishing the knaves, and defeating this plot of the government for the disruption of the League, yet remained. It was necessary for the place-takers, on their acceptance of office, to get re-elected to Parliament ; and now if the constituents of those unfaithful members would only reject them at the polls the situation, to some extent, would be saved. Unfortunately what happened was very different. "At every election," writes Mr. Duffy in his "Four Years of Irish History," "dishonest candidates were preferred by the people, and the worst of them, John Sadleir and William Keogh, were able to present themselves to their supporters, like Richard III., leaning on two bishops." Their lordships had been induced to believe that those perfidious politicians could render better service to Catholic interests while

holding government offices than they could while figuring as "agitators" on platforms. Not all the bishops, however, were of that way of thinking; some of them, notably Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, and the Bishops of Meath and Killala, published strong letters in condemnation of the place-takers. But the harm was done; a great scandal had been perpetrated, and a blow had been given to political action of the constitutional order, the evil effects of which have not yet passed away.



CHAPTER V.

The question of "Priests in Politics."—A Fierce Controversy.—Action of Archbishop Cullen.—The Popular Leaders stand up for the rights of the Clergy.

THE Tenant League did not long survive the Sadleir and Keogh treachery. "The scrambling and unquiet time did push it out of further question." The unfriendly—not to say hostile—feeling between the leaders of the League and those of the Catholic Defence Association tended to paralyse political action. The Association bishops disapproved of the speeches of the League priests, which they considered too violent, and not conducive to the obtaining of concessions from the government. Several of the more energetic of the clerical tenant-righters were admonished to abstain from attending political meetings; others were penalised by removal from the spheres of their activity to remote, poor, and inert parishes. Archbishop Cullen, Papal Legate, and afterwards Cardinal, who had been transferred from Armagh to Dublin, enforced this policy of suppression with a strong hand. The League party, with Mr. Duffy, Mr. George Henry Moore, and Frederick Lucas in the front, stood up bravely for their clerical friends; they argued, they remonstrated, they protested—but all to little purpose. They sent Mr. Lucas as a delegate to Rome to lay the case before the Holy Father, Pope Pius IX.; but in an appeal of that kind progress is naturally, if not necessarily, slow. Mr. Lucas returned empty-handed. In a matter so nearly concerned with ecclesiastical discipline the Papal Legate was too strong for the Irish politicians. Most of the League priests were put to silence, and the organization

so discouraged and enfeebled, dwindled away and died.

The advisability or otherwise of the participation—or, as some would call it, the interference—of the Irish priests in Irish politics has long been a vexed question. It has come to the front again and again, and has been hotly contested. After the collapse of the '48 Movement, some writers and speech-makers charged the priests with having held back the people. But did they hold them back? A Protestant writer, the Rev. W. A. O'Connor, B.A., in his "*History of the Irish People*,"* gives the following account of their behaviour:—

The conduct of the clergy has been variously represented. The fact is, that they stood aside for a time and let things take their course; but when they saw that course leading to inevitable ruin, they came to the rescue of their flocks. They could not be expected to take the initiative, but they gave ample opportunity to others. Had the people risen, the priests would not have deserted them.

Mr. Duffy, well qualified to give a weighty opinion on the subject, thus writes in his "*Four Years of Irish History*" :—

There was bitter wrath among the clubs at the opposition the priests had offered to the movement. They had ruined the insurrection, it was said; but . . . priests who opposed it because they were convinced it had no chance of success only did their duty.

At a great demonstration held in Thurles, in December, 1854, Mr. G. H. Moore, M.P., said :—

Amidst all their wrongs the Irish people have hitherto held fast to one sacred right which, though often menaced, has never been betrayed—their right to that which has been their sword and shield in doubt, in trouble, and in danger; their right to that one social blessing that has brightened their past and cheers their future history; their right to that leadership

* Heywood, Manchester, 1887.

and political guidance through which they have obtained all their rights, and through which—with the blessing of God—they are resolved to maintain them, their right to the free voice and unfettered patriotism of their clergy—a right which they have bought with their blood, and which they will never permit to be sold. . . . I solemnly declare, before God and man, that in what I say at this moment I do not believe I am guilty of the slightest exaggeration. I believe that to place an interdict upon the clergy—in their efforts to vindicate the social and religious rights of their people—would be the most wicked because the most subtle and dangerous of all the penal laws by which it has been sought to damn and degrade us.

Speaking at a banquet which was held at the close of the meeting, Mr. Duffy said :—

Let laymen understand this, that our national cause has prospered in exact proportion to the interest taken in it by the priesthood. . . . I have seen the clergy of many countries in Europe, and I believe it is an indubitable fact that where they take the largest interest in the secular affairs of the people, the feeling of religion is most genuine and intense.

I have made the foregoing quotations to register the fact that the popular leaders of that time had no sympathy with the cry of “no priests in politics” which is sometimes raised by men who claim to be patriots of a very advanced and enlightened type. But *The Nation* party never held that the clergy should be made the ruling power in the political field of action ; they knew that priests and bishops, like other people, could make mistakes in that domain ; but rightly regarding the assistance of their sacred order as invaluable in the struggle for Irish rights, they wisely sought to retain it for the country.

The other side of the question was advocated chiefly—and not unskilfully—in the *Dublin Weekly Telegraph*, a paper started for his own personal purposes by Mr. John Sadleir, M.P., and maintained by him up to the day of his self-inflicted death, out of the plundered

money of the Tipperary Bank. From one of a series of letters signed "A priest of the Diocese of Dublin," which appeared in its columns in 1856, I take the following passage :—

The public meeting, with all its thrilling excitement, is not the place for the priest, the minister of peace. The tricks and schemes and manœuvres of the electioneering contest have nothing in common with the simple uprightness of the Ambassador of Truth. The hustings and the polling booth are very awkward substitutes for the pulpit and the confessional; the intemperate orgies, and the still more intemperate speeches of the public dinner, can have no charms for the truly sacerdotal heart, which seeks its pure enjoyment in nobler occupations, and delights to render services to humanity in a manner such as God, the Church, and conscience will approve. It is always a calamity to tear away the priest from his own proper functions—to make him a man of the world—to mix him up with the uncharitable disputes of the world—to convert him into a politician whose mind is engrossed with the contentions of the world, instead of leaving him in his congenial retirement under the peaceful shadow of the sanctuary, there to discharge, in behalf of the world, the holy offices of his Ministry of Reconciliation.

There was much force in those observations; but the special circumstances of the Irish people were held by many to warrant a modification of such rules and principles. A sound view of the case, to my thinking, was put in an article of *The Nation*, of which the following is a portion :—

We every day hear it said, according as it suits the partial views of particular parties, that such and such a class of persons, priests especially, should take no part in politics, *their* part being pure morality and religion. . . . It appears to us plain that the great evils, the positive ruin with which politicians have at various times swept the surface of society, often overwhelmed and destroyed it, sprung generally from the extradition of religious belief, and the want of well-directed moral sentiment. We cannot escape the conviction that to eliminate from practical politics the wholesome guidance or assistance of practical

moralists, priests especially, is to hand over society to its natural enemies, and to intercept the influences of religion in those high departments where, Heaven knows, it is most needed. . . . We say that nowhere, to our mind, is religion called upon to exercise its functions so faithfully, so fearlessly, and so incessantly as in the domain of politics ; and as a corollary we add that it is from the inadequate application of religious principles that this department of life has become a howling wilderness, a scandal to the weak, and an universal disgrace.

It will be observed that throughout those controversies the clergy were treated on all sides, with the respect due to them. No offensive language was sped against them from any quarter in the alleged interest of Irish nationality.



CHAPTER VI.

Rise of the Phoenix Movement.—Arming and Drilling.—A Semi-Secret Society.—O'Donovan Rossa takes the lead.—Arrests and Prosecutions.

FOR some years after the exile of the '48 men, warlike designs were apparently abandoned; but the revolutionary sentiment did not die. Nothing had happened to change the minds of the people. England's mode of dealing with the famine did not commend itself to their approbation; the tremendous emigration that then set in, taking away the flower of the population, had no loyalising influence on their hearts; no legislative reforms had been granted; the power of Irish landlordism was unbroken; the Parliamentary franchise was a fraud; the "representation" that came of it was largely rotten. Constitutional agitation was discredited; English public opinion, as represented in the press, was offensive to the Irish people; and there was no promise of a better state of things. Those conditions and circumstances taught no lesson of love for the British Government, and ere long there grew up amongst earnest Irishmen on both sides of the Atlantic, the idea that a new movement to bring about an armed struggle for Irish independence should be started, the organisation to be worked this time on the secret system. The project was readily taken up by young men in Dublin, Cork, and other places, but developed most quickly in the formerly famine-stricken districts of Skibbereen, Bantry, and Kenmare. The master-spirit of the movement in those parts was the man who some years before had placed the remains of

the poor famished Jillen Andy in her coffinless grave—Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa.

“Rossa,” as he was popularly called, was one of the founders of the Phœnix conspiracy in the South, afterwards merged in the Fenian organisation. How it originated he tells in his volume of “Recollections” :—

I remember when Gavan Duffy left Ireland, I think it was in 1854. . . . Two years after the time I am speaking of, a number of young men in Skibbereen, realising the sad state of things, came together and started the Phœnix National and Literary Society. I think that Society was started in 1856. I remember the night we met to give it a name. Some proposed that it be called the “Emmet Monument Association,” others proposed other names. I proposed that it be called the “Phœnix National and Literary Society”—the word “Phœnix” signifying that the Irish cause was again to rise from the ashes of our martyred nationality. My resolution was carried, and that is how the word “Phœnix” comes into Irish national history.

From the outset this society felt more interested in military than in literary studies; its inclination in that direction was confirmed under the following circumstances :—

James Stephens came to Skibbereen one day in the summer of 1858. He had a letter of introduction from James O'Mahony, of Bandon, to Donal Oge—one of our members. He initiated Donal Oge (Dan McCartie) into the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood. Donal Oge initiated me the next day; I initiated Patrick J. Downing and Morty Moynahan the following day; and so the good cause spread.

“In two or three months,” writes Rossa, “we had three or four baronies of the South-west of Cork organized. We had drillings at night in the woods and on the hillsides.” In his “Prison Life” Rossa gives an amusing account of some of the adventures of “the boys” while out for those nocturnal military exercises :—

Before the autumn months had passed away we had the whole

district of country in a blaze. In October we had a drill-master sent to us from Dublin ; he had served a period in the American army, and well and truly he did his work amongst us, despite all the police watchings and huntings. One night we were on a mountain-side, another night in the midst of a wood, another in a fairy fort, and another in a cellar. We had outposts on every occasion, who signalled to us of any approaching danger ; in the darkness of the nights many things were signalled as dangers that were quite harmless, and we had many adventures in scattering which were subjects for amusement at the next meeting. In Loriga wood one evening, the sentry gave us the signal to scatter, and we ran in the direction opposite to that from which we apprehended the danger. I was the second man ; he who was before me got up on a ditch and made a leap to cross a large dyke at the other side of it, but slipped, and didn't get across clear. As he lay at the other side I leaped upon him, the next man leaped upon me, and before a minute nine or ten of us were sprawling in the dyke.*

Some friends of the young men now began to feel concerned for their safety, and endeavours were privately made to dissuade them from the enterprise on which they had entered, or, at all events, from conducting it on the lines they had so far adopted. But they would not listen to such counsels. They were able to argue in support of their own views, and in their own opinion to confute every argument urged against them. And it must be remembered for them that a popular uprising against the armed forces of the Crown did not in their time look so utterly hopeless an adventure as it would be now, when military armaments are so much more scientific and costly than they were at that period. But there were other difficulties in their way, of which the promoters of the Phoenix movement did not take due account. They should have known that their oath-bound conspiracy would surely be condemned by the Catholic clergy ; and they should have borne

* What are called "ditches" in England are called "dykes" in many parts of Ireland.

in mind that, judging from all previous experience in Irish political movements—as well as the history of political plots in other countries—the Government would have spies and informers in their midst who would “give them away” whenever the authorities might choose to proceed against them. But none of those considerations appeared to weigh with the young patriots of Cork and Kerry.

The inevitable thing occurred. The priests of Kenmare, Bantry and Skibbereen in sermons from their altars (in the first week of October, 1858) referred to the Phoenix Society and warned their flocks against having anything to do with it. Father John O’Sullivan, P.P. of Kenmare, spoke on the subject at Mass, on Sunday, October 3, and on the next day sent copies of the oath to the Chief Secretary, Lord Naas, at Dublin Castle, with a view to having an early stop put to a movement which he thought likely to get a good many of his parishioners into trouble. Paragraphs relating to the organisation began to appear in the Press. The first of the national papers to make editorial reference to it was the *Dublin Irishman*, then edited by Mr. Denis Holland. In its issue dated 9th of October, 1858, replying to a correspondent who had complained of the conduct of the Parish Priest of Kenmare, Mr. Holland said :—

We do not quite understand the letter of “Kenmare.” If there be any absurd Secret Society existing in his parish, the Priest is quite right in warning his people to shun it. Those societies are most frequently organised by Castle spies and informers of the Jemmy O’Brien class, who make a trade in the blood of honest, simple, credulous men. We earnestly join our advice to that of the Priest, and implore the peasantry to shun those treacherous midnight associations. Believe us, that is not the way in which Irish independence is to be worked out.

The *Dublin Evening Mail*, in its number for October

27th, had the following communication from Bantry, signed "A Subscriber":—

I am sorry to inform you that seditious societies have been discovered in this as well as in other places in the West of the County of Cork. They are also creeping inland, and have made some progress in the neighbouring County of Kerry. A strange peculiarity pervades this movement. The members of this Society bind themselves not to divulge their plans to the priests, and when spoken against from the altar they denounce the priests as despots as bad as the rest of their tyrants. They are supposed to derive inspiration from America, and money also. They declare their intention to rise in arms whenever there may be any difference with France or America. The Government is, I believe, aware of these facts.

On October 30th, 1858—nearly a month after the earliest references to these matters had appeared in print—the *Nation* published an article on the subject. The editor had become aware that it was being whispered to some of the Phoenix recruits not only that he approved of the movement, but that he was a member of the organisation; he had also learned on good authority that the names of its members were listed at the Castle, and that the Government were only waiting to have a fuller net before making a haul out of the Society. Under these circumstances, he deemed it his duty to express his own views of the situation and to warn his young countrymen of a peril of which they appeared to be unconscious. The article was written in a friendly spirit, couched in general terms, and inspired by the most patriotic motives. No one misunderstood it at the time, but years afterwards its nature was grossly misrepresented by some organs of the "extreme" party, especially by the *Irishman*, then owned by that pure-souled patriot, Mr. Richard Pigott, and in consequence much annoyance was experienced by Mr. Sullivan during some years of his life.

When the enrolment of recruits for the Phoenix

Society had, apparently, been temporarily suspended, the Government took the action that might have been expected from them. Rossa thus records the incident :

About four o'clock on the morning of the 5th of December (1858), I was roused out of bed, and I found my house surrounded by police. I was taken to the station, and there I met some twenty others of my acquaintance. Many of them had left my house only a few hours before, for we were sitting up doing the honours to one of our company who was leaving town next morning ; and as we met in the police barrack, we commenced joking at the ominous appropriateness of the last song sung by Mortimer Moynahan :—

Hurra for the wild wintry weather
 When the nights pass so gaily along,
 As we sit by the fire all together
 And drown the loud tempest in song.
 Hurra, let the peals of our laughter
 Arise and be heard far away—
 Our lives may be gloomy hereafter,
 Then let us be glad while we may.

And hurra for the wild wintry weather,
 The summer has bright leafy bowers,
 But 'tis thus by the fire all together
 Young and old spend their happiest hours.
 Hurra, let us all swell the chorus
 'Till it rise and be heard far away—
 Perhaps some dark cloud gathers o'er us,
 Then let us be glad while we may.*

Almost immediately on learning of the arrests, Father O'Sullivan wrote to the Chief Secretary requesting him to deal leniently with the youths. "I beg to assure your lordship," he said, "that since the 3rd of

* This was a little song of mine, published in the *Nation* of December 27th, 1856. It was written to an American air known as "The Lone Starry Hours." When the "Phoenix boys" were lodged in Cork jail and had their prison tasks set out for them, one of the party whispered to another : "Well, this *is* a change. Yesterday our tune was "The Lone Starry Hours ;" to-day it is "Oakum to me when daylight sets."

October—the Sunday on which I first denounced this Society—not one single person has joined it. I make bold to ask your lordship to intercede with his Excellency for the liberation of those foolish boys—for boys they are.” The request was not complied with. A. M. Sullivan had a better conception of what was likely to be serviceable to the prisoners—amongst whom, by the way, were no fewer than eight Sullivans. He knew they needed to have a first-class legal defence, and set to work to procure it for them. He published in the *Nation* an appeal for a “Fair Trial Fund,” and the call produced a generous response. A committee was formed in Cork to take charge of the case; a strong bar was retained for the accused; for their solicitor they had the popular Mr. McCarthy Downing of Skibbereen, afterwards M.P. for Cork County; their counsel included Thomas O’Hagan, Q.C., afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland; Edward Sullivan, Q.C., also in later years Lord Chancellor of Ireland; John O’Hagan, Q.C., a poet of the *Nation*, afterwards Land Commissioner; and Mr. John Edward Pigot, a son of Chief Baron Pigot, afterwards for a time editor and proprietor of the *Irishman*—but no relation to Richard Pigott, who subsequently filled that position.

The trials commenced at the Kerry Assizes on March 14th, 1859. One of the accused was a school-teacher named Daniel O’Sullivan—and the “approver” who stepped on the table to give evidence against him and his companions was a full namesake and possibly a kinsman of his own. This informer, known in the locality as “O’Sullivan Goula,” a process-server by occupation, gave, in his sworn depositions, an account of how he was induced by an acquaintance to join the Society :—

He asked me to his house to have a drink, that he had a

secret to tell me; I went with him, and after having some drink he said he could not tell me without swearing me. . . . I at first hesitated to take the oath of being a member; but when he told me that other respectable people that I knew—the editor of the *Nation*, Alexander Sullivan, and such people—were members, I agreed to become a member, when he again handed me the book and swore me to the following oath.*

The trial proved abortive; the jury disagreed and were discharged; the prisoners were put back; the court was adjourned for about a fortnight, and away went the judges and the Crown lawyers to open the assizes at Cork, where the Skibbereen and Bantry men were awaiting trial. They were not tried, however, at that time. At the opening of the proceedings the Attorney-General asked that the cases should be postponed to the next assizes, and the court acceded to his application. Five of the accused, including the master-spirit of the movement, O'Donovan Rossa, were kept in custody; the remainder were released on bail.

On March 30th, 1859, the new trial of the Phoenix-men was commenced at Tralee. The three put forward to start with were Daniel O'Sullivan (the schoolmaster), Florence O'Sullivan, and J. D. Sullivan.

The Crown lawyers packed the jury effectively. Daniel O'Sullivan, whose case was to be taken first, seeing that his conviction was a foregone conclusion, refused to be a party to the proceeding, instructed his counsel to retire from the case and let the Government take its course. This having been done, the Crown prosecutors went on as if nothing had happened, brought up their informer, tendered their evidence, and submitted the case to the jury, who had no difficulty in finding a verdict of "guilty." The Solicitor-General having announced that the other prisoners would not be tried at that assizes, Baron Greene proceeded to

* Copied from the printed deposition of the witness, sworn 30th November, 1858.

solemnly lecture the convicted man, and to pass on him a sentence of Ten Years' Penal Servitude.

The scandalous packing of the jury in this case evoked a storm of indignation throughout the country. Loyalists as well as Nationalists felt bound to protest against it. A great meeting was held in Tralee, attended by local gentlemen of position and of various creeds, at which the following resolution was proposed by The O'Donoghue, M.P. for Tipperary, and passed unanimously :—

That with a view of restoring confidence in trial by jury in this country a petition be presented to both Houses of Parliament, praying that the legislature may, in its wisdom, adopt such measures as will prevent a recurrence of the evil practices complained of.

The national journals inveighed vehemently against the action of the Government; some of the English journals also denounced it; the *Morning Star* said :—

The mode in which these trials have been conducted is a disgrace to English Law. . . . To call the proceeding a trial would be a mockery. . . . Once for all, if the Roman Catholics of Ireland are to be stigmatised as perjurers by pre-fession, and excluded from the constitutional right of sharing in the administration as jurors, let it be so stated, and let Catholic Ireland be governed by the Protestant executive as a conquered people.

The Government were somewhat impressed by those demonstrations, and when the time came for proceeding against the Cork prisoners—who had then been in jail for about eight months—they offered to compromise the matter. They gave it to be understood that if the prisoners would plead guilty, not only would they be set at liberty under easy conditions, but their comrade O'Sullivan, then in penal servitude, would soon be liberated. The prisoners accepted those terms, and on the 26th of July, 1859, Rossa and his companions were free men again.

CHAPTER VII.

Rossa Resumes Operations.—Pikes and Rifles.—More Trouble with the Clergy.—Phoenixism is Transformed into Fenianism.—Establishment of *The Irish People* newspaper.

ROSSA'S eight months' experience of Cork jail had no effect in chastening his spirit. He came out of that establishment as light-hearted, undaunted, and incautious as he went in. He speedily resumed his old line of operations in Skibbereen. He tells us :—

I recommenced my pursuits, political and commercial, a few months after my release from prison, and I found it much more difficult to be successful in the legal than in the illegal one.

In fact the broken threads of the conspiracy were being industriously re-knit in Ireland and America. One is reminded of Moore's lines :—

The web 'mong the leaves
The spider weaves
Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men ;
Though often she sees
It broke by the breeze
She spins the bright tissue again.

Although Rossa's first tussle with the Government did not cool his ardour in the Irish cause, one may wonder that it did not teach him to be somewhat less demonstrative while engaged in "spinning the bright tissue again." What effect it had in that direction may be judged from his own account of his proceedings :

The authorities had frightened the simple portion of the community very much by our arrests, and I found the people under the impression that if any kind of military weapon was

found with them they would be sent to jail. It was hard to disabuse them of this, and I took a practical method of doing it.

I was in possession of an Enfield rifle and bayonet, a sword, and an old croppy pike, with a hook and a hatchet on it, formidable enough to frighten any coward, and these I hung in a conspicuous part of my shop; yet this would not satisfy some that I could keep these articles with impunity, and I had many a wise head giving me advice. . . . The arms remained in their place, and on fair days and market days it was amusing to see young peasants bringing in their companions to see the sight. "peuc! peuc!" (Look! look!) would be their first exclamation on entering the shop; and never did artist survey a work of art more composedly than would some of those boys, leaning on their elbows over the counter, admire the treasured weapons they longed to use one day in defence of the cause of fatherland.

My pikes were doing great mischief in the community, it seems, and rumours were going around that others were getting pikes too. Tim Duggan, whom I spoke of as being in Cork jail, was employed in my shop. Tim should always be at some mischief, and taking down the pikes one day to take some of the rust off them, no place would satisfy him to sit burnishing them but outside the door. This he did to annoy a very officious sergeant of police named Brosnahan, who was on duty outside the store. Next day I was sent for by my friend McCarthy Downing, who was Chairman of the Town Commissioners, and a magistrate of the town. He told me that the magistrates were after having a meeting and had a long talk about what had occurred the day before. Brosnahan represented that not alone was Tim Duggan cleaning the pikes, but showing the people how they could be used with effect—what beautiful things they were to frighten exterminating landlords and all other tools of tyranny. Mr. Downing asked me if I would deliver up the arms, and I said certainly not; the law allowed me to hold such things, and hold them I would until the district was proclaimed.

"Now," added he, "for peace sake I ask you, as a personal favour, to give them up to me. I will keep them for you in my own house, and I pledge you my word that when you want them I will give them to you." "Well," I replied, "as you make so serious a matter of it, you can have them."

I went home, put my pike on my shoulder, and gave another to William McCarthy. It was a market day, and both of us walked through the town and showed the people we could carry

arms ; so that we made the act of surrender as glorious as possible to our cause, and as disagreeable as it could be to the stipendiaries of England.

In such action there was plenty of moral courage—and an element of humour. Of course, as the country was not then under proclamation, it was lawful for Rossa to have the arms and for Tim Duggan to burnish them under the eyes of the officious sergeant Brosnahan ; but a question of prudence arose in the case ;—it did not appear to weigh heavily on the minds of the young men ; they chose their own course, they cheerily took the risks and faced the consequences.

By this time the Irish revolutionary parties in America had “ pulled themselves together ” and the “ Fenian ” organisation was founded. The name was well chosen ; it had a historic flavour, having been that of a military brotherhood in ancient Ireland, renowned for chivalry and valour, praised and panegyrised by all the bards of Erin. The title was probably suggested by John O’Mahony, a good Gaelic scholar, well versed in the olden records of his country, and whose mind dwelt very much in the period “ ere Norman foot had dared pollute her independent shore.” He became “ Head Centre ” of the Association in America ; his first lieutenant, appointed to lead the movement in Ireland, was Mr. James Stephens, a young man said to have been implicated in the attempted rising in ’48. In a hopeful and resolute spirit those men, with a number of equally earnest *confreres*, entered on the task of reconstructing a fighting force in Ireland, saying, perhaps, to themselves as said the prophet of old, “ The bricks have fallen down, but we will build with hewn stones ; the sycamores are cut down, but we will change them into cedars.” The Phoenix men became Fenians, and straightway applied themselves to the congenial labour of popularising the

new scheme of patriotic action. In Cork and Dublin it caught on quickly; thence it spread to nearly all the leading towns of the whole country. Large numbers of respectable young men—mechanics, clerks, shop-assistants, with a sprinkling of medical and law students, and, later on, farmers' sons and men of the labouring class—joined the ranks. In the course of two or three years the Society had assumed large proportions; it had sympathisers all over the British empire; a numerous membership in the United States; and friends in many other parts of the world; so that—for a time—its adherents might have parodied the British boast and said that the sun never set on the Fenian Brotherhood. Conscious of this great development of strength, the leaders of the movement became over-confident, incautious, and intolerant of every form of patriotic thought and action except their own. Any criticism of their projects or methods coming from men who claimed to be Nationalists, they treated as treason to Ireland; any advocates of the Irish cause who declined to go the whole way with them they satirised and denounced as mock patriots, political frauds, shams, and humbugs. By way of proving their case they referred to Sadleir and Keogh, and other noisy Parliamentarians who, while professing eternal fidelity to the national cause, intrigued to obtain place and pay from the government and clutched them as soon as they got the chance. But the physical force men might have known that every party has its ragged edges, its weak brethren, and bad members. They had many in their own ranks. Corydon and Nagle were at least as vile characters as Sadleir and Keogh. Possibly to some minds it may seem a debatable question which would be the more unpleasant experience—to find one's self deceived by dishonest members of Parliament, or sent to penal servitude

or the gallows by traitorous brethren of a nominally secret society.

The Fenian humorists were wont to make fun out of the military style of speech affected by the Parliamentary men when referring to their operations "on the floor of the House" Their phraseology would suggest the idea of "bloody wars"; it would almost conjure up visions of Benburb, Fontenoy, Austerlitz, and Waterloo, also of the Nelsonic combats of Trafalgar and The Nile. Dr. John Charles Waters, a clever contributor to *The Nation* and other national journals, irreverently jeered at their bombast in some amusing verses, the first of which went thus:—

Eureka, boys! the word is Greek;
 "Hurroo," I think, is the right translation—
 Some Sunday in the middle of the week
 We'll win the rights of the Irish nation.
 We'll riddle the Government through and through,
 We'll smash their planks and shiver their timbers—
 Och, won't we leather them black and blue
 With thirty thundering Irish mimbers!
 Tearing mimbers,
 Swearing mimbers,
 Thirty thundering Irish mimbers!

On this squib the comment of one of the constitutionalists was that there was another class of "swearing mimbers," who did not seem to be doing any better for Ireland.

With the Catholic clergy the relations of the war party grew more strained and unpleasant day after day. The priests, indeed, had no choice but to condemn a secret oath-bound association; the decrees of the Church and the instructions of their bishops made it incumbent on them to do so; but the Fenian leaders refused to accept what they called "priestly dictation," and spoke bitterly of the clergy for referring to the subject from their altars. By an

absurd system of reasoning they sought to make out that the priests were declaring it to be a sin "to love Ireland," and then they argued that as it certainly was no sin to love one's country, no case of conscience could properly arise, and no one was under any obligation to say anything on the subject of Fenianism to his confessor, or to accept any admonitions he might deliver in relation to it. They got some of the young lads to believe them. Rossa tells the following illustrative story :—

The first check we met was from the Catholic clergy. Our men came to us telling that they were driven away from the confessionals, and would not get absolution unless they gave up the oath. We asked them did they think they committed a sin in taking an oath to fight for their country's freedom, and when they said they did not, we told them to tell the priests that they came to confess their sins and not their virtues, and to ask the priests if they had sworn to fight for England against Ireland, would they not get absolution? The priests were getting vexed with us, and we were getting vexed with the priests. The most amusing stories were afloat of how simple country boys argued with their clergy on the subject of fighting for Ireland. A pastor one day told his penitent that the Society was illegal, when the penitent softened his confessor's heart to give him absolution by exclaiming: "Yerra, father, what do I care about their illegal? I care more about my sowl."

Thenceforward the relations between the Fenians and the clergy developed into open war. Mr. John O'Leary, in his "Recollections of Fenianism," says :—

I go on, with as little of the dryasdustian spirit as I can help, to give the reader some notion of the war we waged against the priests some thirty years ago; or perhaps I should say of the war the priests waged against us; a war the like of which is being fought over again before my eyes as I write, and which I fear will have to be fought over and over again, before Irishmen can possess their souls in peace or their bodies in safety.*

* This was a reference to the contentions that arose out of the Parnell divorce case in 1890.

The Fenian party had for their war organ at this time Mr. Denis Holland's *Irishman*. It did not spare itself—or spare anyone else—in their service. It puffed the promoters, defended their principles, and assailed the opponents of their policy with much coarse vigour. But after some time the idea occurred to Mr. James Stephens, and was approved by his chief officers, that they had better have a paper of their own. They believed they had in their inner circle the right men for the work, an abundance of literary talent, and a directing head equal to any requirement that might be put upon it. Many of the brethren doubted the wisdom of setting up a weekly newspaper as an official organ of a nominally secret society; but they yielded to the arguments pressed upon them by Mr. Stephens, who represented that in addition to the impetus the movement would receive from the specially suitable literature of the new journal, there would be the further advantage that it could not fail to bring in a handsome profit to the Society. As funds were much needed, that consideration settled the question, and the publication of a paper, to be called *The Irish People*, was decided on.

For the Fenian party this was a calamitous decision. *The Irish People* ruined the Fenian movement. Its writings alarmed and shocked not merely “the priests,” but multitudes of Catholics of every station in life; it supplied the Government with a mass of evidence which was used with deadly effect in the prosecution of the Fenian leaders—and it never paid.

One of the first things to be done for the bringing out of the paper was the procurement of premises to serve as editorial and publishing offices. Of all places in Dublin, a shop-fronted house, in a busy street, within a stone-throw of Dublin Castle, where government officials, soldiers, and police are continually moving about, was chosen for the central bureau of the

conspiracy. Then came the selection of a staff for the literary and commercial working of the journal. For the position of editor-in-chief, Mr. John O'Leary was selected; for associate editors he had Mr. Thomas Clarke Luby and Mr. C. J. Kickham, all three being capable literary men, thoroughly devoted to the cause. To the position of manager, Mr. O'Donovan Rossa was appointed.

On November 28th, 1863, the first number of this portentous newspaper was issued. Mr. Stephens had reserved to himself the honour of writing its first leading article. And an extraordinary production it was, quaintly entitled, "Isle—Race—and Doom." To the eagerly expectant brotherhood the effusion was a disappointment. A correspondent, who was unaware of the authorship, wrote to a member of the staff, complaining that it was "all dashes, commas, and bosh." A writer who had an inside knowledge of the working of the whole concern, published in the *Irishman*, in 1874, a series of papers entitled "Fenianism Photographed," in which he gave the following account of the labour expended by Mr. Stephens on this rambling and disjointed composition:—

The time and labour which Stephens spent upon the article which was to establish his fame would scarcely be credited by anyone unacquainted with the facts. It is no exaggeration to state that he occupied a fortnight in preparing his materials before he sat down to the actual work of composition. He read De Quincy for the opium-eater's inspirations; he bought Mrs. Hall's Sketches of Irish scenery for pictures of Killarney and the Golden Vale of Tipperary; and he rummaged all his own stock of poetical knowledge for fancy touches of grace and ornament. The day before going to press came, and found all the leaders in hands. Stephens was not yet ready. He stayed up that night writing, and he left orders with one of the men employed at the office to be at his lodgings, in Lower Mount Street, at six o'clock in the morning. Mistaking the hour, the man rose at three o'clock, and hurried to the

"Captain's " quarters in time to find that the long incubation had not yet brought forth the second page of manuscript. Several sheets had been written and destroyed in succession, and the morning waxed bright before the end had come.

Two more articles from the pen of Mr. Stephens were as much as Messrs. O'Leary and Luby were able to stand. After the third he dropped out of the editorial columns of the *Irish People*, and devoted himself to the more congenial task of supervising and directing the work of the organisation. Messrs. O'Leary, Luby, and Kickham then took command of the paper, in which they boldly advocated the insurrectionary idea, ridiculed and denounced constitutional agitation, and blazed away vigorously at everybody and everything they regarded as standing in the way of the Fenian movement.



CHAPTER VIII.

Renewal of the Anti-Clerical War.—Articles and Correspondence of *The Irish People*.—The Government takes action.—Capture of *The People* office.—Seizure of Documents.—Arrest of the Leaders.—Trial, Conviction, and Sentence.

THE greatest of the obstacles confronting them, the Fenian leaders held to be the political power and influence of the Catholic clergy. That power they resolved to combat, and to conquer if they could. Mr. O'Leary, in his "Recollections," quotes from an article of the *Irish People*, which he attributes to Mr. Kickham, the following passage:—

We saw from the first ecclesiastical authority in temporal affairs should be shivered to atoms before we could advance a single step towards the liberation of our suffering country. Yet shallow fools and designing knaves wonder why we "attack the priests."

Other quotations of a like kind are given by Mr. O'Leary from the writings of Mr. Kickham. Indeed he intimates that the working of what he calls the "anti-clerical campaign," was left almost entirely in the hands of that gentleman. "I have now," he says, "gone a long way with Kickham in his anti-clerical campaign;" and again, "As I have said before, we allowed Kickham, as a good Catholic, to tackle the priests,"—curious sayings, having in them an element of frankness at all events. Until the publication of Mr. O'Leary's "Recollections," few knew anything of the authorship of those articles, and of other remarkable contributions to the *Irish People*; but in that work it is stated that the correspondent signing himself "Hugo del Monte,"

was Mr. Hugh Byrne, a Kingstown schoolmaster, "Harvey Birch," was a national teacher of the name of Brohan; "De l'Abbaye," was Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien; "Ollamh Fodhla," was Mr. C. M. O'Keeffe. Editors, correspondents, and all were soon out in full chorus against bishops, priests, friars, preachers, and all the active orders of the Catholic Church in Ireland. Many ministers of religion were personally ridiculed and held up to odium. The most absurd stories were told about them. Here is an extract from Mr. O'Leary's work:

Simultaneously with those journalistic attacks, all the confessional boxes in Dublin—I suppose more or less those all over Ireland—were shut in the faces of all Fenians. Some of our men, not believing their oath a sin, would say nothing about their Fenianism to the priests. But these would officiously ask them were they members of our body, and finding they were, would refuse to give them absolution. In short, that commodity* could hardly be procured by a Fenian for love or money, save (it is only just that I should mention it) from the Jesuits; at least so I have been informed. . . . Stephens once told me of some man or other who went direct to Cullen himself. When he had stated that he was a Fenian, the Archbishop at once exclaimed: "You are excommunicated." But the man being resolute, and showing a determination to argue the point, Cullen speedily toned down and asked: "Don't you think it a sin?" "No, certainly not," replied the man. "Then go to Father so-and-so, and say I sent you," replied the old Kalmuck fox.

In a footnote to the foregoing passage, Mr. O'Leary explains:—"The allusion to the Kalmuck fox, who to my mind had more of the bull-dog than the fox in his nature, has reference to the strongly marked Mongolian type of Dr. Cullen's face, which was quite that of a Chinaman, save for the absence of obliquity in the eyes." When the Archbishop of Dublin could be thus

* "Commodity"!

spoken of by leading members of the Fenian party, it is easy to imagine how the clergy in general were dealt with by the rank and file. Here is a specimen from the correspondence of *The Irish People* of November 26th, 1864; it refers to a sermon delivered by a Father Michael Burke in a Catholic Church in Clonmel:—

Father Mick sthuttered so much in his rage that a young ruffian who I'm shure was a Fenian, or a Fenian's son, an' was kneeling just beside me, wid his head stuck betune the railins, said, "Arrah isn't it a wonder he wouldn't sing it out, 'till we know what he's sayin."

"Hould your tongue, you young scamp," says I, "or I'll knock your head against the rail."

"Maybe you wouldn't, thin," says the young ruffian, "nor a better man than you. Wouldn't I want to know 'bout the Fenians as well as you?"

I said nothin' more to this chap, but listened to the sarmon. Well, sir, I never did see a man half so mad as Father Mick. Why he was like a bull in a pound. . . . Well, he had so much to say about the Fenians an' such a short time to say it, that half his words made a short cut through his nose. The grate big words entirely used to stop in th' apple of his throat, thrusting his two eyes outside his head, filling his mouth wid froth, which betune haycups and sthutters, he churned into a bappeat abuse of the Fenians an' *The Irish People*. . . . But as I'm in a hurry now, Mr. Editor, I must put off telling all I have to say 'bout a Father Burke and usury, and Barrister Howley, and the Tipperary sessions. One thing I know you'll be sorry to hear of, an' that is, that Father Mick is no longer a fat, sleek, little Friar, for th' other Sunday he put his hand on his belly an' declared to the congregation that he didn't fill it rightly since he left Clonmel.

Other contributions to the correspondence columns of the same journal, though not so coarse, were not less objectionable. Some bad ones came from the pen of "De l'Abbaye." In one of them, referring to a sermon delivered by a Father McNamara in Cork, he reports the priest as having said:—"To whom but the drunkard is the secret oath administered? Who are the re-

volutionists but the drunkards?" Whereupon "De l'Abbaye" proceeds to say:—

When on that solemn occasion Father McNamara uttered those words from the pulpit he knew as well as I that he was conveying to his hearers what was untrue. . . . I wonder is he a Maynooth man? . . . I am sure Father McNamara estimated far below its value the intelligence of those he addressed. . . . He did not hear the people say to each other—"Does Father McNamara imagine we don't know he has told us two big lies? What on earth does he mean by telling us those lies? What does he get by it?"—"Arrah don't you know it was to please the bishop; sure he was behind the altar all the time."

I fancy that amongst the readers of the *Irish People* there must have been some who were not charmed with De l'Abbaye's story of a priest, in the pulpit, deliberately telling "two big lies" *to please the Bishop*, who stood listening "behind the altar!" In another letter the same correspondent wrote:—

If the present attitude of the bishops and priests is to be persevered in, the consequences could not but be injurious to the faith and religion of the people, but the people have it in their power quickly and finally to put a stop to their mad folly. To such priests as Fathers Mawe and Collins they should say: "If you are resolved to persist in your course of conduct, hateful to us and inconsistent with the teaching of the Catholic Church, we must dispense with your ministry—we will have none of you."

Further, "De l'Abbaye" solemnly warned the Bishops and priests of the harm that might come to religion, in case of a successful revolution in Ireland, if they should continue hostile to the movement; "but," he asked, "on whom would rest the responsibility of any evil results? Would it not be on those who would have created antagonism between the church and the people, by proclaiming it a sin to think or speak of making Ireland free? Away then with preachers of such

heretical doctrine." Mr. O'Leary quotes Mr. Kickham as having made a like allegation in the following terms :—" When the priests turn the altar into a platform, when it is pronounced a ' mortal sin ' to read the *Irish People*, a ' mortal sin ' even to *wish* that Ireland should be free," &c. It is needless to say that no priest ever proclaimed it a sin " to think or speak of making Ireland free," or a mortal sin " even to wish that Ireland should be free." The Irish priests have ever held that within the bounds of prudence and morality, patriotism is a virtue. It is with regard to the methods employed for giving effect to that patriotism that ecclesiastical interference is sometimes called for, and made a duty.

In the autumn of 1865 Fenianism was looking somewhat formidable, both in Ireland and America. It was at all events very clamorous and minatory. A feeling got abroad that some practical move was about to be made. The author of "*Fenianism Photographed*," thus sketches the situation :—

A few weeks previous to the 15th of September, there was a hum of preparation on both sides. It has been thought that we were surprised by the sudden swoop. Not so much as was generally believed. We felt that the time was approaching when something should be done by us or by the Government. It was a question of who would take the initiative.

Notwithstanding those presages of a coming storm, the staff of *The Irish People* did not adopt the precaution of " clearing the decks "—in other words, of destroying or secreting the mass of compromising documents, letters, lists of " centres," account books, &c.—they had kept on the premises, and most of which could be of no further use to them. Dearly did they pay for their lack of ordinary prudence. On the evening of September 15th, 1865, the Government " came down like a wolf on the fold." *The People* office had been shut up for the night; the employees had left in the happy con-

fidence that they would find everything right when they should return in the morning. About a half an hour afterwards a posse of police came to the door, pushed it in easily (so lightly had it been fastened) and entered, ransacked shelves, desks, and drawers, seized every printed and written paper they could find, and carted the lot away to Dublin Castle. Within a few hours the whole staff of *The People* were in custody. Mr. O'Leary was arrested at his lodgings after he had returned from the theatre; Mr. Luby at his house in the outskirts of the city, Messrs. O'Donovan Rossa and James O'Connor in the street, near the scene of the seizure, and others in various places around. Almost simultaneously a number of arrests were made in Cork, and in several of the chief towns in the South of Ireland.

And now a peculiar feature of this unskilfully managed conspiracy was revealed. With nearly every arrest that was made, letters and papers were seized of a nature useful to the Crown prosecutors, but ruinous to the unfortunate prisoners. The worst—that is to say the most fatal—of them were found in the houses of the heads of the movement. The author of the papers in *The Irishman*, from which I have already quoted, says:—

Amongst the several surprises caused by the explosion that autumn not the least of them was the overwhelming body of documentary evidence which the accused had preserved for one object, and which the Government utilised for another. The ruling passion with these conspirators was to store up every scrap of paper which bore record of secret transactions. Leaders more than followers were addicted to this fatal weakness; and so much the worse, because they had possession of the most important correspondence and communications. With the United Irishmen were found books and letters, but no Irish conspiracy turned up so many damning documents as were discovered in Dublin within two or three months after the first arrest. What was then talked of as "the Frazer letter" was almost equal in weight to all the others; and when it was thrown into the scales against the prisoners, an acquittal was hopeless.

The "Frazer letter," otherwise the "Executive document," was found in the house of Mr. Luby. It was a formal appointment by Mr. Stephens of Messrs. O'Leary, Luby, and Kickham to exercise his functions with regard to the organisation during his absence in America. "It was," says the writer, above quoted, "the most worthless paper written in connection with the Fenian movement, and it proved to be the most mischievous withal. No one can dispute the truth of Judge Keogh's observation that the Executive document was the backbone of the case against the prisoners."

Amongst the papers seized at the house of Mr. Luby, one of the most sensational, though not the most important, was a letter addressed to him by Christopher Manus O'Keeffe, giving suggestions for the effective working of the intended revolution. It was the production of a clever but half crazy man, setting forth a number of atrocious plans and propositions. Mr. Luby had no responsibility for the article, and not a shadow of sympathy with the ideas it expressed; his fault lay in not destroying the manuscript after he had read it. His own account of the matter was that the letter amused him; he handed it across the table to his wife, that she also might have a laugh over its contents; after she had perused it she wisely suggested that it should be burned, but Mr. Luby said no, inasmuch as it was "a literary curiosity." Here are passages from the document he treated so lightly:—

You are doubtless aware that when the existing war commenced in New Zealand, the natives were foolish enough to confine their hostility to the privates, because the latter, they perceived, were actively engaged in firing on them. . . . They have since learned that it is sheer folly to waste their powder on the common men; that it is far better to kill those who utter the word of command. . . . They have learned that when the colonels and captains are swept away, the privates will fly like a flock of sheep. Now [Here Mr. O'Keeffe gives

the names of three Irish noblemen, owners of large estates] may be regarded as the officers of that grand army of exterminating landlords who banish the Irish people from their native country. . . . The French exterminated their aristocracy, and every honest revolution must imitate that of France. We must do the same. But you ask me, "How are we to get at these men?" My reply is, "How did the French get at them?" They first wrote them down by the pens of their Voltaires, and then slew them by the hands of their *sans-culottes*. We can do as much. . . . Eastern travellers tell us that the Thugs are, individually considered, excellent fathers, kind husbands, and benevolent neighbours; but they are not the less Thugs. That is, they are members of an institute which is incompatible with the well-being of their fellow men. . . . If the Thugs have been destroyed by the British Government, the Irish aristocracy must be hounded down by the liberal press and slain afterwards by the hands of an aroused and infuriate people.

That letter was not a thing to be kept "as a literary curiosity," by one of the heads of a revolutionary movement against which the authorities were certain to take action at no distant date. But the attitude of the Fenian "executive" towards their neighbours in Dublin Castle was positively Arcadian in its trustfulness and simplicity.

When the captured men were brought up for a preliminary examination before a police magistrate, on September 30th, 1865, Mr. Charles R. Barry, Q.C., M.P., Law Adviser, in stating the case for the Crown—speaking from the brief which had been furnished to him—made the following statement:—

The operations of this revolution, as it is called, were to be commenced by an indiscriminate massacre—by the assassination of all those above the lower classes, including the Roman Catholic clergy, against whom their animosity appears, from their writings, to be especially directed.

When those words were said the prisoners looked at other and smiled, evidently regarding the allegation

as ridiculous. At the close of the proceedings Mr. Luby said :—

Mr. Barry, Q.C., made a charge in the early part of his statement that we had projects of assassination, but I can say for myself that nothing was further from my mind than anything like assassination. I understood him to say that there were speeches made at the meetings of the Fenians inciting to assassination ; but I can only call to mind having seen one speech having that tendency, and in one of the numbers of *The Irish People* you will find an article disavowing the expressions of the speaker.

The prisoners were returned for trial, and were arraigned before a Special Commission which commenced its sittings on November 27th, 1865, the presiding judges being Mr. Justice Keogh and Mr. Justice Fitzgerald. In the meantime a Pastoral Letter of the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, was given to the press in which his Grace referred to “ the charges lately made ” against the originators of the Fenian movement, in which they were “ said to have proposed ” the massacre of certain classes of people ; and he said :—

Whatever is to be said of such fearful allegations, which we hope are only founded on vague report, it is certain that the managers of the Fenian paper called *The Irish People*, made it a vehicle of scandal and circulated in its columns most pernicious and poisonous maxims. Fortunately they had not the wit nor the talents of Voltaire, but according to appearances they did not yield to him in anxiety to do mischief, and in malice.

Referring to the allegation that the priests had declared patriotism to be a sin, his Grace went on to say :—

So far from condemning patriotism, I would wish to see everyone anxious to serve his country and to establish a claim to be called its benefactor. . . . In short, though patriotism is a noble virtue, we are not to forget that the word is oftentimes misused, and that the most useless and mischievous members of society frequently pretend to be patriots.

The Freeman's Journal backed up this pastoral in a long and strong article far transcending in its terms the measured language of the Archbishop. Acting on the advice of their leading counsel, Mr. Butt, Mr. O'Leary and his companions in trouble took steps to restrain *The Freeman* from publishing such matter while they were awaiting their trial. They filed an affidavit in which they swore that they never advised or contemplated a massacre of the clergy, or any of them ; or a massacre of the landlords or any of them ; or a massacre of any class whatsoever ; and further, in reference to the allegation that they published or circulated poisonous maxims as nearly in the style of Voltaire as they were capable of making them, they swore that they did not attack any of the tenets of Christianity.

To this document an answering affidavit was filed by Doctor Gray (afterwards Sir John) editor and proprietor of *The Freeman*, in which he quoted largely from the articles of *The Irish People*, and argued that both the Archbishop and he were fully justified in everything they had written regarding that journal, and its managers, and had acted, each in his own sphere, from a sense of duty. The affidavit of the prisoners may have served the purpose for which, most probably, it was intended—that of warning Irish journalists against the publication of articles likely to prejudice the cases of men awaiting trial on serious charges. But nothing further came of it.

At the ensuing trials O'Keeffe's letter was not quoted against the prisoners. A feeling had got abroad that it was a hare-brained production for which, in fairness, no one but the writer could be held accountable. Mr. Luby, however, referred to it when replying, at the close of his trial, to the formal question, why sentence should not be passed on him. In strong terms he denied having

any responsibility for or sympathy with the ideas put forward by the writer. Judge Keogh, in passing sentence, quite accepted Mr. Luby's disclaimer, and called attention to the fact that in his charge to the jury, he had made no reference to the O'Keeffe document. The foreman of the jury stated that he and his fellow-jurors had attached no importance to it. A sentence of twenty years' penal servitude was then passed on the prisoner.

In close succession followed the trials and conviction of O'Donovan Rossa, C. J. Kickham, and others. There was no chance for escape for any of them. The contents of their newspaper, the documents found in the editorial rooms, and in the homes of the prisoners, and the evidence of the informers Pierce Nagle and Patrick Power—both employees in *The People* office, and trusted agents of Mr. Stephens—sealed their fate. But they accepted their ill-fortune with dignity, and as they disappeared from the dock, they carried with them the sympathy, not merely of Nationalists of every shade and section, but of men of other parties who, though differing from them in political opinion, could yet respect their sincerity and honour the spirit which had led them to sacrifice their liberty and risk their lives in the cause of their native land.



CHAPTER IX.

The Fenian Trials.—C. M. O’Keeffe.—His Proposed Boycotting of Belfast.—Pagan O’Leary.—The Military Fenians.—Pigott at his Old Libels again.—Verdict of Arbitrators against Him.—Letter of Mr. John K. Casey.—Establishment of *United Ireland*.—Editor William O’Brien.

THE trial of Christopher Manus O’Keeffe resulted in his conviction, to his own immense astonishment. This man never was a Fenian ; he had hardly any knowledge of the movement, and practically no acquaintance with its leaders. He sent occasional contributions to *The Irish People*, just as he did to other journals, solely for the purpose of earning his bread. On his trial he said :—

I was like an artisan who had to fit a work before he could make a sale. I had to measure the intellectual stature of the men I had to fit. . . . I was not a Fenian. I went into the office because it was a market in which I could sell my wares. . . . Now observe, *The Irish People* would only take a certain description of article. I was like the tailor who has to fit your lordships before he can make a breeches for you.

This was true. O’Keeffe was a literary man who had to live by his pen. He was well educated, and had a good knowledge of the Gaelic language and literature. But he was known among the Dublin pressmen, at the Royal Irish Academy and elsewhere, to be an eccentric, and by many he was regarded as not quite sane. A favourite notion of his was that the Irish race at home and in America could punish the Anti-Fenians of Belfast by ceasing to patronise their linen manufacture—putting a boycott on it, as one would say now-a-days. This idea he put forward, not only in letters to *The Irish People*, but also in a

letter to the loyalist *Northern Whig*, which was published in that paper on August 31st, 1865.

I quote a few sentences :—

The linen of Belfast imported or stored in New York is, you know very well, a material guarantee for the safety of the so-called Fenians of Ireland. The moment the British Government, at the suggestion of your paper, or any other suggestion, suspends the Habeas Corpus Act, or seizes on the leaders of the Irish Fenians, that moment the linen of Belfast will blaze to the skies of New York. If the English Government takes a single step against the Fenians, that moment your town is ruined, your merchants are beggared, your manufactures and trade are terminated, your bankers become paupers.

By several of the English papers those irrational views were credited to the Fenians at large, who, as a matter of fact, were in no way responsible for them. O'Keeffe, with all his eccentricities, was a sincere Nationalist ; with all his penury he would write no anti-national articles for any publication, Irish, English or Scotch. Occasionally he "dropped into poetry." So far back as June, 1843, he contributed to the *Nation* a song of the Franco-Irish Brigade ; at a later period he published the following poem, entitled "The Harp without a Crown :—

We've seen in many a battle spread
The English flag—the robber red.
The Eagle standard of the Gaul,
Wet with the battle's crimson rain,
On many a breach of batter'd wall
Has floated, and will float again :
The Stars and Stripes of Freedom's clime
Unfurl in Freedom's air sublime
Expand in trembling ecstasy
Hailed by the transports of the free.
Then why are not the hill-tops seen
Surmounted by our standard green ?
Why not uplift o'er tower and town
The Harp of Gold without the Crown ?

'Tis said some evil genius flings
 Its shadow o'er this Isle of Kings
 Which clouds the air, which dims the sight,
 Which shrouds our vales and fields with night;
 It matters not how keen the eye
 When slavery's gloom pervades the sky;
 You cannot through the murky air
 Discern our emerald standard there,
 You cannot on the hill-tops see
 The sacred symbol of the free—
 You can't descry o'er tower or town
 The Harp of Gold without the Crown.

But prophets tell the time is near
 When clouds and gloom shall disappear,
 When Freedom's sun, descending fair
 Shall winnow radiance through the air:
 Then blazing in refulgent light
 We'll see our green flag ruffling bright—
 We'll see its shining volume wave
 Above the columns of the brave,
 And vale and hill, and wood and glen
 All crowded with our warrior men—
 We'll see sublime o'er tower and town
 The Harp of Gold without the Crown!

O'Keeffe's sentence was ten years penal servitude. The unfortunate man was deserving of much commiseration. O'Leary, Luby, Kickham, Rossa, and others of the party had been condemned to the same class of punishment for even longer terms, but they had deliberately "played the game," with the consciousness that they might have to pay forfeit. They took their ill-fortune manfully when it came; but O'Keeffe wept in the dock, finding himself "let in" for consequences he had never dreamed of. The whole staff of *The Irish People*, editors, managers, publishers, book-keepers, etc., were now in English convict prisons. What they thought of their new location after a brief experience of it was succinctly expressed by Mr. O'Leary in a whispered sentence to one of his companions in durance:—"This is Hell."

Another O'Leary was in prison for Fenianism at this time, an extraordinary character, known among his political associates as "Pagan O'Leary." The "Pagan" professed to believe that Ireland was a great and grand country, and her people were a noble race, until Saint Patrick came amongst them, and with his gospel of peace, his ascetic principles and practices, his prayers, penances, and fastings, deteriorated the national character, and took the glory out of Irish life. He had evidently picked up those notions from some of the old Gaelic poems in which are given imaginary discussions between Saint Patrick and Ossian, a bard of the ancient Fenians. As for the priests, the language he was wont to use regarding them is not printable here. It would be wrong to hold Mr. John O'Leary in any way accountable for the ravings of his eccentric namesake, and outrageous to attempt to transfer to him the nickname acquired by his equally earnest but less cultured co-worker in the cause. The fact that *The Irish People* was guilty of unfairness of that kind would be no justification for turning the practice against its editor, and consequently the thing was not done by men who might have been tempted to make such reprisal. Several of "the Pagan's" letters were found in the possession of his colleagues; some of them are printed in the records of the Special Commission of 1865-6; the following tailpiece to one of them is all that can here be quoted:—

When you write to me for ever after this, always address me as follows. O'Laegari, H.R. and M.P. The cursed English way of spelling my name is O'Leary, and the old Ancient Milesian Pagan way of spelling it is O'Laegari. O'Leary in English, I curse it. O'Laegari in Milesian, I bless it. Respectfully yours,

O'LAEGARI,
Hereditary Rebel, and Milesian Pagan.

To this "H.R. and M.P." the Fenian leaders gave the use of a top room in *The People* Office, and an important part in the working of their movement. His chief function was that of recruiting for the brotherhood amongst the Irish militia and soldiers of the line, and administering to them an oath of fealty to the Irish Republic. In later years some of the Fenian chiefs were wont to speak scornfully of "double-oathed men," meaning thereby ex-members of their organisation who entered the British Parliament; but when denouncing such infidelity they must have managed to forget their patronage of O'Laegari's operations. A double oath is a double oath, no matter at which end of it you begin.

Many brave Irish soldiers entered the Fenian organisation. The most notable amongst them were not brought into it by "the Pagan," or by any such arts as his. Their warm Irish hearts, the heritage of patriotism in their blood, their irrepressible sympathy with a movement which promised a life and death struggle against the misrulers of their native land—these were the agencies that shaped their course of action; these were the influences constraining them to think that when their country called for their services, all previous engagements were cancelled. Like Aldred in Tennyson's "Harold," they believed that "He who vows to strangle his own mother is guiltier keeping this, than breaking it." Amongst the men of this type were John Boyle O'Reilly, Colour Sergeant McCarthy, Colonel Nagle, Sergeant Darragh, and several others—men as brave as those who charged on the British ranks at Fontenoy; as patriotic as any who died for Ireland in the field or on the scaffold at any period of her history.

After the suppression of *The Irish People* its whole clientele turned over to *The Irishman*,—then owned

and nominally edited by Mr. Richard Pigott—as the next best thing in Irish journalism. To Pigott this was a financial lift which he badly needed; and now if he could only wither up the circulation of *The Nation*, his prospects would indeed be bright. With this purpose he set himself to the reviving of old and exploded libels, and inventing—or at all events cheerfully publishing—new ones against A. M. Sullivan. Once again (for he had performed this disagreeable duty on a previous occasion) Mr. Sullivan deemed it advisable to grapple with his defamers. He proposed to bring his libeller before a court of law; but Pigott, remembering what had befallen his “predecessor in title,” Mr. Denis Holland, in like circumstances, took alarm and got some friends to request that the case should be left to arbitration. Mr. Sullivan consented. The arbitrators selected were Isaac Butt, Q.C., and George Henry Moore, M.P. Pigott employed a barrister to put before that tribunal some kind of excuses for his conduct, but no attempt was made to justify his libellous allegations, and the upshot of the matter was that each and all of *The Irishman’s* charges were declared by the arbitrators to be absolutely without foundation. The final clause of their award (published 15th October, 1869) was in these terms:—

We declare our entire conviction that no shadow of imputation rests upon Mr. Sullivan’s honour as a gentleman, or his fidelity to the principles he professes.

Some of Mr. Sullivan’s assailants in those troubled times wrote him letters of an apologetic nature in later years. Mr. John K. Casey, afterwards known as the poet “Leo,” who came to Dublin from Ballymahon and got employment as a contributor to *The Nation*, thought fit after some time to part company

with the journal that 'first cradled his fame," and transfer his services to Mr. Pigott's organ of more "extreme" nationality. He was not long in that company when he was given to understand that he would be expected to take a hand in the attacks that were being made on his former employer. To this the young man weakly consented, and in *The Irishman* of December 5th, 1868, he stated in a footnote to a memoir of Edward Duffy—a genuine Fenian patriot and martyr, who had died in Millbank prison—that A. M. Sullivan had made in *The Nation* a contemptuous and offensive reference to him, which he professed to quote. There was no truth in the allegation. Mr. Sullivan was shocked when he read it. In the next number of his paper he published an offer to give £20 to certain charities in which the Fenian party were specially interested if Mr. Casey would prove that in *The Nation* or elsewhere, in speech or writing, he had ever done anything of the kind. Thereupon, Mr. Casey wrote him a note to say that if he would give him access to his files in *The Nation* Office he would find the quotation. Mr. Sullivan replied that files of *The Nation* (as of all the Irish papers of that time), were kept at the Custom House, Dublin, where they could be seen by anyone on payment of one shilling, and that Mr. Casey could go there if he pleased, and make his investigation.

It is needless to say the verification never came. What did come, about a year afterwards, was a letter of apology and regret from Mr. Casey for having—on the instigation of others—made a charge against Mr. Sullivan for which there was no foundation. It was dated from 16 Summerhill, Dublin, on New Year's Day, 1870, and was in these terms:—

SIR,—A letter from me may appear strange to you, but I

cannot refrain from expressing my feelings regarding your noble speech, in Longford, on yesterday. In a struggle for Irish nationality, as the Longford contest essentially is, every Irishman should bear a part, and whatever differences of opinion arise, this is a proof that men who love Ireland according to their own way can meet together and work for Ireland.

I need not tell you how diffident I feel in writing this to you, as I have waged against you a war that was perfectly at variance with my own estimate of your individual character. But men—some in the grave and others living—said that A. M. Sullivan wrote so-and-so. I did not write that remark concerning Edward Duffy in an editorial note, nor did I ever intend more than to elicit the truth. On your side was the truth; on my side the error of believing what could not be substantiated. Now I only want to express my feelings for your brave and noble stand at the Longford election, and on this New Year's Day to wish you every prosperity.

Yours truly, J. K. CASEY.

Mr. Casey was far gone in ill health when he penned this letter of reparation. Lamentably brief was his career. He had come up from the country, a soft, gentle, and kindly young man, with a decided literary aptitude and a special talent for song writing. Life in and about Mr. Pigott's office did not suit him; he broke down under the strain, and died on St. Patrick's Day, 1870, at the age of 24 years.

Another of A. M. Sullivan's assailants who bore belated testimony to his public and private worth was—Richard Pigott. On the day after Mr. Sullivan's death this man, who had done his utmost to blacken his character and excite against him the anger of desperate men, wrote to his widow in these terms:—

MADAM,—I venture with much respect and entire sincerity to assure you that I very truly sympathise with you in your great affliction. You may consider me presumptuous and intrusive in addressing you at such a time, but even at the risk of being so considered I cannot help commiserating with you. Nothing

in the course of an eventful and somewhat stormy career gave me so much concern as that circumstances should have compelled me to be so often at variance with Mr. Sullivan ; but I can honestly declare that at no time did I ever fail to make acknowledgment of my sense of his great services to Ireland, as well as of his many virtues, public and private. I really felt a strong feeling of personal attachment to him all through even the hottest of our political controversies—and why should I not ? I cannot forget how good he was to my father, and even to myself during our brief intimacy in Richmond prison. Trusting that you will believe me when I say that I have no other motive in writing this brief note than to make you aware that at least one political opponent of your dear husband mourns with unaffected sincerity his loss. I am, madam, with great respect, your obedient servant,

RICHARD PIGOTT.

There was some hardihood in penning such a letter to the afflicted lady at that time, but I think the act should be placed to the writer's credit, as tending to show that he was not quite devoid of conscience or incapable of remorse.

Pigott mixed but little with the politicians of his time. He shared none of their councils, he took no part in public demonstrations, he made no speeches. But while figuring in his own paper as an extreme and incorruptible Nationalist, some shrewd men of his party saw reason to distrust his pretensions and to doubt his honesty. Mr. John O'Leary wrote to *The Nation* warning people against sending to the care of the editor of *The Irishman* subscriptions intended for national purposes ; at the same time in Irish-American newspapers he was broadly charged with defalcations and challenged to account for moneys he had received. Pigott affected to disregard these disagreeable incidents, and went on giving pleasurable emotions, as he thought, to the Fenian party by publishing articles abusive of

public men who did not come up to his own high standard of patriotism. But the confidence of Irish Nationalists was ebbing away from him, the circulation of his papers fell off, and the burden of his financial difficulties increased. In these circumstances certain leaders of the Land League saw an opportunity for buying up his business and ridding Irish journalism of a man who had become a danger to the National cause. This purchase was effected with the funds of the League. The intent of those who devised the scheme was to substitute for one of Pigott's papers a new journal and present it to the country as the official organ of the League. The plan was carried out : *The Flag of Ireland* was transformed into *United Ireland*, and the editorial chair was given to Mr. William O'Brien.

This transaction was secretly planned and silently effected. I was a member of the Executive of the Land League at the time, but I got no hint of the project until the arrangements had been completed, and the new journal was about to be launched. The proceeding was unfair to *The Nation* and to me ; I made some protests against it privately, but in the interests of the party and the movement I refrained from referring to the subject in print.

Mr. William O'Brien had now a free hand in *United Ireland*, and he used his freedom. He was a " fust-rate fightin' man," by nature and by circumstances fitted for wild work. His worldly belongings, he averred, were merely the ordinary contents of two portmanteaus ; so he could laugh at bailiffs and sheriffs' officers while he accused, stormed at, and denounced people all round to his heart's content. During the Shrievalty of Mr. Thomas Sexton, M.P., he got into a trouble of this kind, with the result that a " garnishee order " for the costs of a legal action was obtained against him, which it became Mr. Sexton's duty to execute. The situation

was so comical that I was moved to give it celebration in the following ballad of the "come-all-ye" type :—

It was the Lord Lieutenant, whose name is Castlereagh,*
He sent for Thomas Sexton, and thus to him did say :
" You are our new High Sheriff, and now your time has come
To execute a Garnishee, likewise a Fi-fa-fum."

Then up spoke Thomas Sexton, and says to Castlereagh :
" Of course the things you've mentioned I'll do without delay,
But first this simple question you'll have to answer me—
Pray tell me what's a Fi-fa-fum and what's a Garnishee ? "

Then Castlereagh he placed two rolls of paper in his hand,
" Find out," says he, " one Will O'Brine, the plague of all the
land ;

We want the debt he owes the Crown ; we wish to strike him
dumb ;

So serve him with this Garnishee, likewise this Fi-fa-fum."

Then off went Sheriff Sexton a pleasant hour to spend
Upstairs in the Impayrial with his colleague and his friend ;
They called for coffee and cigars and laughed right merrilee
While poring o'er the Fi-fa-fum, likewise the Garnishee.

" Behold my two portmanteaus," said cheery Will O'Brine,
" So now take up your documents, and pen on each a line ;
On one write '*Nulla bona*,' on t'other ' He won't come,'
And there you've filled your Garnishee likewise your Fi-fa-fum."

Oh, when unto the Castle Tom Sexton went next day,
'Twas something awful to behold the rage of Castlereagh ;
He's not allowed to shave himself, or sharpened steel to see
Since he got back his Fi-fa-fum, likewise his Garnishee.

In addition to his sense of such light equipment,
Mr. O'Brien was inspired by the happy consciousness
that in his editorial capacity he had the treasury of the

* His title was Lord Londonderry, but by the Nationalists he was usually called " Castlereagh " because of his being a member of the family of that Lord Castlereagh who was one of the chief agents in effecting the Act of Union, and who afterwards cut his throat.

National League at his back. *United Ireland*, under his management, soon became a costly luxury to the organisation. It was always in a state of volcanic eruption. Sensational charges, "revelations," and denunciations, blazed in its columns every week. Legal actions of one sort or another were continually in progress. At one time it had the country half wild with dreadful though vague references to appalling enormities which it led the public to believe were being secretly practised in Dublin Castle, without any endeavour on the part of Earl Spencer to discourage or suppress them. When the story came to be investigated it was found that the misconduct thus referred to was carried on by some debased persons (including two government officials) not in Dublin Castle, but in a distant part of the city, and that Earl Spencer knew nothing whatever about it. Then the Earl was charged with having patronised perjury and every sort of foul play in the prosecution of Irish Nationalists. Unquestionably much wrong was done in those days in the name of "law and order"—and on the other hand many heinous offences were committed by ill-conditioned and ignorant persons in the supposed interest of the popular movement; but personally, Earl Spencer was a man of honour, incapable of deliberate injustice, devoid of vindictive feeling, and imbued with liberal sentiments. His patience under the deluge of obloquy that was poured on him was a fine trait in his character. He was cartooned, libelled, and lampooned in savage fashion, but he never made those attacks the occasion of any interference with "the freedom of the Press." When the most odious of the accusations against him were shown to be absolutely without justification, Mr. O'Brien publicly withdrew and apologised for them, and declared his respectful admiration for the Earl, in terms that have become historic.

CHAPTER X.

Traitorous conduct of Pigott.—He tries to extort blackmail from Mr. Pat Egan.—The Fenian Rising in West Kerry.—Bishop Moriarty's famous sermon.—He denounces the Fenian Organisers—But Praises the Honourable Conduct of the Insurrectionists.

IN December, 1881, an article from the pen of Richard Pigott in praise of Mr. Gladstone's recently passed Land Act, and denunciation of the Land League and its leaders, appeared in *Macmillian's Magazine*; the tone of which may be judged from the following extract :—

Those who desire to obtain a true insight into the present state of Ireland must view it in the light of past events, and it will then be seen that, despite the turmoil of the hour, there are indications that the reconciliation of Ireland to British rule is making some progress. . . . Indeed it can hardly be seriously disputed that of late the Imperial Parliament has legislated for Ireland in as just and as liberal a spirit as an Irish Parliament composed of elements quite "racy of the soil" could have done; and if it continues to be actuated by the same benevolent intentions there can be no doubt that it will advance with rapid strides towards the final consummation of the very latest conquest of Ireland.

Here was the "West British," or, as it would now be called, the "Unionist" note to perfection. He went on to say that the new Act would be accepted as practically a settlement of the land question if the leaders of the Land League were honest politicians and not selfish agitators seeking their own pecuniary advantage. Of those men, his former patrons, whose principles and

policy he had advocated in his paper, he gave to the British public the following appreciation :—

To suggest that there is the faintest possibility of obtaining better terms from the British Government than this Act gives them, is but to disclose a deliberate attempt to deceive. That, however, is what the Land Leaguers are doing. Clearly these gentry do not stop at trifles. . . . Of what consequence to these " patriots " by profession are the sacrifices and sufferings of the tenants ? They have proclaimed that " on the Cause must go "—the Cause, that is, of fraud and falsehood—at all hazards, and it goes on accordingly. They will continue to deceive a too-confiding people in this way—to heartlessly *exploiter* them—until they find that it no longer pays them to do so. Then they will calmly put them aside as remorselessly as does the professional gambler the loaded dice with which he swindles his dupes.

Only a few months before penning this article, Pigott was beseeching Mr. Patrick Egan to give him some assistance from the Land League funds. When his importunities failed to produce the desired result he had recourse to an attempt at blackmail in a series of mendacious and menacing letters. Of those communications Mr. Egan made no public use until he had read Pigott's imputations against the honour and honesty of the national leaders. He then sent the documents for publication to *The Nation* and *Freeman's Journal*, with a view to the better enlightenment of the public as to the character and motives of the converted patriot.

Some time previous to the sale of his papers to the Land Leaguers, Pigott wrote from *The Irishman* office to Mr. Egan stating that agents from the Castle had called on him and offered him a sum of £500 if he would publish in his journal a document which they showed him, purporting to be a detailed account of the manner in which the League funds were being expended, giving him at the same time an undertaking that he would

be borne harmless in any legal consequences that might ensue from such publication.

He had not closed with the Government offer, he said, and would definitely refuse it if Egan would let him have a "temporary loan" of £300 from the League funds. But money he should have, he intimated, from one side or the other. In his first letter to the League treasurer on this subject, dated February 27th, 1881, occurs the following passage :—

I need hardly tell you how great an object money is to me just now, and I have reason to believe that these people will give me anything I ask. But I consider myself in honour bound to you, and, bad as I am, I have always been true to those who trusted me. You might, I think, have been more liberal with me. I wanted £500 at least, and you gave me but £200; this left, and still leaves, a deficit of £300, which is greatly embarrassing me.

Of this largess of £200 Mr. Egan gives the following explanation :—

The sum of £200, to which he refers, was a loan advanced to him, after repeated appeals, by Mr. Parnell, myself, and others, on the condition that Mr. Pigott would give to the League movement an independent support.

Not a particularly commendable transaction, I think. As the treasurer of the League did not respond to the suggestion touching the "deficit," Pigott wrote to him again in very pressing terms, and this time gave somewhat of a threatening tone to his application. Reverting to his story of the offer made to him by agents of the Castle, he said :—

To come to the point, therefore, I am in desperate straits. I must have money somehow or throw up the sponge at once. I cannot afford to let so lucky a chance pass of saving myself literally from ruin. No matter what the consequences are, I must and will take this offer unless you come to my assistance. I will close with these people; send you the full amount I owe

you, print the thing, and await events unless you will stand by me. . . . If I do not hear from you by Monday evening I shall be reluctantly compelled to close with these people, because my affairs are now arrived at such a crisis that delay will be fatal.

These threats did not frighten Mr. Egan. He sent the following decisive reply to his correspondent :—

Paris, 11th March, 1881.

SIR,—As I understand your letter, which reached me to-day, it is a threat that unless I forward you money by Monday next you will close with the Government, and in consideration of a sum of £500, publish for them certain documents, which you believe to be false, against the Land League. Be it so. Under any circumstances I have no power to so apply the funds of the League ; but even if I had the power I would not under such circumstances act upon it. Whenever any such accusations are made we will know how to defend ourselves.

There never was any publication of the alleged “document,” for the simple reason that it never existed ; Pigott’s whole story was a fiction. When the foregoing correspondence, bearing date March 1881, was given to the Press by Mr. Egan in December of that year, Pigott came out with a rejoinder in *The Freeman’s Journal* roundly abusive of the League leaders and denunciatory of their proceedings. Posing as an ill-used man, he said :—

From the time that I opposed the “new departure” invented by John Devoy and adopted by Michael Davitt, and from which originated the Land League, I was a marked man. My political ostracism was irrevocably decreed.

Having stated that Mr. O’Leary and Mr. Kickham regarded the League pretty much as he did, he struck out in the following fashion :—

I could not bring myself, nor could they, to sanction the abominable policy the Land Leaguers have devised—the atrocious system which now, unhappily, rules supreme, which fetters free thought, and imposes severe penalties on the

exercise of the virtues of common honesty and fair dealing—the hell-born social tyranny of boycotting, enforced as it is by the pistol of the hired assassin and the bludgeon of the hired bravo—a tyranny more unendurable and indefensible than any imposed upon this unfortunate country by the worst government that ever had control of its destinies.

The correspondence was continued for some days. In one letter of the series, Pigott claimed to have saved the life of the illiberal and ungrateful treasurer of the League. Here is his account of that unrequited service :

Shortly before these letters were written I made a communication to him (Egan) which was the means of saving his life, and possibly that of more than one of his confederates. I had learned by accident that in order to avenge the boycotting of an anti-League Nationalist in a country town, and by way of caution to Land Leaguers that they had better in future leave Nationalists alone, some rash men had determined to take the lives of some of the Land League leaders—amongst them Patrick Egan. Now, though I incurred grave personal risk in doing so, I felt bound to put Egan on his guard.

He then proceeded to quote a passage from a letter which he said he had received from Mr Egan thanking him for the information. Immediately on seeing this tale in print Mr. Egan wrote to *The Freeman* declaring that there was not a word of truth in it. “Never,” said he, “till this moment did I hear from any one that a threat was made against my life, and I do not believe it now.” Pigott, he said, did convey to him that an attempt was to be made on the life of Michael Dávitt, but that story also he believed to be untrue.

The strangest part of this eventful history remains to be told. It is that while Pigott in his pretended character of an Irish Nationalist was striving hard to beg or borrow money from the treasurer of the League, or to extort it from him by threats and false pretences, he was writing to Chief Secretary Forster, professing his loyal regard for the Crown and constituted authorities, denouncing the Leaguers as swindlers and suborners of

crime, stating that because he would not advocate their policy they were striving to effect his ruin—and appealing to the Minister for “loans” of money to help him out of his difficulties.

The swoop made by the Government on the Fenians in the winter of 1865 was a heavy, but not a fatal, blow to their movement. A greater harm was caused by the split in the American organisation which originated about that time, dividing that once powerful body into hostile sections, and setting up bitter quarrels and contentions amongst their leaders. Charges and counter-charges of ill-doing were bandied about; not a single notable man on either side escaped attack; rival policies were warmly advocated and vehemently denounced. The “Central Organiser” in Ireland wrote angry and offensive criticisms of the “Head Centre” in America,* to which the latter replied in better temper and with more dignity. In all the home controversies regarding Fenianism, in all the attacks of the British Press on the organisation and its leaders, there is nothing comparable to the virulence with which the rival sections in America abused each other in their party organs. But family quarrels are always the most bitter. *Acerrima proximorum odia*. Withal, the movement was kept going, for amongst all sections there was intense devotion to the common cause; their contentions had reference mainly to the question of how best to operate against the English Government of Ireland.

The disappearance of the Dublin *Irish People* was not regarded as a great calamity by the men of action; they held that a time had come when editors and orators could be dispensed with, and leading articles were either useless or mischievous. What really dis-

* Letter of James Stephens, signed “J. Warren,” found at Mr. Luby’s house, and produced at Special Commission; printed in the Appendix to the “Informations, &c.,” and numbered 179

concerted them was not the imprisonment of merely literary persons, but the arrest of their "Central Organiser," Mr. James Stephens. Their grief, however, was soon turned into joy, for after a detention of thirteen days in Richmond Prison the chief was secretly liberated by some of the warders who were members of the Brotherhood, and would have given their lives to effect his release.

By this time the Fenian leaders came to recognise that some practical advance towards an armed struggle should be made, lest the confidence of their associates should be shaken and their enthusiasm begin to wane. In the latter part of 1864 and the early months of '65, the Brotherhood set themselves to the making of preparations for a rising. The close of the civil war in America had disemployed many dashing Irish-American soldiers of various ranks, and of these a number were sent from the Fenian head-quarters in New York to take command of the Irish revolutionary forces. Mr. James O'Connor, in his *Fenianism Photographed*, gives the following sketch of those men :—

As the majority had seen more or less service during the civil slaughter which took place between North and South, and as a great many of them had been inured to scenes of war and bloodshed, they were a valuable contingent for a country on the brink of revolution. They were reckless, daring, and desperate. They would have fought well, taking them all in all, although some of them did not know much about their drill, and some more of them were as arrant scamps as ever roved in quest of new scenes and excitement.

Quite in keeping with the general character of the Fenian movement, those men, far from seeking to avoid public observation, appeared to court it. Singly or in pairs they sauntered jauntily through the streets of Dublin, Cork, and Limerick, their fine stature, their military bearing, their slouched hats and American

“foot-wear” attracting the notice of the passers-by—including the police. Their movements, their habitations, their haunts were carefully watched by detectives, who, when the *Habeas Corpus* Act was suspended in 1866, had no difficulty in making morning calls—or evening calls, as the case might be—on those gentlemen and marching them off to prison.

It was intended that the rising should take place simultaneously in different parts of the country. The 11th of February (1867) was the date first appointed, but a postponement was decided on at head-quarters. By some mistake intelligence of the change was not communicated in good time to the Kerry circles, with the result that a number of their members, acting on the original arrangement, turned out and took to the highways and bye-ways, intending to concentrate at some point in the district. But hardly had they begun to move when news of the rising was telegraphed all over the country; military forces were despatched from Cork to Killarney; the railway hotel was turned into a barrack; the banks were prepared to resist a siege, and presently numbers of the local gentry came hurrying in from all the surrounding districts, bringing with them from their residences all the valuables they could hastily collect. It was a big scare, but there was no battle. The Fenian groups failed to concentrate, attempted no fighting, and soon retraced their steps. Detachments of cavalry were sent out to hunt down the fugitives; some arrests were made, but nearly all the insurgents got back to their homes in safety.

In the national newspapers much fun was made out of the fright of the Kerry loyalists. But the Bishop of the diocese, the Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, was greatly angered by the episode, and in a sermon on the following Sunday made use of strong language—which was afterwards much misrepresented. He was alleged to have

said that "hell is not hot enough or eternity long enough to punish the Fenians." The Bishop made no such sweeping assertion ; what he said was :—

One word about the prime movers of all this mischief. If we must condemn the foolish youths who have joined in this conspiracy, how much must we not execrate the conduct of those designing villains who have been entrapping innocent youth and organising this work of crime. Thank God, they are not our people, or, if they ever were, they have lost the Irish character in the cities of America. But beyond them are criminals of far deeper guilt—the men who, while they send their dupes into danger, are fattening on the spoil in Paris and New York—the execrable swindlers who care not to endanger the necks of the men who trust them, who care not how many are murdered by the rebel or hanged by the strong arm of the law, provided they can get a supply of dollars either for their pleasures or their wants. . . . I preached to you last Sunday on the eternity of Hell's torments. Human reason is inclined to say—"it is a hard word, and who can bear it ?" But when we look down into the fathomless depth of this infamy of the heads of the Fenian conspiracy we must acknowledge that eternity is not long enough nor hell hot enough to punish such miscreants.

Whatever may be thought of the prudence or the theological value of those utterances, it is plain their application was limited to a particular class of the organisers and leaders, and was not extended to "the Fenians" at large. That fact was made still more obvious by another portion of the sermon, in which the Bishop bore testimony to the good behaviour of the young men of his diocese who had taken the field. He said :—

Besides the extremely restricted nature of the outbreak, I have another great cause of consolation—namely, that with the exception of what we have heard of the taking of Dr. Barry's horse, no outrage was committed on the property of any persons by whose places those unfortunate youths passed. They came by the houses of several of the gentry ; of the McGillacuddy ; of Mr. McGillacuddy Eagar ; they passed by Breen's Hotel ;

they passed by the seat of Sir Rowland Blennerhasset, and called at the house of his steward. After a run of forty miles through rugged mountains, they spent the night, as we all know, in the woods about the houses of Mr. Mahony of Cuillena, of Mr. Mahony of Dunloe, of Mr. Day of Beaufort; and though they were spent with fatigue, and footsore, and parched with thirst, they did not harm anyone's property to the value of a sixpence. This proves that the outbreak was not intended as one of rapine and plunder, or as a war on the gentry of the country, as so many anticipated.

Those words are evidence that Dr. Moriarty's glowing or rather lurid denunciations in another part of his sermon were meant only for the class of men he indicated; and really the orators and journalists who gave a larger scope to his impassioned words should have remembered that in public controversies all men are entitled to fair play—even Bishops.

Three weeks after the Kerry outbreak occurred the risings in Dublin and Cork. The same good conduct that characterised the insurgents in West Kerry was exhibited by their brother Nationalists of the cities by the Liffey and the Lee. The men were patriots; they were no rabble; the exemplars they had in mind were Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Sheareses, William Smith O'Brien, and others like to them, and they would shrink from the idea of bringing dishonour on their cause. On the evening before the rising in Cork it was noticed that an extraordinary number of young men went to devotions in the Catholic churches. Probably, like the "Croppy Boy" in the ballad, they prayed:—

Now, father, bless me, and let me go
To die, if God has ordained it so.

Amongst the men who answered the call to arms in the southern capital and went cheerily to the scene of action was our old acquaintance, "De l'Abbaye" of *The Irish People*. It is recorded that he bore himself

manfully, exhibiting both courage and humanity when opportunity arose. Probably "Hugo del Monte," "Jim Long," "Harvey Birch" and the other anti-clerical correspondents of that journal acted just as well. It may be that they were better men in the field than at the desk, and felt nobler emotions when they had rifles in their hands than when they were prodding people with steel pens.



CHAPTER XI.

The Fenian Rising in Dublin.—William O'Brien on Fenianism.—The Cruise of the "Erin's Hope."—More Denunciations of "Agitation."—Constitutional Meetings Attacked.—The Grattan Statue.—Riot in the Rotunda.—Fenian Rejoicing.—But the Statue is Erected.

FOR the Fenian rising in the vicinity of Dublin, the night of the 5th of March, 1867, was appointed. True to their engagement, some hundreds of young men left their homes and proceeded to the rendezvous in the Dublin mountains, where, they were told, they would be supplied with arms and ammunition. Failure and mis-carriage settled upon them from the outset. The arms—when they got any—were a miscellaneous and inadequate lot; commissariat arrangements they had none, and the weather became frightfully severe. A tempest of hail and snow swept over the land. In spite of those untoward circumstances little parties of the insurrectionists held together for two or three days, and managed to capture, without any serious fighting, three or four police barracks in as many small villages. The military then began to "scour the country," and under pressure of all their difficulties—unarmed, unprovisioned, unsheltered, unsupported—the insurgents parted company, slipped back to their homes, or endeavoured to quit the country. The rising so confidently promised, and about which for some years so great a noise had been made, perished without the occurrence of anything that could be dignified with the name of a battle.

Mr. William O'Brien, in an article entitled "Was Fenianism ever Formidable," published in *The Con-*

temporary Review, for May, 1887, gave the following account of the military capacity shown by the organisers of this attempt :—

The insurrectionary fizzle of March, 1867, is almost the only recollection a short-lived public memory retains of the warlike aspect of Fenianism. A couple of dozen American officers, ashamed of going home without something to show for rather liberal promises in newspaper interviews, invited some thousands of young men to rise up one fine night (or rather very foul night) without arms enough all told to fight a single company of soldiers, and without the slightest idea where they were to get their breakfast the next morning. They passed the night in taking or failing to take a few isolated police barracks. A fortnight of pitiless sleet and snow came down, and saved the troops the trouble of dispersing the insurgents. Coroners' inquests were held on the bodies of the slain, and more men were sent into penal servitude for the escapade than there had been rifles in the whole revolutionary army.

A more damaging indictment of the leadership of the Fenian movement was never penned. Of the operations in the neighbourhood of Cork, Mr. O'Brien wrote :—

Upon the night of the "rising," by the admission of the police officers, at least four thousand men obeyed the summons to assemble on Prayer Hill.* They found that there were not a dozen serviceable rifles among the lot ; that the officers who were to command them were missing ; and yet, without guns, stores, or commissariat, money or leadership, and without any plan of campaign whatsoever, except a march towards some mythical army reported to be assembling in the Galtee mountains, more than fifteen hundred of these men insisted upon marching on their mad enterprise with no better weapons than the scythes and two-pronged forks they found in a shovel factory on their road.

That was even sadder than the Dublin story. Surely a heavy responsibility rested somewhere for having

* A hill on the road from Cork to Blarney, on which in pre-reformation times a saintly friar had his dwelling. Funerals passing that way halted and knelt while he prayed for the soul of the deceased and gave the people his blessing.

summoned those thousands of patriotic young men to take the field under such impossible conditions. The consequences, Mr. O'Brien says, were :—

Shootings, hangings, thousands of imprisonments, hundreds of sentences of penal servitude.

But all Mr. O'Brien's article is not conversant with such hard facts. Presently he gets away into the realms of imagination, and then he has a grand time. As if under the influence of some great enchantment, all the harsh outlines of the situation are softened down or made to fade away ; obstacles disappear, or are so disguised and decorated as to look ornamental ; all the clouds get gold edges and silver linings ; pleasant fancies spring up and blossom luxuriantly. We are all in fairy-land for a while under the power of Mr. O'Brien's magic wand. But the illusion does not last ; the spell grows faint, and fainter ; and all too soon we find ourselves back amongst the sad grey facts again.

Mr. O'Brien, in his magazine article, does not answer his own question, " Was Fenianism ever Formidable ? " what he does is to intimate that under certain conditions which the human mind is capable of conceiving it might have been formidable. If only certain things had happened, which did not happen, and were not likely to happen, then some other things might perhaps have happened, and in the situation thus created the insurrectionary forces might have been able to achieve their purpose. Here is one of his visions :—

When the harvest was ripe in 1865, the conspiracy was still intact. The country was swarming with American officers. Practically the whole of the young manhood of the country was at their beck. The militia regiments were in training. That meant twenty thousand rifles and a number of field guns, with a fairly drilled army corps at the service of the insurrection. The disaffected regiments of the line were still in the country, in a position of complete mastery of at least four of the principal

barracks and forts in the South. It was the psychological moment which, in desperate enterprises, once lost, never returns. Had an Irish-American soldier of the grit of General Phil Sheridan, any night in the early autumn of 1865, presented himself to any of the four Cork militia regiments, for instance, and marched at their head straight to the military barracks, where the greater part of two regiments were only pining for the signal, it seems as certain as any enterprise in its nature desperate can be, that within twenty-four hours he would have established the nucleus of the most formidable insurrection that has broken out in Ireland since the Confederation of Kilkenny. A first success would have brought, at a moderate computation, 20,000 trained soldiers, militia men and constabulary men to his flag, with as many tens of thousands of able-bodied civilians as he could find weapons for. A month at the least must have elapsed before a sufficient army could be dispatched from England to cope with such a force. In the mean time the southern and western provinces would be in the possession of a triumphant insurgent army, flushed with a dozen easy victories over isolated English detachments.

After this, Jules Verne may hide his diminished head; Baron Hieronymus Munchausen may be taken as a reputable historian, and one need not be sceptical about the experiences of Alice in Wonderland. But it was not merely the British army that was a negligible quantity in Mr. O'Brien's calculations; the navy was even more inept and impotent. He says:—

The experience of the filibustering steamer "*Erin's Hope*" which steamed round the whole western coast from Dungannon to Sligo, loaded with officers and arms, unmolested, even at the time of the rising in '67, when the vigilance of the English fleet was at its keenest, proves how easily parties of those veterans might have been thrown into the country to stiffen the citizen army with skilled leadership and armaments.

The facts of the case are different in every particular. The "*Erin's Hope*" was not a "filibustering steamer," she was a small sailing vessel, a brigantine of about 200 tons; her name when purchased in America for the purpose of this expedition was "*The Jackmel*;" she was christened the "*Erin's Hope*" by her adventurous

passengers when she had got out into the broad Atlantic. She first came near the Irish shores off Sligo Bay; there she was boarded by a Fenian officer, Colonel Rickard Burke, who informed his compatriots that their vessel was under observation by the coastguards, that they could not safely attempt a landing there, and that they had better steer for some creek or harbour on the southern coast. Away sailed the "Erin's Hope," and next pulled up—if I may use so unnautical an expression—off Dungarvan harbour on the coast of Waterford. But there, too, those observant coastguards, with their telescopes perpetually on the sweep, took notice of her. At first they did not imagine there was "anything wrong," but after a little time, noticing how the brigantine was dawdling about, apparently in no hurry to enter the harbour, their suspicions were aroused. Soon they saw a hooker (one of the local craft) come alongside the larger vessel, take off some men, and make for the shore. The coastguards hurried to the spot where they expected they would land, but ere they arrived some thirty of the passengers had got out of the boat, and, the tide being low, waded through the shallow water to the beach. Within a few hours most of them were in the hands of the police. No attempt was made to land the rifles, and the "Jackmel" took them back to New York. That was the incident which, Mr. O'Brien says, "proves how easily parties of those veterans might have been thrown into the country to stiffen the citizen army with skilled leadership and armaments." One feels inclined to wonder whether Mr. O'Brien really believed his own story. I think he did. "*Les visionnaires croient toujours à leurs visions.*" But there is evidence of some self-restraint in the fact that he stopped short where he did in his wonderful romance. With another thimbleful of ink he could have installed an Irish Government

in London, put the English royal family to flight, and dismembered the British Empire.

In accordance with their resolve to extinguish constitutional agitation in Ireland, the "advanced party" in the winter of 1861 contrived by an ingenious stratagem to prevent the formation of a committee which some Dublin Nationalists had proposed to constitute for the purpose of consolidating and directing the national strength at a time when a war between England and America appeared to be impending. Later on they set themselves to break up the "Irish National League," which object they attained. The League was not a wide-spread organisation, but it was a useful body, having amongst its foremost members many Irishmen of great ability and proven patriotism. Its president was Mr. John Martin, one of the "felons" of 1848, and brother-in-law of John Mitchel, whom he had followed into penal exile. The functions of the society were mainly educational, the speeches delivered at its meetings, and the tracts, pamphlets, and leaflets issued from its office, were admirable contributions to the literature of the national cause, and are of value to this day. The League never interfered with the Fenian party, never challenged or criticised either their principles or their policy; nevertheless it was steadily written down in the organ of the brotherhood, and parties were sent to create disorder at its weekly meetings.* These tactics culminated in a riotous

* In a speech at a Home Rule Meeting in Cork (in October, 1874), Mr. Joseph Ronayne, M.P., condemning the conduct of some disturbers, said:—"In 1782, when the Volunteers met to struggle for the independence of their country, Lord Northington wrote to Fox, who was then Prime Minister of England—'We have tried everything to prevent this, but they have got too powerful, and there is nothing for us but for our friends to go into their meetings and disturb the harmony of them, and create division.' " In this historic fact there should be a lesson to Irish Nationalists.

scene, in which Mr. Martin was shamefully treated. His speech was interrupted by jibes and jeers, which were rewarded by the disturbers with laughter and applause. In vain he appealed for a little share of the ordinary freedom of a citizen, asked for fair play, and said that he saw no reason why men of "extreme politics" should not behave like gentlemen. He was not allowed to utter three consecutive sentences without interruption. The final scene is thus recorded in *The Freeman's Journal* :—

Mr. Martin then left the chair and spoke to some of the persons in the middle of the room with much earnestness. The noise was so great that his words could not be heard, and the greatest confusion prevailed. The wits of the assemblage chaffed him in a good-humoured manner, and as he was proceeding to the door an egg was thrown at him, which broke directly over his head. Eggs were thrown at other members of the League with better success; and as the people were leaving the room the wag who had charge of these nasty missiles shouted, "Give one to the Reporters, boys," and acted on his own advice at once, to the great detriment of the clothes of two of the fraternity, who were watching the proceedings from an elevated position, and to the infinite amusement of those who were not touched. Thus the meeting ended.

On reading of this discreditable performance, John Mitchel sententiously observed that it was "easier to come to a meeting provided with rotten eggs than with sound arguments." It was indeed a pity, and from the point of view of Irish patriotism, a shame, that such an indignity should be offered to "honest John Martin." Amongst contemporary Nationalists he was about the most lovable character—kindly, courteous, gentle as a well bred woman, true to the national principle in every fibre of his being, fair-minded as an ideal judge, good-tempered, fearless, absolutely non-susceptible of intimidation. By a large circle of patriotic Irishmen he was looked on as almost a political saint; and the outrage

to which he was subjected occasioned deep resentment throughout the country.*

Concurrently with the National League—which led so troubled a life and succumbed to such undeserved persecution—another political association of the legal, constitutional, and parliamentary order existed in Dublin. It was founded under the auspices of Archbishop Cullen, and had for its main objects the disestablishment of the Protestant Church and the removal of Catholic grievances in the sphere of higher education. While this project was being matured, the Fenian party looked on it with deep distrust, and when its first meeting was about to be held they put into circulation, throughout the city, a sensational handbill warning all good men and true against giving any encouragement or toleration to this nefarious plot against the liberties of Ireland. The fulmination—which does not look quite so startling in ordinary print as it did in its original form—corruscated in this way :—

No Surrender !—Nationalists !—An attempt at the revival of the slavish “organisation,” that leaves you bondsmen and whining slaves to-day, is about to be tried on in Ireland once more by a clique of un-God-fearing, place-hunting, cowardly, political agitators, composed of rack-renting landlords—briefless barristers—anti-Irish bishops—parish priests—curates—and hireling, renegade, perjured pressmen. Will you, 18,000 Dublin Nationalists, tolerate this West British faction to demoralise your manhood again ? Never ! Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry !

At the meeting thus denounced, Mr. Peter Paul McSwiney, Lord Mayor of Dublin, took the chair ; the

* The Castle view of those happenings was thus summarised by one of our National bards :—

“ Those patriot wars between Paddy and Teague,
Most handsomely suit our convenience ;
We first let the Fenians demolish the League,
And then We demolish the Fenians.

first resolution was proposed by Archbishop Cullen ; amongst the other speakers were four bishops. A small representation of the unfriendly element were among the audience, but they did not disturb the proceedings, which had an air of solemnity throughout. Dr. Cullen's National Association was not devoid of political influence ; its leaders were in friendly relation with eminent Englishmen of the type of John Bright, with whom the disestablishment of the Irish Church was a darling object ; but it stood no chance of becoming a widely extended organisation, and, indeed, it made scarcely any endeavour to achieve such expansion. The Fenian men soon saw that beyond giving it some satirical notice occasionally in their paper they might as well let it alone ; and the young braves of the party came to understand that its proceedings would not necessitate on their part any expenditure of that unsavoury class of ammunition which they had used with such satisfactory results in operations against the National League.

In their campaign of intolerance the "advanced party" achieved on one occasion what they regarded as a brilliant victory. The nature of the triumph may be briefly told :

Shortly after the death of Prince Albert, husband of Queen Victoria, the loyalists of Dublin resolved that they would have a monument to his memory set up in some conspicuous place in the city. The requisite funds were promptly subscribed, and the famous Irish sculptor, Foley, was commissioned to execute the work. When the monument was nearly ready for erection the committee invited the artist to choose a site for it. He—very rightly from the artistic point of view—selected a spot in College Green, in front of the old Parliament House and facing Trinity College. Forthwith the committee—at the head of which was Lord Chancellor

Brady—sent a letter to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin, requesting that the site so chosen might be granted to them for the purpose of erecting thereon a monument to the memory of his late lamented Royal Highness. The application would have been complied with on the spot but for the intervention of Mr. A. M. Sullivan, who was then a member of the municipal Council. He succeeded in getting it referred for report to one of the Corporation Committees, and, in the interval thus secured, he set himself to the taking of measures intended to save the site for a memorial to Henry Grattan. He got a “Grattan Monument Committee” formed, and had an application to the Town Council drawn up and numerously signed, requesting that the spot, so rich in historic associations, should be reserved for a monument to the Irish patriot. This application he presented to the Council and supported by a brilliant speech, on the 16th of February, 1864. But Nationalists were not numerically strong in the Corporation at that time; the West British party—a conglomeration of tories, whigs, and liberals—were in the majority, and Mr. Sullivan’s motion was defeated by 32 votes to 14. He was not disheartened, however; he believed that the people of Dublin would back him up in an endeavour to get this obnoxious vote rescinded; and with this view he called for a public meeting to be held in the Round Room of the Rotunda, on the evening of Monday, February 22nd, 1864.

The heads of the Fenian society, in the office of *The Irish People*, did not like those proceedings. Here was a constitutional man—indeed, one might say the most active and influential member of the constitutional party—doing a good thing, and thereby commending himself and his principles to the favour of the populace! They resolved that no further progress should be made in that direction. What matter about statues of

Grattan or Prince Albert ? In the approaching days of revolutionary conflict if an Albert monument should cumber the ground in College Green it could easily be pulled down, and the bronze would come in handy for the casting of bullets or cannon for the patriot army.* Secret and elaborate arrangements for the break-up of the meeting were concocted ; the necessary instructions were conveyed to the circles throughout the city, and a large attendance of the rank and file was requisitioned. What ensued is thus told by the author of *Fenianism Photographed* :—

When the doors of the Rotunda were opened the rush to enter was perilous to any but a stalwart man. . . . The hazard of my life was never so hopeless as it was during the few minutes that I was crushed by the pressing throng. . . . In ten minutes the room was packed almost solid. . . . The storming of the platform was a scene of uproarious strife, an exhibition of human rage and fury never before witnessed in the Rotunda buildings. The noise was deafening, but the cracking and smashing of seats, chairs, and tables were heard above the awful din. While it lasted it was a genuine reign of terror. But its duration was made very brief by the precipitate flight of everyone who had taken part in getting up the meeting. . . .

The Fenians were now in complete possession of the house, and the scene became suddenly changed. Countenances hitherto red with rage, now were radiant with the joys of victory. . . . In the middle of the room a ring was made for a lively wag, who danced the "break down," amidst the plaudits of the multitude. . . .

Stephens was highly elated by the issue of that evening's engagement. When all was over several of us repaired to his lodgings, to talk over the defeat and humiliation which he had inflicted upon the editor of *The Nation*, for whom the "captain" nursed a deep antipathy. Mr. Luby was demonstrative in his admiration. Shaking Stephens warmly by the hand, he said, "You are great ; I'll never doubt you again !"

The Irish People of the following Saturday went into

* This was said to me in all seriousness by a reputed member of the Brotherhood,

ecstasies over this achievement; correspondents, on receipt of the joyous tidings, wrote up from the country in a very intoxication of delight. One of them sang out the following pæon of victory:—

DEAR FRIENDS,—

Words are poor to paint the joy your conduct has given us, or the hopes it has awakened!

You have covered yourself with glory! You have earned a great name! You have made Ireland your debtor in a sum never to be repaid!

We were with you in your triumph. We were beside you in your charge upon the platform. We joined heart and soul in the glad shout that spoke the death of cant and humbug.

We cannot grasp your hands, but even the warmest greeting would be weak to tell you how we pride in and bless you!

Dear Brothers, you have nobly done the good work. You stand to-day in the front rank of patriot Irishmen.

You have overstepped our expectations. Good, faithful, and strong, we know you!

The thanks and blessings of your countrymen—gifts richer than the treasuries of Kings—are yours.

This reads like a satirical effusion, the work of some loyal wag; but it was a *bona fide* psalm of jubilation—the outpouring of a rejoicing spirit—and it was gladly published in the columns of the Fenian organ.

To Fenianism the disruption of the Rotunda meeting did not do an atom of good; on the contrary, it did much to spread dislike and distrust of the organisation amongst the more reasonable order of Irish patriots. William Smith O'Brien, in a public letter, denounced the outrage in the following terms.—

The uproar and strife which took place at the meeting that was recently held in the Rotunda had brought disgrace upon the Nationalists of Ireland. For my own part I utterly despair of any advancement of the cause of our country when I find that, even in the metropolis, men who call themselves patriots demean themselves like a mob of ruffians, and exult in the disorder which they create.

The conduct that drew such an expression of feeling from William Smith O'Brien must have saddened the heart of many another patriotic Irishman. I have no doubt that in the Fenian party there were a number of level-headed men who would have wished to see the cause they loved, and the movement in which they hoped and believed, kept far above the practice of such disreputable tactics, but they were not in command, and probably had but little responsibility for the course of events.

Despite such discouragement, the project of the Grattan statue in College Green was not abandoned, even for a day. A. M. Sullivan could not think of accepting the organised riot in the Rotunda as a national verdict on the question he had raised in the Corporation. Moreover, he felt that the right of public meeting had now to be vindicated, not against its old enemies, but against new opponents. He resolved to call another meeting for the same purpose as the former one. In order to give fair-minded Nationalists a chance of attending it without risk of personal injury he arranged that admission should be by ticket, and had a number of strapping young Nationalists organised to act as preservers of order. He then announced in *The Nation* that such a meeting would be held in the Rotunda, on February 29th—just a week from the date of the disrupted meeting.

The editors of *The Irish People*, when they read the announcement, could hardly believe their eyes. Was this man mad, to flout and defy "the will of the people" in this way? Those agitators had better beware! They had been treated leniently on former occasions, but the temper of "the people" might be tried too far. Said the organ of "the people":—

They talk of calling another meeting. Those gentlemen would seem to be in the condition of the man in Carleton's

story who was "blue-moulded for want of a batin'." Otherwise one would say the pronouncement of the people on Monday night was more than enough to give them a surfeit of public meetings for the rest of their days. . . . They want to get up an agitation humbug. Hopes were entertained that this could be done under cover of the Grattan claptrap, until it was intimated that the people wouldn't stand it. Still it seems they dream of one more trial. They want to be smashed again. Seriously, if they are not utterly insane, utterly regardless of consequences, they will let public meetings alone in future. Too much forbearance was shown them and their fellow workers of mischief on the 5th of December, 1861; too much forbearance was shown them even on last Monday night. Let them not tempt fate a third time. They might out-wear the patience of the people.*

The reader will observe the note of authority that runs through this admonition. But there was more of it. Those masterful editors were good enough to indicate the lines and conditions on which they would allow a meeting of the anti-Albert and pro-Grattan party to be held. These were:—

1stly:—If care be taken that the Messrs. Sullivan, who are so universally detested, shall be excluded from the meeting; and that no one shall speak in laudatory terms of them.

2ndly:—If the committee publish a statement to the effect that under cover of the meeting no agitation movement will be attempted.

If these conditions be conceded we are convinced that the earnest men of Dublin will offer no obstruction to the meeting.

This proclamation transcended anything issued from

* The early Puritan settlers in America are said to have passed in solemn conclave the following resolutions:—"1st, That the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof: 2nd, That the Lord has given the earth to His Saints; 3rd, That We are His Saints." But the leaders of the Fenian party could put their case into even a shorter formula, as thus:—"Resolved—1st, That the People are the source of all legitimate power; 2nd, That We are the People."

Dublin Castle for many a year. A parallel for it might, perhaps, be found in a Russian Ukase, but nowhere else that I know of. A. M. Sullivan was not awed, he was rather amused by the conditions advertised by the staff of *The Irish People*, as those under which they would graciously allow a public meeting for a lawful purpose to be held in Dublin. Without asking permission from those gentlemen, he held his meeting. Only a slight attempt was made to interfere with it. That being quickly disposed of, his resolutions were passed enthusiastically, and a memorial to the Corporation on the subject of the site was adopted. He then had to renew his struggle with the Albertites in the Municipal Council, where he succeeded in getting the Albert vote rescinded, and thus saved the coveted site for a statue of Grattan.

At that time there was not a penny in hand for the erection of such a statue, and for four years no movement was made to get in funds. But here again A. M. Sullivan came to the rescue. While he was undergoing imprisonment in Richmond Jail, in the Spring of 1868, for an article on the Manchester Executions, published in *The Weekly News*, some of his friends and admirers started the idea of getting up a testimonial to him on his release. He did not favour the project, but it was carried out, and a sum of £400 was placed at his disposal when he left the prison. The use he made of the gift was to allocate it as the commencement of a fund for the erection of a monument to Grattan on the site he had saved for it four years previously. A committee was formed; an adequate amount was soon subscribed; a noble statue of the patriot statesman of 1782, executed by Foley, was set up on its pedestal in December, 1875, and formally unveiled by Lady Laura Grattan, widow of Grattan's eldest son, amidst a great scene of popular rejoicing. Amongst the gentle-

men on the platform at the base of the statue, on that day, was a quiet-looking young man not known to many in the assemblage, but who was destined to carry on Grattan's work and become famous all the world over in later days—Charles Stewart Parnell.



CHAPTER XII.

Attempted Assassination of the Duke of Edinburgh by O'Farrell near Sydney, Australia.—O'Farrell's Letter to *The Nation*, and what was done with it.—Unpleasant Times for Irishmen in Sydney.—The Amnestied Fenians.—Richard O'Sullivan befriends them.—His death in San Francisco.

WHILE A. M. Sullivan was "putting in his time" in Richmond Prison, a letter addressed to him, posted from Sydney, New South Wales, was delivered at *The Nation* office. On my opening and reading it, I found the communication was from one Henry James O'Farrell, informing us of his intention to shoot the Duke of Edinburgh (son of Queen Victoria), who was then on a visit to Australia. The deed would be done, he said, on an occasion which would present itself some three or four days after the date of that letter. He added that he knew the act would cost him his life, which probably would be taken on the spot; but he adduced reasons and arguments—as he supposed them to be—to justify his engaging in this criminal enterprise. I said nothing of this matter to any of *The Nation* staff, but I judged that I had better mention it to my brother, whom I was allowed to visit once a week, his treatment being that of a first-class misdemeanant. I told him of the letter as we took a turn or two in the prison yard, remarking that possibly no such attempt had been made, that, if it had, the whole thing must have been done and ended long before O'Farrell's letter reached Dublin, and that consequently we could do nothing towards preventing the commission of the crime. "Take my advice," said he, "and as soon as

you get back to the office, burn that letter ; you know what harm has already been done in this country by the keeping of ' documents.' " I acted on his advice.

While O'Farrell's letter to *The Nation* was on the high seas, he carried out his intent of making an attempt on the life of the Prince. A few days after my interview with A. M. Sullivan came the startling news that on March the 12th (1868), at a place called Clontarf, in the neighbourhood of Sydney, the Prince, who had been attending a pic-nic given for a benevolent purpose, was fired at and badly wounded, and that the would-be assassin, after getting a terrible mauling from the infuriated crowd, was arrested and held to answer for his crime. Later mails brought the intelligence that, having been tried and found guilty, he was hanged on the 21st of April, 1868.

O'Farrell in this matter had neither confidants nor accomplices. Apparently he was no Fenian, but he was a Nationalist from his boyhood ; and the accounts of prosecutions, imprisonments, and executions, coming from home by every mail, weighed upon his mind. For some time previously he had not seemed to be " all right " ; he had lost money in speculations, he was falling into intemperate habits, and there had always been an eccentric strain in his character. He was well educated, having studied for some years with a view to taking Holy Orders, but he did not persevere in that intention. He took a wrong turn, and perished miserably.

The attempted assassination of the Prince threw all the loyalists of New South Wales into a state of wild excitement. They believed it to have been the outcome of a Fenian plot, and they now set themselves to find out the ramifications of the supposed conspiracy. Matters soon were made very unpleasant for every Irishman who was known to entertain Irish national ideas ; loyalist opinion lumped them all together as

“Fenians.” In Sydney—as in other parts of Australia at that time—subscriptions were being raised for the relief of distress, which was very severe in some parts of Ireland, and for the relief of the wives and families of the Irish political prisoners. Every participator in those charitable movements was set down by the loyalist party as a Fenian at heart, a rebel of one or another degree of wickedness.

One of the men who suffered most annoyance from this exasperated loyalism, was a younger brother of mine, Richard O’Sullivan. He was at that time editor and part proprietor of *The Sydney Freeman’s Journal*, an Irish Catholic and national weekly paper. I do not suppose he was a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, but in every way possible to him he befriended and defended his “advanced” compatriots, and helped the families of those who were undergoing sentence in Australia, or had recently been restored to liberty. As a consequence, the loyalist party regarded him as practically one of the conspirators, and were so much incensed against him that for some time he was in danger of personal violence at their hands, and his friends thought it necessary to accompany him in his walks through the city, or to see him into a cab when going home from his office at night.

In accordance with a vote of the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, a Select Committee was appointed in December, 1868, to inquire into and report upon the alleged existence in the Colony of a “Conspiracy for purposes of Treason and Assassination.” The Committee sat and took evidence from the 18th of December, 1868, to the 20th of January, 1869. On the 2nd of February they issued their Report, in which were contained the following passages :

The Inspector-General of Police acknowledges, in paragraph eight of his report, that there are, in his opinion, no grounds

for supposing that O'Farrell had accomplices amongst the residents of New South Wales.

The examination of the officer in charge of the detective police, Mr. Henry Wager, was conducted with the view of discovering, if possible, whether any specific case could be satisfactorily established of a single Fenian meeting having been held in any part of the city. From him it was ascertained that special instructions had been given to the detectives to ascertain the number and places of such meetings, the persons by whom they were attended, and any other particulars that could be procured concerning them. And the result of such inquiries was, that they never actually discovered the fact of any Fenian meeting being held anywhere.

Your committee report that no evidence has been placed before them that the attempt to murder His Royal Highness, the Duke of Edinburgh, was the result of a conspiracy or organisation, existing either in this country, or, as far as the Government had or have any knowledge, the result of any conspiracy or organisation existing elsewhere.

So that of any complicity in the crime of the unfortunate O'Farrell, the Fenian organisation "at home and abroad" stands completely acquitted.

Some of the Government witnesses made reference to the paper edited by my brother as a seditious organ, and evidence as to his alleged disloyal behaviour on a former occasion was given at some length. Thus, in the examination of Edmund Fosberry, Superintendent of Police, the following passages occurred :—

You stated that you had a very bad opinion of *The Freeman's Journal* (Sydney), as containing Fenian doctrine ?

I did.

Can you say why that Journal was not prosecuted ?

I believe a prosecution was in contemplation, and I was directed to obtain copies for the purpose.

No prosecution either of Mr. O'Sullivan or the journal he edited followed on those proceedings, though the Government of New South Wales passed through their local legislature, in the short space of seven hours, a Coercion Act specially framed for the suppression of

“ treasonable and seditious publications, and the punishment of those responsible for them.” But the relations between him and his co-partners in the paper became strained after this time. They feared that his too ardent patriotism might jeopardise their property; they wished that the journal should be conducted in a more moderate tone, and that he, as its editor, should take a less prominent part in Irish national affairs in the Colony. This led to his resigning his editorial position, disposing of his share in the concern, and severing his connection with the paper. Soon afterwards he went to San Francisco, where he was chosen to edit the weekly Irish organ, *The Monitor*, a position which he held until failing health compelled him to relinquish its duties. He died on the 17th January, 1880.



CHAPTER XIII.

Assassinations. — Attempted Murders. — Death Sentences.—
 Reprieves ordered by James Stephens.—P. J. Meehan and
 A. M. Sullivan.—Alleged Threats against the Life of Richard
 Pigott.—T. D. Sullivan cautioned.—Warning notice from
 "The Executive."

ON the subject of political assassination Mr. John O'Leary has given publicity to his opinions. Writing from Paris to a Dublin paper, in November, 1887, in reference to Mr. John Rutherford's *Secret History of the Fenian Conspiracy*, he said :—

Mr. Rutherford, like nearly all writers who treat of Fenianism or any other secret society, seems to revel in ridiculous stories of assassination. I cannot of course deny that during the long period of Fenianism there were some few cases of assassination, and that some few Fenians held (and hold) that the slaying of informers was justifiable; but I can most positively assert that up to the time of my arrest, and the cessation of my active connection with Fenianism there was no case of assassination, nor, as far as I know, any project of assassination. I can further say—though this is merely a purely personal matter—that I personally denounced in the columns of *The Irish People*, assassination in all its forms, and that at no time of my life have I held assassination of any kind justifiable, not even in its old Greek shape of tyrannicide, though many eminent men have held this last sort of "killing no murder." I also believe that my views on this subject are fully shared by Mr. Stephens and Mr. Luby.

Richard Pigott, in his *Personal Recollections*, has a chapter on this subject. I quote a few passages :—

James Stephens, as is well known, was totally opposed to assassination as a penalty for either desertion or treachery among his followers. . . . Nevertheless, that murders

were committed by Fenians there is no doubt. At the same time I think there is all but positive certainty that none of them were sanctioned by the leaders of the movement. The informer Corydon is the only authority for the truth of the allegation that there was an assassination circle in the Fenian organisation, and it must be admitted that his authority is not above question. Corydon stated that along with Cody was associated John Devoy—who since, with Michael Davitt, originated the Land League—in this alleged combination for the murder of informers and police detectives, and that it was formed after the close of the Special Commission in February, 1866.*

The Mr. Devoy above mentioned, who was reputedly high up in the councils of the “extreme party,” published a statement similar to the foregoing in *The Irishman* newspaper. Writing from New York, in November, 1875, seven years before the issue of Pigott’s book, he said :—

There *were* men killed for treason during the period referred to, and there were propositions made to kill other men who were not killed ; but those who suffered death were members of the I.R.B., who, beyond all reasonable doubt, gave information to the government ; and there never was a charge of treachery made, or a proposition to punish treachery, that was not fully known to certain men in the organisation.

The moral value of this deposition, and how far it was likely to allay conscientious scruples on the question of “killing” are matters I shall not attempt to determine. Then we are told that the members of the I.R.B., who were put to death, were guilty of having given information to the Government “beyond all reasonable doubt.” But in whose opinion ? And was the doomed man, in each case, allowed any opportunity of defending himself ? When the British Government arraigns a

* This was the Commission of 1865-66, presided over by Judge Keogh, at which Stephens, O’Leary, Luby, Kickham, Rossa, and twenty-four others were tried, and sentenced to various terms of penal servitude.

man for his life it gives him an open trial ; it allows him to speak for himself, or through the lips of counsel ; he is free to deny the charge, to bring forth rebutting evidence, to explain away, if he can, suspicious circumstances ; and, if he cannot quite satisfy the tribunal of his innocence, he may be able to raise such doubts of his guilt as may save his neck from the halter. In the worst event he will be afforded some time in which to make his peace with God. In addition, there are still higher considerations which forbid the taking away of human life by self-constituted and illegitimate tribunals.

Mr. James Stephens frequently stated that he forbade the assassination of two men whose death had been decreed by some section, circle, or group of his organisation. On two occasions, during his visit to his party in America, in the summer of 1866, he publicly announced that it was by his veto that A. M. Sullivan and P. J. Meehan, editor of *The Irish American*, were saved from that fate. After he had delivered an oration at Brooklyn, he declared his readiness to answer any questions that might be put to him in reference to Irish affairs. Whereupon the following colloquy with one of his audience took place :—

Question—Was not P. J. Meehan tried and acquitted by you in Ireland ?

Answer—No, sir ; he was not.

Question—He stated so at the Philadelphia Convention.

Answer—I pity him. He was saved from assassination by my order in Ireland.

On another occasion, after he had spoken at the Cooper Institute, New York, the following interchanges, as reported in the American papers, took place :—

A member of the Corcoran circle—Was it by you that P. J. Meehan was saved from assassination ?

Mr. Stephens—I have to announce that on three different occasions I saved him from the traitor's death.

Question—Did you not save the life of A. M. Sullivan ?

Answer—By my order reiterated that man's life was saved.

I can believe that Mr. Stephens forbade the assassination of A. M. Sullivan, but I feel sure that in any case the thing would never have been done. Notwithstanding the bitter controversies that were carried on between him and some of the Fenian leaders, he had crowds of friends within the organisation—young men who had got their education in Irish nationality from his newspapers, his speeches, and his books, and who, however much they might disapprove of his attitude towards the Fenian organisation, would have risked their lives to save him from harm. One of them, on the morning after his death had been decreed by some Dublin circle, slipped quietly into *The Nation* office and told him of what had occurred. Mr. Sullivan thanked the friendly Fenian, and said he did not believe that any Irishman would do the deed. His residence at that time was about three miles outside the city, in an unfrequented district ; a great part of the road was dark and narrow, and at one side were the ruins of some old houses. It would seem an ideal place for an ambush. Along that way A. M. Sullivan frequently walked home at night, unaccompanied. But throughout the whole of those political troubles he was never molested either in person or property.

As for Mr. P. J. Meehan, he was no traitor, but a patriotic and honorable gentleman. In the summer of 1865 he had come to Ireland from New York, on business connected with the organisation, bringing with him two brief notes of introduction to Stephens from "Head Centre" O'Mahony, in one of which was enclosed a draft for £500. The letters contained no secrets, news, or information of any kind. These documents he had the misfortune to lose at the Kingstown railway station, near Dublin (July 22nd, 1865).

They were found by a telegraph messenger, who took them to the postmistress, by whom they were handed over to the Superintendent of the Kingstown police, who, in his turn, delivered them to the authorities at Dublin Castle. The loss of the papers was a pure accident, but it was an unpleasant incident for the Brotherhood. The Dublin Circles grew furious; the letters were of small account, but the loss of the money was a serious matter to them. They stormed against Mr. Meehan. If they confined themselves to blaming him for not having been more careful of the papers entrusted to him they would have had right and reason on their side, but they went far beyond that point, and accusations of treachery and treason were freely sped about. In times of excitement charges of that kind find ready credence, gather bulk and weight as they go along, and sink into the public mind. Mr. Meehan was adjudged a traitor by some council or committee of the Brotherhood, and held to have incurred the penalty of death. Pending the threatened execution they gave him the sinister nickname of "The Man of the Documents." The appellation did not come well from men who at that very time were carelessly keeping in their possession hundreds of compromising documents, the seizure of which, by the police, a few weeks afterwards, put all the threads of the conspiracy into the hands of the Government, and enabled them to raid the organisation as a fox might ravage a poultry yard. They talked of "The Man of the Documents"—the real "Men of the Documents" were the editors and managers of *The Irish People*. Detective Hughes, one of the police party who cleared out the office, deposed before the Special Commission that he and they brought away from that emporium more than 1,000 letters!

Five years after his return to America, Mr. Meehan was dangerously wounded by a pistol-shot in New York,

but the affair had no relation to the trouble about the "documents." The circumstances were as narrated in the following extract from a letter published at the time :

On the night of Monday, February 28th (1870), at about 10.50 p.m., the Senate of the Fenian Brotherhood, which had been in session at head quarters, 10 West Fourth Street, adjourned to meet next morning at 7 a.m., and were proceeding to their respective homes, and some, who were residents of distant cities, to their hotels. Six of the said senators were walking towards Broadway, in two ranks, three abreast ; Mr. Meehan was in the rear rank, and hearing a footfall, he turned and saw Dr. James Keenan rushing towards them. Mr. Meehan, fearing that the doctor was about to quarrel with Senator McCloud (one of the gentlemen walking alongside of Mr. Meehan, and with whom the doctor had an altercation during the day), stepped between the doctor and Mr. McCloud to prevent any affray taking place ; but ere he had time to make any other motion he was felled to the side-walk by a pistol ball, fired at such close proximity to his head, that the flash singed a portion of his hair, and his ear and neck were blackened with burned powder. Mr. Meehan exclaimed as he fell, " Keenan, you've shot me ! "

The surgeons who attended to Mr. Meehan's wound judged it best not to extract the bullet. Happily the patient recovered from his injuries and has lived to a fine old age, respected and esteemed by hosts of friends all over the United States. There is no stain on his character—but he has that bullet in his neck.

Another Irish editor, if we may credit his own account of the affair, was threatened with the death penalty for his writings ; but he was first solemnly warned, and mercifully given time to mend his ways. This was no other than Richard Pigott, of *The Irishman*. He tells us in his *Recollections* that in the Autumn of 1886, when Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill was on the stocks, he looked favourably on that measure, and in his papers applauded and encouraged the efforts of its promoters

"This," he says, "gave mortal offence to some Fenians or I.R.B. men in the city." They decided that such conduct was not to be tolerated, and that strong measures should be promptly taken to put an end to it. One morning they sent to him a young man whom he knew as a Nationalist to request that he would receive a deputation from the I.R.B. "on important business." To this Pigott consented, and an interview, to take place next day, was arranged. The deputation presented themselves at the appointed time, and after a few observations of the commonplace kind one of them "with a portentously solemn aspect, and with all the gravity of a judge, passing sentence on a malefactor," drew a document from his pocket and read it out as follows for the astonished editor :—

I. R. B.

Head Quarters, October, 1880.

Special Order.—No. 1 (New Series).

I. *The Irishman* newspaper, with its auxiliary *The Flag of Ireland*, being the reputed organ of the Nationalists of Ireland, the writings of these journals should be in full accord with the aspirations of those whom they claim to represent—the men who are labouring for the restoration of Ireland's national independence.

II. For a number of years the proprietor and conductor of those journals has outraged the feelings of those in whose name said journals lived, moved, and had their being, by supporting every adventurer who appeared on the stage of Irish politics, from Butt to Parnell.

III. Recent writings of the journal in question propping up a socialistic movement headed by Land League agitators, are calculated to mislead the public, and bring the name of nationality into disrepute, because the inference will be drawn that an alliance has been formed with the national party and the designing knaves who are aided by these journals, and endeavouring to trade on their name.

IV. Now it is hereby ordered that an end be put to such treasonable proceedings, and that Mr. Richard Pigott, as proprietor and editor of *The Irishman* and *Flag of Ireland*,

be commanded to resume the advocacy of the national cause, and to eschew all moral force doctrines from the columns of said journals, or change the names of the papers for others to be approved of by the executive authority who issue this order.

V. That this order be enforced by the General in command of the district in which the aforesaid journals are published, and due notice to be given to the proprietor of the journals referred to, and all whom it may concern, that the command herein shall be complied with on and after the 1st day of November next, one thousand eight hundred and eighty.

VI. The penalty of refusal is the forfeiture of the life of the said Richard Pigott.

It does not appear from Mr. Pigott's narrative that his visitors required from him an answer on the spot ; he tells us that he sent his reply by post, stiffly informing them that he recognised no right on their part, or on the part of the I.R.B., to interfere with him in the management of his business. He wrote :—

If this threat be seriously made, as I have reason to believe it is, I would be unfitted for the position I hold if I did not declare that I refuse to submit to such atrocious intimidation, and that I defy and despise the people at whose instance it is made, even if they are authorised to speak for the I.R.B.—an organisation which I have yet to learn is an association of assassins.

In other words, Mr. Pigott struck the Roderick Dhu attitude, and said to those who menaced him—"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I." But there, apparently, the matter dropped. "I made no change," he says, "in the tone of my papers, and no attempt was made to take my life."

Here one may feel inclined to ask in wonderment did this thing really happen ? No positive answer can be given to the question. The story has a strong family likeness to that with which Pigott sought to impose on the treasurer of the Land League and extort from him a sum of £500. On the other hand there often are in secret revolutionary societies, groups of men who,

affecting to act by authority of some hidden power, like to practice a little terrorism, more or less seriously intended, on persons whose conduct is objectionable to them. One reason why I cannot regard the Pigott narrative with absolute incredulity is the fact that I myself was treated to an interview of the same kind, though of a milder type. The incident arose in this way: I had put on the agenda paper of the Dublin Corporation a notice that I would move that a new street they had constructed should be named "Lord Edward Street." My reasons for the selection were that the mortal remains of the patriot, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, lay close by in the vaults of St. Werburgh's church, and that, moreover, the thoroughfare is part of the highway to Thomas Street, where the noble Geraldine fought for his life and received his death wound. I thought it possible that some of the more exuberantly "loyal" of the citizens of Dublin might take exception to the name, but I never imagined that any persons claiming to be Nationalists would object to it. The unexpected was what happened. No opposition came from the loyalist party, but some persons professing to act in the name of Irish nationality denounced the proposal. They issued a circular addressed to the Lord Mayor (Alderman William Meagher) and Corporation, warning them against proceeding any further in that matter. I quote it in part:—

With regard to the Re-Naming of the Streets of Dublin, it becomes our duty to inform you that there are in Ireland, and elsewhere, a considerable number of men who have a very earnest respect for the memory of all who have striven for Ireland, but who do not believe that the proper time has yet arrived for removing the names of the Hirelings of the Oppressor, as you seem desirous of doing. However, they do not want to seem intolerant, and have only authorised us to demand that in carrying out this scheme you will avoid using the names of any man who was identified with a struggle in the field, or who

taught that the Freedom of Ireland should be recovered by the sword.

You have a wide field to choose from without applying the glorious names of Irish Revolutionary Heroes to the base purpose of making Political Capital for Parliamentary Aspirants to enable them to assist in perpetuating the system that these men endeavoured to destroy. . . . And if the supply runs short, surely you have amongst yourselves some who would be generous enough to permit their names to grace a corner, as their persons often did of yore, But whatever names you may use, we warn you not to use the names of any of the men of 1798, or 1803, of Thomas Davis, or of the men of 1848, except Gavan Duffy or D'Arcy McGee.

Let the proposer and seconder of the changes look well to this warning, as we will hold them responsible, and take such action with regard to them as their conduct shall deserve. . . .

By Order,

THE EXECUTIVE, I. R. B.

Ireland, *October 9th*, 1884.

I was favoured with three copies of this circular, and an anonymous letter advising me to give the warning my best attention. Lest I might fail in doing so, I was visited one night in my own house by three men, strangers to me, who came, as they told me, to still further impress upon me the caution I had already received. Their manner was somewhat emphatic, but they were not at all offensive or even discourteous; and the only threat they addressed to me before leaving, when they found I would not yield to their request, was that I and others of the City Fathers would probably find ourselves unceremoniously transferred from the City Hall into the middle of the street before we could pass our intended resolution.

But the Executive did not further interfere in the matter. My motion was passed without a word of dissent from any part of the house. The formal opening of the thoroughfare, on the 27th of July, 1886, was quite a pleasant scene. As Lord Mayor I performed

the ceremony. The Corporation attended in full state ; a number of distinguished citizens were present, including the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, the Right Rev. Lord Plunkett, who, when the street had received its name and had been declared open to traffic, had the bells of Christchurch Cathedral, which is in the vicinity, to ring out a merry peal. So all ended well—and I fancy the Executive themselves must have felt gratified rather than aggrieved by the day's proceedings.

When Mr. Stephens in America was taking credit to himself—as narrated in a preceding page—for having forbade certain proposed assassinations in Ireland, he was at the summit of his power and influence. But he stood on a slippery eminence ; he might have known that with the tremendous responsibilities he had on hand disaffection might arise and revolt might break out amongst his following at almost any moment. He was on bad terms with the American Head Centre, Colonel John O'Mahony, and there were rival sections in the organisation. Within six months of his delivery of the speeches above referred to Stephens was a fallen star : in January, 1867, a representative meeting of Fenian centres and delegates in New York adjudged him guilty of various offences against the organisation, denounced him in violent terms, and deposed him from his high position. A similar fate had befallen Colonel O'Mahony about a year before. Both were patriotic Irishmen, but when the organisation they had founded grew to immense proportions neither of them was competent to handle it effectively. To recruit and organise an army is one thing ; to command it is another.

CHAPTER XIV.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee—Young Irelander—Loyalist—Canadian Minister.—His Opposition to the Fenians.—His Assassination.

THE murder of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, in the City of Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion of Canada, in April, 1868, was one of the most shocking incidents of the Fenian movement. It was a local crime, planned and carried out probably by a small group of persons—possibly it was the design and work of one man.

Mr. McGee, who represented the City of Montreal in the Canadian legislature, was on his homeward way from the Parliament House, after the adjournment of a debate in which he had taken part, when an enemy who had dogged his footsteps, shot him down as he was putting the latchkey into his hall door. So close behind him did the murderer stand that the bullet, after passing through the head of the victim, embedded itself in a panel of the door. For this crime a man named Whelan was tried, convicted, and executed.

McGee was an Irishman of genius—a patriot, a poet, a historian and a statesman. For a long period of his life his national sentiments were of an advanced and ardent character. He was a valued member of the "Young Ireland" party—and they knew what sort of men to care for. When the intended "rising" in 1848 was being planned, he was sent to Glasgow to take charge of a movement contemplated by the Irish Nationalists of that city; but ere McGee could do anything in Glasgow the attempted insurrection in Ireland, under William Smith O'Brien had collapsed.

Soon afterwards McGee, a disappointed but not a despairing man, got away to America (where he had formerly lived for some years) and there, in the columns of *The New York Nation* and *The American Celt*, he continued to "liberate his soul" in vehement anti-English poetry and prose. By his fellow-countrymen in Canada he was as much esteemed as by his people elsewhere, and so it came to pass that in the year 1858, by the votes of Irish and French-Canadian citizens, he was returned to represent the city of Montreal in the Canadian Parliament.

In his new condition and circumstances a change gradually came over the mind and modified the opinions of the erstwhile rebel, Thomas D'Arcy McGee. He gave himself up almost entirely to his adopted country, in which—conscious of his high abilities—he saw that opportunities for a splendid career were opening before him. Without ceasing to love his native land, he became Canadian, Imperialist, almost British. This "new departure" scandalised many of his Nationalist friends and brought on him the bitter enmity of the Fenian party—and what wonder—it was such a turn over from his earlier line of thought and action, such a repudiation of the principles that up to a recent date he had fostered in the hearts of his countrymen by his vigorous newspaper articles and his inspiring songs and ballads. This was the man who only a few years before, looking across the Niagara river, from the American side, and seeing the English flag floating on the opposite shore, gave vent to his feelings in the following impassioned verses:—

Beside Niagara's awful wave
He stood—a ransom'd Irish slave!
Self-ransom'd by a woful flight
That robbed his heaven of half its light,
And flung him, in a Nation free,
The fettered slave of Memory.

The Exile's eyes strove not to rest
 Upon the Cataract's curling crest,
 Nor paused it on the brilliant bow
 Which hung aslant the gulf below ;
 The banks of adamant, to him
 Were unsubstantial all and dim ;
 But from his gaze a child had guessed
 There raged a cataract in his breast.

A flag against the Northern sky
 Alone engaged his eager eye ;
 Upon Canadian soil it stood—
 Its hue was that of human blood.
 Its red was crossed with pallid scars
 Pale, steely, stiff as prison bars.
 "O cursed flag!" the Exile said,
 "The air grows heavy on my head,
 My blood leaps wilder than this water
 On seeing thee, thou sign of slaughter!
 Oh, may I never meet my death
 Till I behold the day of wrath
 When on thy squadrons shall be poured
 The vengeance Heaven so long has stored!"

Then turning to his friends who had
 Deemed him, from sudden frenzy, mad :
 "My friends," he said, "you little know
 The fire yon red rag kindles so ;
 None but an Irish heart can tell
 The thought that causeth mine to swell
 When I behold the fatal sign
 That blighted the green land, once mine ;
 That stripped her of each valiant chief
 That scourged her for her old Belief,
 That would have blotted out her name
 Could England buy the Trump of Fame ;
 But, help us Heaven!—she never can
 While lives one constant Irishman!"

He paused. No human voice replied,
 But with a mighty Oath the tide
 Seemed swearing as it leap'd and ran—
 "No! no! by Heaven, they never can.
 While lives one constant Irishman."

McGee, in his later days, did not prove himself to be a "constant Irishman." That he loved his native land to the last hour of his life and desired to see her prosperous and happy is certainly true, and the fact is evidenced in the following remarkable circumstances :—

Just a few hours before his untimely end he had written and posted, in the Ottawa Parliament House, a letter to his attached friend, the Rev. C. P. Meehan of Dublin, with which was enclosed a copy of a document he had penned and forwarded just two days before to the Right Hon. the Earl of Mayo, Chief Secretary for Ireland. This document was a plea in favour of giving to the Irish people such rights, liberties, and powers of self-government as had made the Canadian people contented, prosperous, and loyal to the Crown. Incidentally he mentioned that he had respectfully put similar views before English ministers on previous occasions. He said :—

It is not for me at this distance from Ireland, and in the absence of recent Irish experience, to make the application of this (Canadian) example, or so much of it as can be applied, to the very different condition of Ireland. I but state the facts of the Irish position in these Provinces for your Lordship's meditation as an Imperial adviser of the Crown, as I have already had the honour to do more fully, last year, while in London, to your illustrious late leader, the Earl of Derby, and in 1865, when in Dublin, to Lord Kimberley—then Lord Lieutenant. . . . I felt on all the grounds above stated, a strong prompting to explain to your Lordship the true secret of Irish Canadian loyalty. We are loyal, because our equal civil, social, and religious rights are respected by this Government in theory and in practice. Were it otherwise, we would be otherwise.

The man who so pleaded with English ministers had not lost his love for Ireland ; what had happened was that he had lost faith in separatist politics and insurrectionary projects. On the occasion of his last visit to Ireland—referred to in the foregoing extract—he gave clear indication of his change of view in a speech which

he delivered in the town of Wexford, on the 15th of May, 1865. The title of his discourse was "Twenty Years' Experience of Irish Life in America." I quote a few passages :—

I say twenty years ; for you will remember that I spent the years from 1842 to 1845 in the United States, and that I was one of the Young Ireland fugitives of 1848. I am not at all ashamed of Young Ireland—why should I ? Politically we were a pack of fools ; but we were honest in our folly ; and no man need blush at forty for the follies of one-and-twenty—unless, indeed, he still perseveres in them, having no longer the fair excuse to plead of youth and inexperience. . . . However it may conflict with any existing theory, I must set out with the plain statement of this fact—which everyone who knows the United States people knows well to be true—namely, that there is no such thing in existence as a national sentiment of sympathy with Ireland in that country. The electioneering rhetoric of the stump orators, the spontaneous benevolence of the Americans during the famine—a benovolence which they exercised towards Madeira and the Cape De Verdes in their famine, and Hamburg when it was laid in ashes, just as cheerfully as towards Ireland—has misled many in this country to attribute to another and more permanent cause. But I state here as an indisputable truth that there is no more national sympathy for Ireland, as Ireland, in the United States, than for Japan, and far less than there exists for Russia.

Mr. McGee then proceeded to account for and explain the way in which this state of things had come to pass. There were historical reasons connected with the settlement of several of the States which disposed them to have but scant regard for Irishmen and Catholics ; and the results of the famine, in casting upon the American shores great numbers of untrained and uneducated people, created a prejudice against their race. Then, he said, the upgrowth of the class of Irish saloon-keepers and demagogues worked harm in a variety of ways to the Irish character. He thus pictured that class :—

Let me endeavour to describe to you the position and mode of life of one of that numerous class of Irish-born demagogues

which in the great cities where they abound, have done such irrevocable mischief to Irish character. He is not seldom a dealer, by wholesale or retail, in spirituous liquors; sometimes a lawyer, sometimes an editor. He is always ready with his money subscription to the church, but seldom goes to church, He lies up on Sunday, after the toils of the week, reading a sporting journal or a police gazette. He has a ready rowdy sort of rhetoric, and is never at a loss, when called on, to propose or second a resolution. He is particularly savage on England, and grows quite pathetic, unprepared as he is, at the mere mention of "the old land." A fair share of mother wit—a sufficient stock of spending-money, and a vast deal of brass—complete the equipment of this very active, very important, and much courted individual.

Further on in his discourse the lecturer made a very bitter attack on the American Fenians, on their "Head Centre," their sub-centres, and their whole organisation, saying, in one particularly hurtful passage:—

They have deluded each other, and many of them are ready to betray each other. I have myself seen letters from some of the brethren from Chicago, Cincinnati, and other places, offering their secret minutes and members' rolls for sale—the infamous old "stag" business over again; for as sure as filth produces vermin it is in the very nature of conspiracies such as this to breed informers and approvers. Some of these emissaries seem to think that because I was a Young Irelander twenty years ago I ought to have some lenity for them. Why, Young Ireland, as I am free to say, was politically a folly; but the men were honest and manly. Men like Thomas Davis, and Duffy, and others still living, would have scorned to range themselves with these Punch-and-Judy Jacobins whose whole scheme of action seems to be to get their heads broken, and then to squeak out in a pitiable treble—"A doctor! ten pounds for a doctor! Send for a doctor!"

To the Fenian party this language was very provocative; a great many non-Fenians also disapproved of it. For my part, though a warm admirer of Mr. McGee's literary work, I disliked this repulsive sketch of the situation, and in *The Nation* of June 3rd, 1865, I

published "A Remonstrance," of which the following verses are a portion :—

'Twas badly done, 'twas badly done
To come o'er miles of land and sea
When years of exile past had run,
And speak the words you spoke, McGee—
To turn unto the dear old home
By millions lov'd, where'er they roam,
And, standing in the ancient place,
Before your people, face to face,
To add your words to those that fling
Dishonour on your country's name
And echo taunts and jibes that bring
To brave men's cheeks a crimson flame.

Better you stayed far far, away
Content beside your new-made hearth
Than come with words like these to say
To this green land that gave you birth;
Better you stayed in fortune's smile
Than sought this sad but proud old isle
To swell the chorus of the foes
Who mock her hopes and slight her woes.
Their scoffs and strokes are hard to bear
But deeper yet her heart is wrung
When one whose name she long held dear
Turns on her cause a faithless tongue.

As time went on and the project of the American Fenians for the invasion of Canada was being matured, McGee's antagonism to the organisation became more intense, and he redoubled his exertions for its discomfiture. The invasion, however, took place. In May, 1866, a Fenian force, under the command of General John O'Neill, crossed the Niagara River, met a Canadian regiment of volunteers at Ridgeway, and, after a sharp skirmish, compelled them to fall back. But as a United States gunboat was sent up the river to prevent the despatch of assistance to the invading party, and as, at the same time, reinforcements for the loyalist troops were hurrying up from Toronto and other Canadian

towns, General O'Neill felt compelled to withdraw his men and re-cross the river. The Fenian project, however, was not absolutely abandoned, and a renewal of the attempt was said to be in contemplation. McGee got abundant information concerning the new design from correspondents in the Fenian circles, and made use of the knowledge thus obtained. He published in the Montreal papers what purported to be a history of the Fenian movement from its inception up to that date, making some startling revelations of the supposedly secret transactions of the party, and dealing very roughly with several of their leaders, including their "Head Centre" Mr. John O'Mahony. This was very exasperating to the Brotherhood. McGee's action was decidedly imprudent; but it gave no right to anyone to murder him; it furnished no justification for "the deep damnation of his taking off."

The poetry of T. D. McGee had many fine qualities; much of it would be popular in Ireland but for the fact that his name brings with it memories of his painfully tragic end. Even so, there are several of his patriotic songs and poems which the Irish people are not likely to let die; one of them is his noble "Salutation to the Celts," commencing thus:—

Hail to our Celtic brethren, wherever they may be,
In the far woods of Oregon, or o'er the Atlantic sea—
Whether they guard the banner of St. George in Indian vales,
Or spread beneath the nightless North experimental sails,
 One in name,
 And in fame,
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

The last poem he ever wrote was published in his favourite journal, *The New York Tablet*, on March 28th, 1868, just nine days before his death. It was an elegiac strain on the decease of a young friend who had died on the 3rd of that month; it seems to have a strange

suitability to the fate of the poet himself, as if the shadow of his impending doom was upon him while he penned the lines. I quote a few of its solemn and stately stanzas :—

With Villa Maria's faithful dead,
Among the Just we made his bed,
The Cross he lov'd to shield his head :
Miserere, Domini !

The skies may lower, wild storms may rave,
Above our comrade's mountain grave—
That Cross is potent still to save :
Miserere, Domini !

Deaf to the calls of Love and Care
He bears no more his mortal share—
Nought can avail him now but prayer :
Miserere, Domini !

His Faith was as the tested gold,
His Hope assured, not overbold,
His Charities past count, untold :
Miserere, Domini !

Friend of my soul, farewell to thee !
Thy truth, thy trust, thy chivalry ;
As thine, so may my last end be :
Miserere, Domini !

Alas, the end of poor McGee, so far as regards the manner of its happening, was very different from that of the friend whose dirge he sang in such touching numbers.



CHAPTER XV.

The Amnesty Movement.—The Policy of Intolerance.—More Attacks on Public Meetings.—Attempt to break up a Tenant Right Demonstration in Limerick.—Desperate Riot in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester.—Mr. John O'Leary's later Opinions on Political Rowdyism.

WITH all its faults and its mistakes the Fenian movement was a great manifestation of national feeling. Sympathy with it was widespread as the Irish race; it attracted to itself a multitude of warm-hearted young Irishmen, inspired them with high hopes, set before them a noble ideal, and filled them with a splendid enthusiasm. The United Irishmen of 1798 made a better figure in the field of action, but numerically their society was far excelled by the Fenian organisation, and if the latter did not make much military history, the fact was not due to any lack of courage or patriotic devotion on the part of its members. As for the '48 movement, its glory is in its literature; its great work for Ireland was in the domain of education; and there its services were invaluable. On its insurrectionary side, compared with the Fenian movement, it was a triviality; but if amongst the Fenian leaders there had been a nearer approximation to the large statesmanship, the sober judgment, the generous spirit of Thomas Davis, some of the most regrettable incidents in the record of their operations would never have taken place.

Hardly had the last of the convicted Fenians been barred within prison walls when there arose in Ireland a great popular agitation for a general amnesty. Practically the whole Irish people rose to it. Men who had no connection with the insurrectionary movement and had regarded its aims as visionary and impracticable,

joined heartily in the request that the Government should deal generously with their captives, and allow them to return to their homes and families. The leader of this agitation was Mr. Isaac Butt, Q.C., a big-brained and big-hearted Irishman, who had defended many of those men on their trials, and in so doing had learned not merely to respect but to admire the motives by which they were actuated. Another powerful pleader on their behalf was Mr. George Henry Moore, M.P., who, in the House of Commons and out of it, gave to the interests of his country the service of a finely-cultured intellect and brilliant oratorical powers. But practically the "head-centre," the chief organiser, the indispensable and indefatigable worker of the movement was Mr. John Nolan, an employé of one of our large Dublin drapery establishments. So special and distinctive were his labours in that line that he came to be popularly known as "Amnesty Nolan." His memory is held in high regard by Irish Nationalists acquainted with the political history of the time.

Although the "advanced party" had been wont to denounce legal and constitutional agitations, they were the chief promoters of the Amnesty agitation, which was as legal and constitutional as any of them. But, in accordance with the policy they had been taught in the columns of the late *Irish People*, they refused to tolerate any agitation but their own. The tenant farmers thought themselves entitled to take some organised action for the redress of the grievances under which they suffered—the Amnesty leaders forbade their so doing, and sought to enforce their decree by physical violence. On the 1st of November, 1869, a great tenant right demonstration was to have been held in the city of Limerick. The meeting had been called, in compliance with an influentially signed requisition, by Mr. Edward O'Brien, High Sheriff of the County. But the extre-

mists in Limerick denounced the project and organised a hostile force for the suppression and dispersion of the assemblage. On the night before the meeting they commenced operations by partially wrecking the platform which had been erected for the use of the tenant righters, leaving a portion of it standing, for ulterior purposes. At the appointed hour, next day, a great crowd of people, mostly of the farming class, with a number of priests, came on the scene to proceed with their intended business. Then the signal for action was given. I quote some passages from the newspaper reports. One account said :—

Precisely as it struck one o'clock—a crowd of vast proportions having assembled—a bell was rung by some person standing under the shed in the Market place. This proved to be the signal for action. The section of the crowd, before alluded to, made an united rush to the platform, and before two minutes had elapsed, it was completely demolished. The timbers were taken possession of and conveyed to the most distant part of the square, and in some instances, in order to render them entirely useless, the deals and barrels were broken to pieces. . . . As each obnoxious person was being ejected his exit was followed by a volley of squibs and powder-crackers, a goodly supply of which appeared to be at hand, from the profusion with which they appeared to be discharged. This salute was given in obedience to a signal, and every other movement of the crowd was directed in a like manner. . . . The Rev. Mr. Quaide was very badly treated. When that venerable clergyman ventured to touch on the land question some leaders of the mob jumped beside him, and without any regard for his age, pushed him in the most violent manner off the bank on which he stood. Rev. Mr. O'Cleary was treated in a similar manner. About this time also, a man accosted one of the local clergy, and commenced a tirade of abuse on the general conduct of the priests of Limerick. He followed up this insulting conduct by striking the rev. gentleman in the face, but he was at once secured by his friends.

The “ Amnesty men ” then turned their attention to some detective policemen who were on the ground :—

They were knocked about, stones were freely thrown, and one sub-constable, named Murphy, was very severely kicked

and beaten. He, as well as six other detectives, were lying in the Infirmary at four o'clock, under treatment for injuries of various descriptions. Murphy is said to be dangerously injured in the head.

Could the actors in this scene have thought that breaking the heads of the police was the best way of softening the hearts of the Government and inducing them to let the captives go free? The reporter of the *Dublin Daily Express*, in his account of the affair, said :

Several farmers were very roughly handled, and were seen leaving the ranks of their companions covered with blood. A great many of the priests were likewise roughly handled, and had their hats knocked off. After making every effort to hold the meeting, the farmers, with their leader, had to withdraw and leave the ground in the possession of the victors.

Before the wounds and bruises inflicted at the Limerick meeting had time to heal, similar conduct was carried on in other places. A tenant right meeting announced to be held in Waterford was prohibited by the Amnesty men, and for peace sake was not held. Within the same month a second edition of the Limerick scene—only the proceedings were somewhat less violent—was enacted at Dundalk. A tenant right meeting was to have been held in the courthouse, on the 21st of November, 1869, with Lord Bellew in the chair. His lordship was a man of popular sympathies; he was in favour of amnesty as well as of tenant right; and after the sentencing of the Manchester men, he wrote more than one appeal for a policy of clemency towards them. But he would get no hearing at the meeting; he was shouted down, and so was everyone else who attempted to utter a word on the subject for the consideration of which the meeting had been called. Graphic accounts of the scene were given in the Dundalk, Dublin, and other newspapers. In one of these we read :—

In less than three minutes after the first door was forced every corner of the courthouse was crowded to excess, the mob

howling, cheering, blowing tin trumpets and whistles, and indulging in personal remarks, anything but complimentary to the gentlemen on the platform. The intruders appeared to be organised in different divisions under recognised leaders. . . . Then followed a perfect running fire of "voices." One affirmed "We want no tenant right till the political prisoners are set free."—"And they must be set free immediately," said another At this stage a young lad wearing a conspicuous green tie and a cap of the same colour, descended from one of the side galleries, and taking up a position in the centre of the table immediately below the registrar's desk, directly fronting the Chairman, defied any opponent of "unconditional amnesty" to "fight it out," to which end he prepared himself. This would-be champion of the popular cause was removed, however, before his challenge had time to be accepted.

But he came to the front again, for later on in the report we read :—

During this conversation the youth of boxing propensities again mounted the table and repeated his generous offer.

In this manner was the cause of Amnesty recommended to the favourable consideration of the authorities and the good will of sensible people all over the country.

The Home Rule movement in its early stages met with similar opposition from the same class of men; and Limerick was again the scene of a riotous attack on a peaceable meeting. A great procession and Home Rule demonstration were arranged to be held in that city on Easter Monday, April 17th, 1876. Mr. Isaac Butt, the able legal defender of the accused Fenians in 1867, the eloquent pleader for Amnesty for the prisoners after their conviction, was to have presided, supported by a number of his political friends from various parts of the country and by masses of people who were expected to come in from the outlying districts. But a number of the "earnest men" in the city—men who during the preceding ten years had learned nothing,

and forgotten a great deal—decided among themselves that no Home Rule procession should be allowed to march through the city unopposed. Straightway they set agoing throughout the country reports, rumours, and intimations that such unworthy Nationalists as might think of taking part in Butt's constitutional demonstration had better beware how they put themselves in danger of getting their deserts at the hands of patriots of the right sort. On the day preceding that appointed for the meeting they had proclamations—in the best style of Dublin Castle—posted on the hoardings and dead walls of the city, in which was set forth, in large letters, the following notification :—

THE NATIONALISTS OF LIMERICK HAVE RESOLVED TO PREVENT THE DEMONSTRATION FROM ASSUMING A HOME RULE ASPECT BY EVERY MEANS IN THEIR POWER.

It is only a wonder they did not add the formula, "using no more force than is necessary ;" but, perhaps, they thought it better not to impose on themselves any paltry restrictions. The Home Rulers of Limerick city and county were not to be deterred from holding their meeting by the issue of this notification ; they assembled in great numbers at the railway station to welcome Mr. Butt ; twelve bands were amid the throng, and flags and banners floated gaily over their heads. A procession having been formed, onward moved the mass of about twenty thousand men, glad to take part in this exhibition of fealty to the cause of Irish self-government.

But the men who had warned and threatened the Home Rulers meant what they said ; they stood by their words ; they came into the open to do battle for their opinions. At the base of the O'Connell Monument, where the meeting was to be held, they assembled, not indeed "in their thousands," or in their hundreds, but

in their tens, their numbers being variously estimated as from forty to sixty. They were possessed of grim determination, oak-staves, and blackthorn sticks. They struck out as soon as they could get into touch with the first rank of the processionists. The conflict was brief; the disturbers were quickly discomfited; the severely wounded of both parties were taken off to Barrington's Hospital, and the Home Rule meeting was held in as orderly and peaceable manner as if the trouble had never arisen.

The "advanced party" across the Channel thought fit to copy the example of their brethren in the old land. If the forcible suppression of Home Rule meetings was sound policy in Ireland, why not in England also? Why should not Irishmen in exile take a hand in the good work and win a share of the glory? So they thought and so they acted—under the eyes of the much-amused Saxons. But they were not always victorious. At Deptford, for instance, they fared badly. They invaded a hall where a Home Rule meeting was being held (2nd of October, 1876); they "stormed" the platform, and made a determined endeavour to capture the Home Rule banner which was there displayed. But the flag was bravely defended, and after some fierce fighting, the attacking party were ejected from the building.

At Manchester they were more successful. An immense mass of people assembled in the Free Trade Hall on the 16th of September, 1876, to hear a lecture from Mr. John O'Connor Power, M.P., on a non-political subject. The chair was taken by Mr. J. G. Biggar, M.P. On rising to introduce the lecturer, he soon discerned that trouble was impending, that there was, so to say, "a storm in the offing." An "Advanced" person, a Mr. Flesh of Ramsbottom, came on the platform and informed him that at a meeting of

Nationalists held on the previous evening, it was decided that the lecture might be allowed to proceed only on the condition that the lecturer should first answer satisfactorily a series of questions which had been drawn up for him. The main purpose of those interrogatories was to ascertain whether he held and was prepared to support the principles of Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Robert Emmet. The chairman said those questions were not in order, as the lecture was to be on a non-political subject; however, he would leave it to the lecturer to deal with the queries as he thought fit. Mr. O'Connor Power then came to the front and said, amidst much noise, that with regard to the questions that had been read, his view was identical with that of the chairman. He begged leave to point out—

He could say no more: the platform was rushed; there was a smashing of chairs and tables, a noise of heavy blows, and of fierce exclamations from men engaged in close combat, mingled with the shouts and screams of women, while blood flowed freely from many wounded persons.

The chairman, who was certainly a non-combatant, got a nasty cut on the head. Bleeding profusely, he was helped by friends into a room at the back of the platform. Though of poor physique, Mr. Biggar was a sturdy and cheery man; he made light of his injury, and in reply to some of the sympathisers who were commiserating him, he said:—

“Oh, it isn't much; 'twould be all right if we only had a bit of sticking plaster.”

An honest son of toil who was present and had heard the words, moved up to him, and said:—

“Here's a bit, sir. I always puts a bit in my pocket agin the Sathurday night.”

The subject of Mr. O'Connor Power's intended lecture was “Irish Wit and Humour.”

Some two or three weeks after this achievement there appeared in the *New York Sunday Citizen*, a letter strongly condemnatory of rowdyism at public meetings. The writer, who signed his name to this output of good counsel, was Mr. John O'Leary, formerly editor of *The Irish People*. I quote as follows from his excellent admonition :—

Talking of heads brings me to one of the ugliest facts to which I alluded above, and one of the oddest uses to which heads can be put by the most idle hands. I am, of course, "driving at" the late head-breaking business at Limerick, and the still later and more serious head-breaking at Manchester. There was always a trifle too much head-breaking in Ireland in a social way, but 'tis only quite of late that the *argumentum ad baculum* as a mode of political controversy has come into fashion. Seriously speaking, I cannot in the least tell where or when all this is to end, or what good can possibly be expected to come out of it. This bludgeon argument always tells on those who use it, and not on those against whom it is used. Physical force is well (none so good) in its own time and place; but assuredly the time for it in Ireland is not yet; and when the time comes we will have to wield far other weapons than legs of chairs and tables. . . . If the "advanced" people (who, by the by, have been for a long time doing their best to deserve rather the name of retrograde) think they can possibly injure anybody but themselves by this violence, they are nearly as stupid as they are intolerant. . . . The fact that I am altogether in agreement with what I take to be the opinions of these Limerick and Manchester rioters in no way modifies my strong feeling of the silliness and criminality of all such attempts to stifle freedom of thought or freedom of action.

I have sometimes tried to imagine what must have been the feelings of Mr. Flesh of Manchester, or Mr. John Daly of Limerick, on reading this homily from the editor of the late *Irish People*. Possibly they would allow that Mr. O'Leary was entitled to change his opinions on the morality of smashing public meetings, but then might they not ask with Sir Toby Belch in the play :—"Dost thou think, because thou art (grown)

virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale ? ”—
in other words, no more glorious charges on platforms
and belabouring of constitutional agitators ? The
“ earnest men ” preferred Mr. O’Leary’s earlier manner,
and might have replied to him in the wistful lines of
our national bard :—

“ Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening’s best light.”



CHAPTER XVI.

The Amnesty Meeting in the Phoenix Park.—Attack by the Police.—Brutal Batoning of the People.—Protest of the Amnesty Committee.—Action of Irish Members in Parliament.—The Government gives way.—The Right of Meeting Conceded.—A popular Victory.

THE Government soon came to think that in the game of smashing up national meetings they were qualified and entitled to take a hand. An opportunity for so doing presented itself when the Dublin Amnesty Association announced that on Sunday, August 6th (1871), they would hold a meeting in the Phoenix Park to advocate the release of the political prisoners. Forthwith the authorities at the Castle had a proclamation posted about the city prohibiting the meeting, and notifying that no such assemblage would be permitted.

For the selection of that place of meeting I was mainly responsible. I was a member of the Central Committee of the Association, and when the question of a meeting place came up for discussion, I suggested the Phoenix Park. Thereupon Mr. John Nolan observed that he had reason to know that the idea was impracticable, because in September, 1869, he applied to Mr. E. Hornsby, Secretary to the Board of Works, for permission to erect in the Park a temporary platform for the use of a similar meeting, and was refused. To this I replied that in my opinion his mistake was in asking for permission and in contemplating the erection of such a platform as would involve the driving of posts and stakes into the ground, and the up-rooting of some bits of the sward. This, I said, would give the Board a right to prohibit the operation, which they would be glad to exercise. I pointed out two

ways in which, as I thought, we might hold our meeting without giving the Board of Works any right to interfere. One was to use as our platform a brake or van which could be wheeled into some suitable place; the other was to speak from the flight of sloping steps at the base of the Wellington Testimonial. This latter plan was approved by the committee.

On the appointed day a great mass of people assembled at the spot so indicated; most of them stood on the plain in front, but many got up on the sloping steps which were to be our platform. Mr. P. J. Smyth, M.P., was to have presided; I was to have proposed the first resolution. We were just steadyng ourselves for the starting of the proceedings when Inspector Hawe of the Metropolitan Police made his appearance at the foot of the steps, ascended one or two of them so as to get near the intending orators, and said something presumably in prohibition of the meeting. In the commotion and excitement of the moment the occupants of the sloping "platform"—orators, Inspector, and all—came down pell-mell to the ground, and the representative of the law found himself in the centre of an angry group who hustled and struck at him. A. M. Sullivan, who saw at once the danger of the situation, rushed in and strove to protect the Inspector, remonstrating angrily with his assailants. Mr. P. J. Smyth also exerted himself in the interests of peace, and the Inspector soon got away from the throng. Then we thought we were done with him, and that we might resume our meeting. A. M. Sullivan shouted, "I propose that Mr. P. J. Smyth, M.P. for Westmeath, take the chair." Smyth spiritedly responded, "I deliberately accept the position,"—but before he could utter another word the expelled Inspector re-entered, bringing with him about fifty of his men, worse than himself, who had been held in

reserve a little way off. Without further parley they fell to batoning, tripping, tumbling, and kicking the people nearest to hand. Curiously enough, one of the first to come in for rough usage was A. M. Sullivan, who had striven to protect Inspector Hawe a few minutes before; he was gripped and hustled about, his clothes were torn, and he was tumbled to the ground. Mr. D. B. Sullivan received some blows, but he kept his feet, and so escaped the pedalling which was being freely dealt out to those who were knocked prone upon the grass. As for myself, I got a smart blow of a baton on the side of my head, which cut me to the bone. Many other men were more seriously hurt. The police behaved with unnecessary violence, but it may in fairness be said for them, that they were excited and incensed by the fact that their Inspector had been roughly assaulted in the discharge of his duty.

Professor Mahaffy of Trinity College, who was an eye-witness of a part of the scene, gave, at one of the legal trials that ensued, an interesting account of what came under his observation. He and two friends were on their homeward way through the Park, when they saw a number of people running in various directions closely pursued by police. Here is an extract from his testimony as reported in the Dublin papers:—

I certainly saw three people struck close to me; in one case a policeman came up with two men running together; he hit one with his baton on the hat or head, and kicked the other over. I heard the "scrunch" of the hat.

Did these men, or either of them, fall?

Both of them.

Did you at that time see any stones thrown?

I saw one thrown.

Who threw that?

A policeman. (Laughter.)

Describe how the policeman threw that stone?

He was pursuing a man along the main road or pathway to

my left, and as he was not able to overtake the man he stooped down, picked up a stone, and took a shot at the fellow. (Laughter).

Did he hit him ?

My recollection is that he did hit him.

On the day immediately following this police-made riot the Amnesty Association issued a protest against the outrage, and promised that it should not be allowed to pass without an endeavour to obtain redress. The document was in these terms :—

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,—While yet the Princes of England are the guests of the Viceroy,* the green sward of the Phoenix Park, close by their residence, has been reddened by the blood of the people. The royal visit has had a battue of peaceful citizens for its finale.

On yesterday evening a lawful and constitutional assemblage of the people in the Public Park was violently interrupted by an armed body of police, who savagely set upon the unarmed and unresisting crowd of men, women, and children. . . .

Fellow Citizens, this occurred at a moment when the avowed Republicans of London are allowed to assemble in the public parks of that city to express sympathy with the Commune in Paris, and to assail the crown, the constitution and the Queen. Once, when the Government of the day ventured to prohibit a public meeting for a political purpose in a London Park, the populace tore down the railings of the enclosure ; and the right to hold political meetings there has never since been questioned. At present the socialist and the infidel may freely address assemblages in the London Parks. It is by the same Government that permits all this in London that the people of Dublin have been assailed in the Public Park of their metropolis.

Fellow Citizens, this savage and high-handed proceeding will not be allowed to pass without fitting action. The necessary legal steps will forthwith be taken to bring to account the persons responsible for this invasion of law and public right. We appeal to you to sustain us in bringing to condign punishment the perpetrators of this disgraceful and sanguinary outrage.

P. J. SMYTH, *Chairman.*

J. NOLAN,

T. D. SULLIVAN, *Hon. Secs.*

* The royal visitors were the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.), his brother Prince Arthur, the Princess Louise, and the Marquis of Lorne. The Viceroy was Earl Spencer.

The affair created a great sensation ; the Irish press were loud in their protests, several of the tory journals joining in the outcry. Much to our surprise, the London *Times* took the same line. I quote from one of its articles :—

If there is one fault worse than any other of which an executive government can be guilty, it is that of partiality in the administration of the law. . . . A dangerous riot has been excited in Dublin, in consequence of an attempt to prevent that which is regarded as perfectly harmless, if not as thoroughly legal, in London. Is there one law for England and another for Ireland ? The law is the same for the two islands. . . . We all know how the case stands with respect to Hyde Park. Ever since 1867 there has been no attempt to check or regulate its use for political purposes. The toleration of meetings in the Park is extended even to the miserable creatures who chant and vend their mock litanies, though they would clearly bring themselves within reach of the law if they sold their wares in Piccadilly instead of the Park, and though the promoters of the meetings have no sympathy with their indecent travesties. . . . As soon as notice was given that a meeting would be held at the Wellington Monument to further the liberation of the Fenian prisoners, the Board of Works and the police proceeded to "trail their coats" before the base of the statue. It is difficult to understand, much less to account for; such madness.

Parliament was sitting at the time, and the affair was almost immediately brought before the House of Commons by Sir John Gray, Mr. M'Carthy Downing, Mr. P. J. Smyth, and others. Messrs. John and Jacob Bright expressed sympathy with the Irish view of the case, and the Orange leader, Mr. William Johnstone "of Ballykilbeg" joined with his countrymen in condemning the conduct of the police. Mr. Smyth, in the opening of his speech, stated the fact that he had nothing to do with the convening of the meeting or the selection of the place for it ; he was asked to preside, and, feeling confident that the people would act with propriety and decorum, he consented. He closed

his speech by denouncing the outrage in eloquent terms.

Then came the Premier, Mr. Gladstone, who had more of an open mind and heart for Ireland and a stronger sense of justice than any English minister of his time—and he promptly capitulated to the Irishmen. After some criticism of the preceding speeches, he announced that the subject would be considered by the Government, with a view to equalising the practice as regards such matters in both countries.

A few days afterwards the Marquis of Hartington, Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, notified in the House of Commons that in future “the Government would not interfere with meetings otherwise unobjectionable which might be held in such parts of the Park as would not interfere with the recreation of the people.”

The Nationalists of Dublin lost no time in turning their victory to account. Another amnesty meeting was summoned for Sunday, September 3rd, to be held in the Phoenix Park, but in a different part of the ground. Mr. Smyth was again voted to “the chair.” Mr. Isaac Butt proposed the first resolution; I proposed the second. The speeches were temperate in tone; nothing was said to inflame the feelings of the people; no police were within view, and the proceedings from first to last were conducted in good order.

That is how the right of holding public meetings in the Phoenix Park was won for the citizens of Dublin.

Legal proceedings were commenced against some of the police and the authorities at Dublin Castle. The judges held that no action lay against the Lord Lieutenant, his part in the matter being “an act of State;” but a case went to trial against the Marquis of Hartington, Chief Secretary, Mr. Thomas H. Burke, Under Secretary, Colonel Lake, and two Inspectors of

police. In the case of Mr Patrick Justin O'Byrne, a verdict was obtained with damages for £25, but it was afterwards set aside. Nothing came of the other cases ; the legal proceedings dragged slowly and fitfully on for about twelve months—and disappeared.

In those proceedings the case of the complainants was ably conducted by Mr. Butt, Q.C., M.P.—a great Irishman to whom full justice has not yet been done in Irish history. From his letters and pamphlets in support of the Home Rule cause, and his speeches and addresses in Parliament and at the Bar, a very instructive and valuable volume might be prepared. Originally, by family associations, upbringing and education, a tory of the tories, there always were patriotic instincts in his big Irish heart. Even when upholding the legislative union in a controversy with Daniel O'Connell, in 1843, the latter foretold of him that he would yet be found in the popular ranks amongst the assailants of that measure. The prophecy was more than realised. For years Isaac Butt was the acknowledged and respected leader of the Irish National movement in its constitutional aspect. Curiously enough, his conversion thereto was largely owing to the respect for and sympathy with the unconstitutional party which he had acquired in the course of his legal defences of the men of '48 and '67. After years of splendid service to the cause of Irish self-government a "decline and fall" came to him—as such an experience had come to many another patriotic Irishman—but his countrymen all the world over, and for all time, will retain a grateful memory of the founder of the "Home Government Association"—entitled in a genial poem by the late John F. O'Donnell "that grand conjunction, Isaac Butt."*

* See Appendix.

CHAPTER XVII.

Two Prominent Nationalists go wrong.—Mr. P. J. Smyth Quarrels with and Quits the Home Rule Party.—He gets a Small Government Appointment.—Career of The O'Donoghue.—His intended Duel with Sir Robert Peel.—He Deserts the National Party : Challenges George Henry Moore to a Duel.—Withdraws from Political Life.

BY the part he took in those amnesty proceedings, Mr. Smyth added much to the regard in which he was held by his countrymen. Indeed, to take a leading part in an effort for the liberation of Irish political prisoners well befitted him, for years before he was the chief agent in releasing a very distinguished Irish political "convict" from penal exile. He was commissioned by his Irish-American compatriots to spirit away John Mitchel from Tasmania, and in the autumn of 1853 he cleverly accomplished that good work.

Later on Mr. Smyth was instrumental in effecting another important service to Ireland. In the summer of 1872, he brought into the House of Commons a Bill for the repeal of the Irish Convention Act. This musty old statute—passed in a time of panic by the Irish Parliament—constituted an obstacle to the free action of political life in Ireland. I thus wrote of it in *The Nation* of March 16th, 1872 :—

Our readers are aware that Mr. P. J. Smyth has brought into Parliament a short Bill, the object of which is to repeal the Irish Convention Act. The existence of that Act places a great difficulty in the way of peaceable, orderly, and systematic political action in Ireland. It precludes the possibility of representation in Irish political assemblies, and therefore compels those who desire to show the general acceptance of their opinions

and the strength of their following to have resort to "monster meetings," processions, and other such great open-air demonstrations. Some difficulties and dangers are inevitably connected with such assemblages discussion—can hardly be carried on, deliberation is well nigh impossible. . . . Of course there is nothing of the kind in England; no ministry would dare to impose so outrageous a measure on the people, and the people, the attempt were if made, would be quite certain to defeat it.

On the 1st of May, 1872, Mr. Smyth moved the second reading of his Bill. It was defeated by 145 votes to 27. But a first fall in Parliamentary conflicts does not always decide the issue. Seven years after the failure of Mr. Smyth's attempt, Sir Joseph Neale M'Kenna, M.P., brought forward a motion for the repeal of the Act. The Government assented to it,—with a stipulation that Irish meetings of delegates should not presume or pretend to usurp the functions of Parliament! Since then we have had Conventions by the score in Ireland; and Parliament does not seem any the worse for them.

Another national service remains to be put to the credit of Mr. Smyth. To him and to Mr. James Cantwell, one of the "Forty-eight men," formerly of the Co. Tipperary, and subsequently proprietor of the "Star and Garter Hotel," D'Olier Street, Dublin, we owe it that a statue of William Smith O'Brien stands in one of the public places of the Irish capital. Many patriotic Irishmen contributed towards its erection; but to the initiative and energy of these two gentlemen is due the existence of that fine memorial to one of the truest and best of Irishmen.

In later years—" 'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true"—Mr. Smyth got quite out of touch and at cross-purposes with the Home Rule party, on whose platform and principles he had been elected to Parliament. At the Home Rule Conference held in Dublin in November,

1873, he gave in his adhesion to Mr. Butt's proposed Federal arrangement in the following terms :—

I, like my friend Mr. Martin, am a simple repealer ; but if it be the feeling of my countrymen—and from the expression of this Conference I take it to be—that Federalism is the right thing, is the way to win, I can only say as an Irishman, I believe it to be an act of patriotic duty and of public virtue to say that I go with them.

But Mr. Smyth soon went back of that declaration ; he returned to his earlier love, repudiated Mr. Butt's scheme. and declared in a public letter that “ the Federal Programme was a blunder ; to adhere to it would be a crime.” He would favour nothing but “ simple repeal,” and a return to “ the constitution of 1782.”

In October, 1876, the clergy of his constituency of Westmeath signed and published a vigorous condemnation of his conduct, but he held his seat until the dissolution of Parliament in March, 1880. At the ensuing general election in April of that year, he hied him to the County of Tipperary, where he offered himself for election on Repeal principles, and was returned. His constituents had not the slightest idea that he would renew his attacks on the Home Government Association. But that was precisely what he did. Twelve months after his return for Tipperary the priests of that county felt compelled to do as their brethren of Westmeath had done in 1874 ; they published a resolution, over their names, protesting against his conduct, and declaring that he had forfeited their confidence. Within a few days came a requisition from a large number of the leading electors calling on him to resign his seat. This he stoutly refused to do ; instead, he took to publishing defiant letters, roundly abusing the “ agitators ” and their Land League, which he called “ the League of Hell.” Then the Government considered that he deserved something from them. On the 19th of

December, 1884, it was notified in the official *Dublin Gazette* that he had been appointed Secretary to the Loan Fund Board of Ireland, a small post, involving light duties, and carrying with it a salary of about £300 a year. His acceptance of the office closed his Parliamentary career, and thus it was that he exchanged his seat for Tipperary for a stool in Dublin Castle. He did not long enjoy the position. I doubt that—in one sense of the word—he ever enjoyed it. The man was a Nationalist, and could not be anything else. His new surroundings, the whole atmosphere of the place, were uncongenial to the liberator of John Mitchel. He died on the 12th of January, 1885—three weeks from the date of his appointment.

Another Irishman of that period who parted company with the popular movement, was "The O'Donoghue of the Glens." For years he had been a favourite of the people, and although from the beginning of his backsliding he was roughly dealt with by speakers and writers of the National party, his defection was greatly lamented. He was one of the "old stock," a grand-nephew of O'Connell, young, handsome, of fine physique, and of prepossessing manners; also he was owner of a considerable property—just the man to become a popular favourite.

But human life is full of mutations; changes of fortune take place; opinions are modified, toned down or abandoned; early ideals lose their charm; social, or it may be family influences, come into play; new ambitions are developed, and often the whilom enthusiast becomes a crank, a cynic, a contemner of his former friends, a foe of his old party. To what cause or combination of causes was due the desertion of the national ranks by The O'Donoghue is more than I know; but I remember that in the hey-day of his popularity, at a crowded meeting in the Rotunda on

the 4th of December, 1860, he amused and delighted his hearers with a graphic description of the manner in which "the patriot falls." He said :—

It is melancholy to observe how the patriot falls. There are few to remind him of his duty, and the power of the seducer is great. It is easy to perceive that there is an interior struggle going on, for he has the look of a man who is trying to make himself think he is doing right, but cannot succeed, and who is ashamed of himself. How the Whips first act upon him—whether they begin by sending him in the morning neatly-printed invitations to come down in the evening and support the Government, which look confidential, or whether they begin by staring at him, I cannot tell. The first dangerous symptom is an evident anxiety on the part of the patriot to be alone in a corner with one of the Government Whips. If you happen to pass he tries to assume an air of easy indifference, utters a monosyllable in a loud voice, and generally coughs. In an evening or two the Ministry can scarcely scrape together a majority ; the patriot votes with them, and remarks to his friend, the Whip, that it was a close thing. From bad he goes to worse. Taking courage from the idea that no one knows him in the great wilderness of London, he gets up early, slips down a back way to the Treasury, thinking few are about, and all is over.

The sketch is worthy of Charles Dickens. But twelve years afterwards The O'Donoghue spoke in a different strain ; he frankly abandoned the Home Rule cause and gave in his adhesion to the Government, going even to the length of voting for their Coercion Bills. In a letter addressed to Mr. John Francis Maguire of *The Cork Examiner*—who had written a series of admirable articles in support of Home Rule—he stated his position. He argued that most of the grievances which afflicted Ireland when O'Connell was demanding a repeal of the Union had been redressed ; that such as yet remained were in a fair way of being removed by the British Parliament ; and that the best thing the Irish people could now do would be to accept the Union and join hands with their British fellow-subjects. He had become convinced, he said, that

there could be no failure of justice for Ireland in the Imperial Parliament, and he would advise his countrymen "to unite in the bonds of the closest union with a people who have all the dispositions and all the power to make its friendship invaluable."

This was bold language. There was no mistaking the meaning of it. O'Donoghue was gone from the national ranks for ever.

A perfect whirlwind of fury against the once-beloved "Chieftain of the Glens" swept through the country. He was denounced at public meetings, resolutions condemnatory of his conduct were proposed in violent speeches, seconded in orations no less vehement, and passed amid storms of shouts and groans. The electors of his constituency, the borough of Tralee, lost no time in getting up a requisition calling on him to resign his seat. But The O'Donoghue did not comply with the demand. Apparently he thought that after a little time the excitement would cool down, and that he might win back the good-will of the electors of Tralee, who were wont to be very fond and proud of him. If he were able to do so, and could count upon getting re-elected, there was good reason to believe that he would receive a high appointment under the Crown; but when, after the lapse of some months, he went down to feel his way amongst them, he found that they would give him no encouragement; what they did was to set about selecting another candidate, and making preparations for a contest. Under these circumstances, The O'Donoghue resigned himself to the inevitable; he gave up his Parliamentary ambitions, and ceased to interest himself in political affairs. At the ensuing general election, which took place in 1865, he did not present himself as a candidate for any constituency, and so dropped out of public life.

Twice, in the course of his political career, The

O'Donoghue was a challenger to mortal combat. The first occasion arose in this way :—

In February, 1862, in the House of Commons, Mr. John Francis Maguire, in a speech replete with facts and figures, and saturated with the pathos of the circumstances, called attention to the prevalence of dire distress—famine it might truly be called—prevailing over wide districts in Ireland. This state of things was a continuation of the dearth and destitution that, going on since 1859—the result of bad seasons—had wrought havoc among the poorer farming population. To disprove or discredit the terrible case thus presented, the Government put up Sir Robert Peel, Chief Secretary for Ireland. Sir Robert was really not a serious person ; he was a swaggering “swell,” reputed to be a sporting character, not averse to a fistic bout with cabbies, navvies, or other such rough but unskilled opponents. A fitter selection surely might have been made for the administration of the affairs of a sorely afflicted and naturally discontented country. But the Prime Minister who appointed him, Lord Palmerston, was himself a bit of a humourist, and he probably thought that to send this harum-scarum, unsympathetic, and somewhat cynical Englishman to deal with the sensitive, suffering, and quick-tempered Irish people would be a capital practical joke. So it happened that on the opening of the debate I have referred to, after the delivery of Mr. Maguire's impressive speech, Sir Bob gaily got up to undo the effect of it as far as he could. He told the House that the condition of Ireland was by no means bad, and that it was certainly better than it had been some time before. Here are some of the statements he put forward to prove his case :—

At the large pig fair held in Ballinasloe on the 11th of January, the supplies were considerably in advance of that time twelve months, both as to the number shown and the

prices realised. At a fair held in Kilkenny, in January there was a larger show of cattle of all kinds than in January of the preceding year.

No wonder the blood should tingle in the veins of patriotic Irishmen on reading this horrible trifling with the very life of their motherland ; no wonder counsels, if not of despair, at all events of desperation, should find acceptance among them, and apostles of the creed of revenge find eager listeners. In the same vein of levity he went on to say :—

The hon. gentleman (Mr. Maguire) had read statements from right rev. prelates—Dr. Gilhooly, Dr. O’Hea, and others—as to the positive suffering in different parts of the country. . . . Dr. Gilhooly had certainly made a very painful statement as to the condition of the County of Roscommon ; but I am bound to say, that I have received a letter from a working man of Sligo, who tells me that so far from the working men of Sligo being in a state of destitution, they are in the most comfortable condition they could possibly be.

Under the circumstances such talk, coming from a minister of the Crown, was positively revolting. But the Chief Secretary had received yet another letter of a reassuring character, the substance of which he thus gave to the House :—

I have received a letter from the Chairman of the Board of Guardians at Berehaven, who bears testimony to the general prosperity of the district, and states that he thinks he expresses the opinion of most of the Irish landlords, when he says that they would indignantly reject assistance from the Government for any of their tenants.

The landlords, high-spirited fellows, would indignantly reject assistance *for any of their tenants* ! There is not even a suggestion that the tenants themselves should have any voice in the matter. By way of giving further proof of the happy, loyal, and contented condition of the Irish people, he proceeded to scoff at the meetings and speeches of the Nationalists in the following light and airy fashion :—

The other day, when there was danger of a rupture with

America, Ireland was filled with American emissaries who tried to raise a spirit of disloyalty. A meeting was then held in the Rotunda, at which a few mannikin traitors sought to imitate the cabbage-garden heroes of 1848, but I am glad to say they met with no response. There was not one to follow; there was not a single man of respectability to answer the appeal.

To The O'Donoghue, then "warm and young," a Nationalist, and representative of "gallant Tipperary" it appeared that this language along with being offensive to his whole party, was a personal insult to himself—especially as he had been chairman of the meeting—and he determined to call the Right Hon. Baronet to account.

He went immediately to a military friend, Major Gavin, M.P. for Limerick, and put the matter into his hands, with a view to the arrangement of a hostile meeting. The hon. and gallant major undertook the office and set about accomplishing his task in the most approved manner. The formal message was duly despatched to Sir Robert, and a reply was awaited. But the Chief Secretary had no notion of answering for his words in that way. What happened was that when the House adjourned after the delivery of Sir Robert's speech, some friends of his interviewed the Prime Minister and told him there was danger ahead. The shrewd old premier was equal to the occasion. He at once wrote a letter to Sir Robert referring to the rumour he had heard, informing him that the sending of a hostile message by one Member of Parliament to another because of words used in debate in the House would be a breach of the privilege of Parliament, and that the acceptance of any such message would be a similar offence. Next day, immediately after the Speaker had taken the chair, the premier called his attention to this matter, and stated the Parliamentary aspect of the case. Then arose the Speaker, and said in his most solemn tones:—

It having been brought under the notice of the House that

a distinct breach of privilege has been committed by the hon. member for Tipperary, it becomes my duty immediately to call on the hon. member to express his regret for the breach of privilege he has committed, and to give an assurance to the House that the matter shall proceed no further.

Major Gavin and the O'Donoghue spoke in explanation of their part in the affair, and so the incident ended. From the time Lord Palmerston intervened it was evident there would be no shooting, and there was much laughing and tittering throughout the House over the scrape into which the Chief Secretary had brought himself, and the paternal manner in which he had been got out of it.

In Ireland there was jubilation over what was regarded as the discomfiture and humiliation of the Chief Secretary. The National journals made much fun out of it; their "poets' corners," were filled with merry effusions from more or less witty bards. We had several such skits in the columns of *The Nation*; the following came to us from the Rev. John Doherty, an Irish priest stationed at Turnham Green, London, who had quite a talent for that class of composition. It was entitled "Bob Acres," and written to the air of "Paddy Carey":—

Oh! can it be the news is true
 Or have you joined the sect of Quakers?
 Your ruddy hue is turned to blue,
 And fright you show, not fight, Bob Acres!
 Oh! when we heard you talk so big,
 And roar so loud, it made us merry;
 We thought you were the bravest Whig
 That ever led the boys of Derry.

Raking Bob,
 Shaking Bob,
 Your friends will now all turn forsakers;
 Battered Bob,
 Shattered Bob,
 Rantipole, jauntipole, bully Bob Acres.

When Plon-Plon's frothings, like your own,
 Provoked the wrath of men of spirit,
 He slunk behind his cousin's throne—
 Which may the recreant ne'er inherit !
 And thus, when Gavin sought you out,
 He found you under Pam's broad ægis,
 And satisfaction, 'twas no doubt,
 You'd only give *in banco regis*.

Slinking Bob,
 Shrinking Bob,
 With cheeks as white as any baker's,
 Swaggering Bob,
 Staggering Bob,
 Monkefied, funkified, bully Bob Acres !

In days old Shakespeare tells of, too
 A loon whose lips with boasts were swelling,
 His braggart jeers was forced to rue
 And eat the leek of Welsh Fluellan.
 And thus, though bold to give offence,
 You want the heart your words to stand by,
 You hide beneath a poor pretence
 And every honest man are bann'd by,

Sulking Bob,
 Skulking Bob,
 Arrantest of shivering shakers.
 Routed Bob,
 Flouted Bob,
 Light-feather, white-feather, bully Bob Acres !

The second intended "affair of honour" started by the O'Donoghue was altogether of a different complexion. In this case the person challenged was not a flippant English minister, but a distinguished Irish Nationalist. The trouble arose in October, 1869, when the Dublin Committee of the Amnesty Association sent to The O'Donoghue a letter inviting him to a great demonstration, which they were about to hold at Cabra, on the borders of the city, and at which Mr. George Henry Moore, M.P., was to be one of the speakers. To that invitation, The O'Donoghue sent a reply which,

while professing sympathy with the objects of the meeting, was designedly offensive to persons prominently connected with the movement. The chief part of the letter was in these terms :—

I am convinced that the government, collectively and individually, heartily commiserate the unfortunate condition of the prisoners, and are most anxious to liberate them if they can do so consistently with what they consider their duty to the State ; but I am equally convinced that they will not, as they cannot without degrading the functions of government, or betraying the trust reposed in them, yield anything to the faintest semblance of unconstitutional pressure. How our dear countrymen in their cells must curse the vanity of the heartless spouters, who would persuade the world that while powerless to save the captive from being dragged within the prison walls, they can nevertheless extort his release. It is this loathsome fustian that keeps the doors locked, and not the unappeased vindictiveness of either the government or the British people.

Mr. Moore was one of the speakers at the Cabra meeting, and thus came within scope of those offensive observations. A few weeks later he took occasion to refer to them at a tenant-right meeting at Navan. Alluding to The O'Donoghue as one of the class of "pretended patriots who would be miserable if the government had not an excuse for doing whatever they please," he said :—

The sorry ribaldry which he intends for invective is beneath criticism, and I pass it by ; but I cannot permit to pass unchastised the fatuous impudence that would seek to palm off upon the public, as still marketable, the worn-out political credentials which I first helped him to obtain, and which have since been disposed of, and paid for, and wasted away time out of mind. (Groans and cries of "name.") Well, I hardly know what is his name. He calls himself The O'Donoghue, just as he might call himself the Rajah of Seringapatam, and I do not care to call him any other.

Those biting words set The O'Donoghue on the war-path once again. He immediately looked for a "friend"

to make the requisite arrangements for a hostile meeting with Mr. Moore, and this time he selected as his "best man," Mr. P. J. Smyth. The early stages of the affair were pushed on rapidly; O'Donoghue seemed impatient for the fray, and Moore would be sorry to delay it for a moment. The time and place for the encounter were agreed upon:—Boulogne, Saturday, November 6th, 1869. But just as the arrangements for the combat were on the point of completion, the idea occurred to Mr. Smyth that there was an element of absurdity in the whole business, and that a duel between those two men ought not to take place. On Friday, November 5th, he conveyed that view to Mr. Moore's friend, Major Lynch, at the Charing Cross Railway Station, just as the parties were about to start for Boulogne, and in fact had their tickets taken. He said that in his opinion a settlement satisfactory to all concerned might be arrived at by a little mutual explanation and concession. The major agreed in that opinion—and the affair was "off."

Next day Messrs. Smyth and Lynch drew up and signed a minute of the proceedings which they sent for publication to the Dublin papers. This account Mr. Smyth supplemented two or three days afterwards by a short letter in *The Daily Express*, which he concluded by saying:—

For what has been done, if well done, I claim the credit. If ill done, or imperfectly done, the sole and entire responsibility rests on the head of, yours very truly, P. J. Smyth.



CHAPTER XVIII.

The Longford Election.—Candidature of John Martin.—The Home Government Association.—John Devoy and the "New Departure."—The Dynamite Policy.—Meditations by Mr. Patrick Ford.—Proposals of Mr. Tom Mooney and Mr. Patrick Crowe.—Letter of A. M. Sullivan.—Dynamite Explosions in London.—The Fate of "Captain Mackay."

THE Home Rule movement—that which rose and flourished under the leadership of Isaac Butt—was a resultant of three things:—the trials of the Fenian prisoners in 1867; the disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church in 1869, and the Longford election in the December of that year. The manly way in which the accused Fenians went through their trials and met their doom, their indignant repudiation of base motives, and the noble pleas put forward on their behalf by their leading counsel, Mr. Butt, and others, touched many hearts in every class of society. The disestablishment of the church exasperated almost the entire body of the Irish Protestants; and then the Longford election, in which Catholics fought a hard battle for the return of a Protestant Nationalist as their Parliamentary representative, won the good-will of a number of men who, though they had never up to that time taken part in any national movement, had all along a quiet strain of patriotism in their nature. These were the influences that led to the founding of that "Home Government Association," in the working of which Protestant gentlemen, some of them clergymen, took a leading

part. Amongst the latter, Professor J. A. Galbraith, of Trinity College, was the most distinguished. His fine presence, his genial manner, his splendid moral courage, and the evident warmth of his love of his native land endeared him to the hearts of Nationalists, who regarded him as a patriot of the type of Henry Grattan. Another Dublin favourite was the Rev. W. G. Carroll, of St. Bride's parish. He was a believer in the theory, if I may so call it, of universal salvation, and was so liberal in his opinions, and so cordial amongst the poor, that many used to call him in a pleasant way, "Father Carroll." One day after a national meeting he had a brief chat with the popular Father C. P. Meehan outside the Rotunda, which he finished up with a hearty shake hands and by saying, "Good-bye, Father Meehan; I hope we'll meet in heaven." When he had gone an old woman sidled up to the priest, and the following colloquy ensued:—

"Did you hear that, father, what he said to you?"

"I did, Molly; what about it?"

"That he'd meet you in heaven! Divil a fut he'll ever put in there."

Evidently Molly was not a believer in certain of the Rev. Mr. Carroll's religious views. But it was an admitted fact at the time that the participation of a considerable number of Protestant gentlemen, clerical and lay, in the Home Rule movement did much to soften down acerbity of feeling between people of different creeds and classes throughout the country.

In *The Nation* office we heartily welcomed those prospects of social peace and patriotic union. In the pages of *Zozimus*—one of our publications—we had a clever cartoon, from the pencil of Mr. John F. O'Hea, entitled, "Burying the Hatchet," in which were represented two groups of distinguished Irishmen, Protestants and Catholics, engaged in that commendable

operation. As an accompaniment to the picture I wrote the following verses :—

Yes, bury the hatchet, the emblem of strife,
And with it the hates and the sorrows of years ;
For the dawn of a calmer and holier life
Like a bright smile from God o'er our country appears.

Come, dig it a grave, honest sons of our land
Who have sworn that her shame and her suff'ring must cease ;
Come rich men and poor, to the work lend a hand,
Come preachers whose creed is the Gospel of Peace.

Come bury the hatchet, 'tis hateful and vile,
And the news shall send gladness to palace and hut ;
Come brave-hearted men from the ends of the isle,
Come Trench and O'Brien, come Johnston and Butt.

Yes, bury the hatchet, deep, deep in the dust,
Our quarrels are ended, our conflicts are o'er ;
Let the haft go to rot and the blade go to rust—
We shall lift up the blood-dabbled weapon no more.

And when it is sunk where no eye can behold,
As a pledge of the new reign of friendship and love,
Let a space be cleared out in the newly-stirred mould,
And the olive of peace planted shining above.

Clasp hands, noble workmen, when all has been done,
And with yours, ere you part from the sanctified sod,
The people's loud voices, united as one,
Shall rise up in praise and thanksgiving to God.

If that wished-for interment has not yet taken place,
let us hope that it will not be much longer delayed.

Colonel Greville Nugent, the sitting member for Longford, having been raised to the peerage by the Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, in December 1869, a vacancy was created in the representation. The new peer wished that the seat should be handed over to his son. But there were Nationalists in the county, and in the country, who thought that something better could

be done for the Irish cause than this easy transfer of a representative position from one member of a whig family to another. Of that way of thinking was Mr. James Behan Murtagh of Ballymahon, Co. Longford ; of like mind was Mr. Patrick Egan, associated with him in business, both men of ability, and popular throughout the country ; in sympathy with them were a large number of the local traders and farmers, who wished that Longford should be brought into line with the rest of the country in the Home Rule movement. These people met, consulted, and decided to run Mr. John Martin, of '48 fame, in opposition to young Greville Nugent. It was a patriotic resolve, and no better selection could have been made. A. M. Sullivan in *The Nation*, strongly supported the candidature of Mr. Martin, and he may be said to have led the campaign, except in the matter of physical violence, of which there was a good deal throughout the contest. But the local clergy used all their influence on the other side ; and they triumphed at the polls. That was in the days of open voting ; had the ballot act being in existence the result might have been different. The newly-elected member did not long hold the seat ; a petition was lodged against his return, and the election was voided on the ground of illegal practices, chiefly because of the gratuitous and too liberal distribution of drink amongst his enthusiastic but remarkably thirsty supporters.

Throughout this trying contest, A. M. Sullivan never once challenged the right of the clergy to interfere in political affairs ; he sounded no note of " war against the priests," never uttered an offensive word against their sacred order ; he stood up only for fair and free election ; and though defeated in that particular instance, his action, at no distant date, led to good results for the cause of his country.

For some time after the starting of the Home Rule

Association (in the summer of 1870), there seemed a likelihood that the "extreme party," would take no action against it. And indeed for some years they exhibited towards it quite a tolerant spirit. When they saw that at successive elections the leading Home Rulers were trying to stiffen the Irish representation, by eliminating the whiggish element, and substituting a sturdier type of Nationalists, and when, moreover, they saw the policy of "obstruction" developing in the House of Commons, the idea occurred to some of the most shrewd and capable men amongst them, that instead of keeping up any antagonism between the two great bodies of Nationalists—the physical force men and the constitutionalists—the first-named party should give to the other sympathy and co-operation, subject to certain limitations and conditions. These they formulated into five articles, which they offered for acceptance to Mr. Parnell, who was at that time—though not by formal election—leader of the Home Rule movement. The message was cabled from New York in November 1878, in the following terms:—

The Nationalists will support you on the following conditions—

First—Abandonment of the Federal demand, and substitution of a general declaration in favour of self government.

Second—Vigorous agitation of the land question on the basis of a peasant proprietary, while accepting concessions tending to abolish arbitrary eviction.

Third—Exclusion of all sectarian issues from the platform.

Fourth—Irish members to vote together on all imperial and Home Rule questions, adopt an aggressive policy, and energetically resist coercive legislation.

Fifth—Advocacy of all struggling nationalities in the British Empire and elsewhere.

This proposal came to be known by the name of "The New Departure." Its chief devisor, and most earnest advocate, was Mr. John Devoy, a man of remarkable ability and force of character. A number of

the Fenian leaders, on being interviewed on the subject, gave it their hearty commendation. They said they felt convinced that conspiracy alone would never effect the work they wished to see accomplished, it would require the efforts of a fairly united nation, and the constitutional party were too numerous and powerful to be either antagonised or ignored. But, they notified, the proposal was for an alliance within defined limits; not for a fusion. "We must," said John Devoy, "come out of the rat-holes of conspiracy." Thomas Clarke Luby said, "I believe, with other Nationalists, that a mere conspiracy will never accomplish our work. We must create a sound public opinion in Ireland, and we cannot afford to be misrepresented. It would be an immense gain if we could control the Parliamentary representation, and the local public bodies."* Mr. John J. Breslin, known amongst his friends as "The Liberator"—the warder who, with the co-operation of warder Byrne, released James Stephens from Richmond Prison in 1865, and took a leading part in the rescue of six Fenian convicts from Australia in 1876,—gave his opinion to the same effect. At a public lecture by Michael Davitt in Brooklyn, in October 1878, Mr. Devoy, in sketching the proposed amended and improved national policy, said:—

Every public body in Ireland, from the little Boards of Poor Law Guardians and Town Commissioners, to the City Corporations, and the Members of Parliament should be controlled by the National Party.

This was indeed, for many of the Fenian stalwarts, a "new departure." Some of them never warmed to it. What response to those overtures was elicited from Mr. Parnell, I do not know; but, it seems to me that

* T. C. Luby in an interview with a representative of *The New York Herald*, published in that paper of October 27th, 1878; subsequently copied into Dublin papers.

the foregoing piece of good counsel met with much acceptance at the time, and is now being largely acted on under the provisions of the Local Government Act. It does not appear, however, that Mr. Devoy spoke on behalf of the whole body of the American Fenians. With an extreme section—for there are extremes even among extremists—violent measures came more than ever into favour; and what rose into their estimation as a liberating agency for Ireland was not legal and constitutional action, but—dynamite.

Men can reason themselves into almost any sort of opinion if they are so inclined. Amongst the heart-sore and hot-headed Irish exiles in America, there were some who managed to persuade themselves, and tried to persuade others, that almost any act of vengeance upon the oppressors of Ireland, their aiders and abettors, whether English or Irish, would be justifiable. An old man, named Thomas Mooney, editor of the *San Francisco Express*, who had been in many Irish movements, argued in his paper that the assassination of bad landlords was a righteous thing, almost an act of duty, and he went so far as to offer a reward of 500 dollars to anyone who would shoot one of the class, whose name he mentioned. Needless to say that if anyone acted on his incitement, got clear away to America, after committing the crime, and applied to Mooney for the promised dollars, he would not get any, for Mooney had none to give. The dynamite policy, however, and the “skirmishing” scheme, found advocates among men of a much superior type to Mr. Thomas Mooney. Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, of the *New York United Irishman*, and Mr. Patrick Ford, of the *New York Irish World*, wrote up this policy of explosion in words that were sweet to the ears of thousands of expatriated Irishmen. But Mr. Ford had first to convert himself to the new doctrine. For a time he had conscientious

doubts as to its merits, and he could not venture to adopt it without giving the whole subject his most serious consideration. So one fine evening he sat down alone in his study to mentally "raison out the case." The nature and the result of his cogitations he gave to his readers in a long article published in his paper, bearing date January 26th, 1884. This extraordinary production opened in a very reverent and pious strain, and then worked its way along until it closed by presenting dynamite as an almost sacramental substance. As the article is too long for reprinting in its entirety, I quote only a portion :—

AWAKENINGS OF THE SOUL.

Often ask yourself these questions—Who, and why are you ? What is your business in this world ? And whither do you tend ?

Keep GOD always in sight. For He is the first beginning and last end of all things.

Let the whole course of your life be influenced by a sense of duty.

Let us so labour in our respective spheres that, in as far as in us lies, Our Father's will may "be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

From this planet in which the Creator has put us—from this luminous star rolling through space like a radiant chariot—we may review the wondrous works of the Omnipotent One. What a spectacle ! What a miracle ! That sun—the glory of the heavens ; those stars—all worlds like our own ! All resting on nothing ! All keeping on in their own course through their airy paths in most admirable order.

If the outside of heaven is so glorious, what must be the glory of the invisible !

But oh, how ineffably more beautiful—how unspeakably more admirable—is thy glory, O Uncreated One !

This is a delightful paradise which Thou, "Our Father Who art in Heaven," hast created for us, Thy children, here below ! But alas ! Sin and Injustice have made of it a vale of tears ; and we often sigh and groan to be taken out of it and called home.

But while in this terrestrial region we should do our DUTY like men. *Our full duty.* Our duty as Christians, as citizens, as sons, as fathers, as neighbours.

Now to some people it may seem strange that I, who believe in the utility of spiritual and intellectual weapons, should likewise advocate dynamite and other forces for the liberation of Ireland.

Yes, I believe in all things for the liberation of Ireland. If dynamite is necessary to the redemption of Ireland, then dynamite is a blessed agent, and should be availed of by the Irish people in their holy war. The Creator called nothing into existence in vain. "Every creature of God is good, and nothing is to be rejected," when it can be made to subserve a good cause; and, speaking in all soberness, I do not know how dynamite could be put to better use than in blowing up the British Empire.

The tone of this remarkable article, it will be observed, ranges from Thomas a Kempis to Tom Mooney. But whatever may be thought of its merits, it must be said for Mr. Ford that he was a mainstay of the Irish movement in America. His capacity for gathering in dollars for Irish purposes was marvellous. He was as a Nevada mine to the Irish leaders: the ore is not yet exhausted, he is still working the vein, but the yield is not what it was. Naturally, by the anti-Home Rule party in England, he was held in the utmost detestation. *The Times* regarded him as a sort of "universal provider" for the whole army of England's enemies; the paymaster at once of constitutional agitators, physical force men, obstructionists, Land Leaguers, dynamiters and all the rest of them, who were thereby bound, it said, into "one solid organisation of treason and crime." In the very crisis of the anti-Parnellite excitement in England, that journal (June 7th, 1887) filled one of its pages with a reproduction, in facsimile, of a page of *The Irish World*, published three years before, in which was set forth an audited account of "Funds for Patriotic objects, Raised by *The Irish World* during the past eight years." The figures would almost suggest the finances of a German Principality. The money was not contributed to a common fund, but was subscribed, as occasion

arose, for the following specific and distinct purposes :—

Mitchel Testimonial. Skirmishing Fund. Leitrim Prisoners' Defence. Rossa Testimonial. Spread the Light. Widow Walsh Testimonial. Martyrs' Testimonial. Patrick O'Donnell Defence Fund. Parnell Testimonial. Miscellaneous Funds.

With this "official return," as it might be called, Mr. Ford published an article in which he made the proud but very natural boast :—

In the past eight years *The Irish World* has raised many funds for patriotic objects, the entire amount aggregating upwards of a half a million dollars. This, I believe, is the largest amount of money ever collected by any paper, in any country, for any cause.

The article then went on to justify the adoption of violent measures against the agents and administrators of British rule in Ireland; some of its passages gave expression to indefensible sentiments, but it wound up with the following edifying counsels :—

The most that the best of us can claim is to have tried to do his duty, but none of us have cause to boast loudly. Something has been done as a beginning, but much more remains to be performed. Day is opening. Let us work while it is called day. Let us take a strong religious view of this whole business, and enter upon it in the spirit of Crusaders. God Save Ireland.

This article also was transferred (with the page of accounts) to the columns of *The Times*. On this extraordinary feat of journalism I published in *The Nation* an article which thus concluded :—

The facts of the case are that although Patrick Ford and *The Irish World* have aided political projects which we hold to have been unwise, harmful, and highly reprehensible; it is undeniably true that they have also helped many works of charity and patriotism. Judging from what we have seen of *The Irish World* for a good while past, we are inclined to think that it has abandoned its dynamite theories, and we trust it has come to see that no good can come to Ireland from projects of that kind. We would have better hope of this but for the absurd

and ridiculous behaviour of *The Times*. Its conduct is enough to turn the head of Patrick Ford—unless he be a man of great strength of mind. It is no slight reward for his labours, and no small temptation to go on with them, to find that unscrupulous and implacable enemy of the Irish cause shrieking at him and denouncing him in almost every issue, and taking the trouble to reproduce, in facsimile, an entire page of his journal. The honour is great—we believe it is unprecedented ; but we would recommend the object of it to take it quietly and bear it like a man.

O'Donovan Rossa held the same views as Mr. Ford with regard to the use of explosives, &c., in the Irish struggle, but he had reached them without any preliminary spiritual exercise. He declared he was in favour of "dynamite, Greek fire, or hell-fire if it could be had," for the destruction of England. His paper reeked with articles and letters, and glittered with lists of subscriptions, for the dynamite fund, or, as he sarcastically used to put it, "The Resources of Civilisation." I take a specimen number of his *United Irishman*, bearing date, 2nd June, 1883. Under the caption "Roll of Honour" it has a list of contributors to the fund, in which are the names of eighteen donors of 100 dollars each ; two of 50 dollars each ; six of 25 dollars each ; and so on, down to the smaller figures. But Rossa's eagerness to receive subscriptions for the "resources of civilisation" nearly cost him his life. One day in February, 1885, he received in his office a communication from a lady to the effect that she wished to contribute to the fund, and would be glad to meet him at the district messenger office. Thither went Rossa and met the lady, who talked with him of dynamite, intimated her intention of subscribing to the fund, and produced a form of receipt which she wished that he should sign. No money passed, but they left the office together and walked into Chambers Street (New York). Ere they had proceeded many paces

she produced a revolver and fired at her companion, who fell wounded to the ground. While he lay on the pavement she fired at him again, two or three times. Her conduct was unaccountable. Her name was Lucille Dudley, her age about 24 years, and it was subsequently ascertained that she was "not quite right in her head."

In the correspondence columns of *Rossa's* paper, the excellence of dynamite was the leading topic. One letter was headed "Help for Dynamite from Missouri," another "New Orleans for Dynamite." A Mr. Flood wrote:—"Let Irishmen carry the war into England. Let them make her a second Moscow by burning her to the ground, if she does not give them back their plundered rights." Mr. John S. Thomas, writing from the Sarsfield Fenian Circle, St. Louis, after apologising to the editor for any defects that might be found in his literary style on the ground that he "never learned the bloody English grammar language," relates the following illustrative story:—

I called on a workman the other day for a contribution for dynamite; he looked at me with the vacant stare of an idiot, and answered that "Dynamite could work for his money as he did." I saw he did not understand me, and I told him that dynamite was not a man but a material that would, if applied properly, exterminate the exterminators of his race and country. I learned the man and his family was from my native place, Cong, County Mayo. He was evicted at the age of two weeks, and he never heard of dynamite before. On explanation his eyes brightened, and there stood before me, not the slave he was, but a man. He stated that he would give a week's wages; and I will propose him as a Fenian at the next meeting.

In the same paper is given an account of an interview with Mr. Patrick Crowe, editor of a newspaper published at Peoria, Illinois. Asked what he thought of the explosion at the office of the Local Government

Board, London, the substance of his reply is thus reported :—

He did not favour the means employed. He preferred the silent but destructive flame of the torch to the detonation of dynamite. His idea is to place 200 or 300 men in the larger cities of England with a few balls of petroleum, have them await a windy night, and at a preconcerted signal make a hundred conflagrations in as many cities, spreading terror and destruction throughout the land, making the British lion howl for peace and accede to any terms.

That those outrageous proposals ever had the approval of the Fenian organisation in America or elsewhere I do not believe. Nationalists at home had no sympathy with them, and felt convinced that such a policy, even if it were but partially acted on, would do infinite harm to the Irish cause. This was keenly felt by A. M. Sullivan, who was at that time a resident in London. He wrote a letter of protest against it to the *New York Irish Nation*—editor, Mr. John Devoy, manager, Mr. J. J. Breslin—which was duly published, and was copied by several American papers. Abbreviated, it reads thus :—

The Atlantic cable informs us this morning (February 24th, 1883), that certain Irishmen in America propose to “help” their countrymen at home, by redoubled energy in the dynamite direction. What happened in Chicago, we are told, through the accidental upsetting of a single kerosine lamp, can be done by fifty or a hundred sworn agents here in London ; and so forth. . . . I hold that that which is morally wrong, can never be truly called honourable, and that that which is neither moral nor honourable, can never be really expedient, for men who stand by the good old principle of “death before dishonour.” Yet I will for the moment pass by the higher and nobler moral considerations of this matter, and put it from another point of view. I am one of nearly two millions of Irishmen resident on this side of the Irish Channel. Our homes are in the midst of the cities that are, forsooth, to be kerosined and dynamited. Are our little ones to roast in the fires which chivalrous friends in New York or Peoria are to send men to start around us ?

. . . But, perhaps on the eve of the conflagration, they would give secret warning to the 100,000 Irish of Liverpool, or the 200,000 of London, to move quietly out of the way with their households, while the homes and families of their English neighbours, and fellow workmen, are being treacherously fired. Brilliant idea ! What a secret that would be ! . . . Suppose they had " moved away " ; suppose them to be so base as to give no warning to their English neighbours and friends, what would be their fate next day ? Better for them they too had perished in the flames. They would be hunted down like wolves, and slain without mercy. . . . I ask even the most irreconcilable of Irish-American nationalists to weigh fairly what I say. They may be assured that this remonstrance is compelled from me, not alone by very obvious moral and public principles, but as well by considerations for the welfare of the Irish people and the honour of the Irish cause.

This letter, appearing in Mr. Devoy's paper, may have exercised a wholesome influence on many an Irish mind ; at any rate no attempts were made to burn any of the cities or towns of England. But the blowing up of Government buildings, offices, jails, &c., was a somewhat different thing, and desperate men set themselves to carry out such operations. A series of outrages were perpetrated in the years 1882 to 1885. A London paper gave the following chronological list, referring to London alone, and leaving out the explosions in Glasgow, Birmingham, and Dublin :—

March 15, 1883—Explosions at the Local Government Board Office, and *The Times* Office.

October 30, 1883—Explosions on the Underground Railway at Paddington and Westminster.

February 26, 1884—Explosion at Victoria Station

February 28, 1884—Discovery of infernal machines at Paddington and Charing Cross Stations.

March 1, 1884—Discovery of an infernal machine at Ludgate Hill Station.

April 30, 1884—Explosions in St. James's Square and Scotland Yard.

December 13, 1884—Explosion at London Bridge.

January 2, 1885—Explosion on the Underground Railway near Gower Street.

January 24, 1835—Explosions in Westminster Hall, the House of Commons, and the Tower.

The last-named day was what the dynamiters might regard as the red letter day of their campaign. To bring off three tremendous explosions almost simultaneously, in such famous and historic places as the Tower of London, Westminster Hall, and the House of Commons, showed at once great daring and very skilful arrangement. The explosion at the Tower came first in point of time ; it occurred at 2 p.m. ; scarcely had the reverberation of it died away when there was a flash and a roar in Westminster Hall, quickly followed by a terrific detonation, and a crash in the Parliamentary buildings, as if a volcano had opened underneath and volleyed into them. It was a day to remind one of Byron's lines :—

Every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers from her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.

The wreckage wrought in the House of Commons was very great. It would seem as if the dynamiters had laid a specially strong charge there, with intent to destroy the factory where Coercion Acts and other bad laws were fashioned for the Irish people, and demands for justice to Ireland voted down by British majorities. Interesting descriptions of the result of the blow up appeared in all the London papers. *The Echo* said :—

The interior of the House of Commons may be realized if you picture an old ruin. Dynamite will pulverise granite into dust ; and all around, on the walls, the roof, the seats, and the floor of the beautiful chamber that on Saturday was so orderly, so spic-and-span and polished, there are to-day accumulations of dirt and *debris* that might be the dust of ages. Such a scene as this in the House of Commons you may find in the ruins of some ancient tower or abbey ; and the few visitors who obtain access to the House are hushed and grave, as if they were in a vault or in the catacombs. The place is like a ruin ; and an old ruin ; and you insensibly look around you to see whether the

New Zealander is there too, to see the site and the remains of what was the Parliament House of Great Britain.

"There is not," wrote *The St. James's Gazette*, a square foot of space where splintered wood or torn cushions are not lying about." The following is from *The Daily News* :—

Not only was it true that an Irish harp had descended from its position in the ornamentation of the panels, and been planted like a symbol of separation in the seat of the Parnellites, but the upholstery of the place usually occupied by Mr. Forster had been ripped up, and the corner which makes this seat an envied one had been cut away. . . . The desk on the table, opposite Mr. Gladstone's seat, was ornamented in front by two circles of gold enclosing enamels displaying the letters V.R. The V. had been wrenched off in the eccentric play of the explosive.

A marvellous thing was the small amount of injury to life and limb caused by those terrible occurrences. They took place on a Saturday, which is a sort of show day both at the Tower and the House of Parliament. Visitors are allowed to travel over a prescribed route without lingering long in any one place, and under the eyes of caretakers and police all the time. An average number of sight-seers were going round on this particular day, and though some of them were stunned and some wounded, no life was lost.

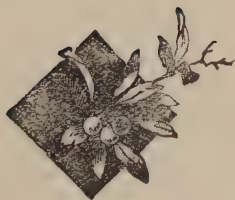
The most tragic of all these affairs was the attempt made, in the darkness of a winter night (December 13th, 1884), to blow up London Bridge. In the wavering lights and shadows thrown by the shore lamps on the river, a boat rowed by two men crept up to the bridge. No one noticed her progress, boats of all sorts and sizes navigate the Thames at all hours of the day and night. No one knew what this particular craft had on board ; but it was a very special freight—a large package of a terrible explosive, and two desperate men to operate it.

They got their tiny vessel under one of the arches, busied themselves there for some few minutes—then there was a flash as of lightning, and a roar as of thunder—the explosive had gone off prematurely; the massive masonry of the bridge was slightly injured; the boat and the two men disappeared, never to be seen again by human eyes.

Of one of those men the name has not transpired. In all the accounts of the affair that I have seen he is referred to as an unknown person. But to some of the contrivers of those desperate enterprises, he must have been well known; and at some hearth and home he must have been missed; for true it is that “nothing dies but something mourns.” Of the identity of the other there is no doubt. The engineer thus “hoist with his own petard,” was no other than “Captain Mackay,” the hero of some daring raids for arms in Cork city and the neighbourhood in the year 1868. For one of those adventures, in the course of which a policeman was shot, he was tried before Judge (afterwards Lord) O’Hagan, at the Cork Assizes, in the March of that year, on a charge of treason-felony, convicted, and sentenced to twelve years’ penal servitude. The frank, modest, and withal manly demeanour of the young man in the dock touched all hearts. The learned judge who sentenced him—and who indeed was no Radamanthus—was visibly moved, it is said, almost to tears.* Mackay, whose real name was Lomasney, after having served three years of his term, was released on condition of his going to America. Accordingly, to

* About five months after his committal to prison, an infant son of his died in the City of Cork. The funeral was made the occasion of a great national demonstration. Thousands of young men marched in the procession in military order, and crowds of sympathising people accompanied the tiny remains to their burial place.

America he went ; but the heart of the man was unchanged, and plans and projects for "striking terror" into the heart of the enemy had an irresistible fascination for him. In all the long list of Fenian sufferers, confessors and martyrs, not one is thought of so tenderly as the small, slight, genial young man, William Lomasney Mackay, known throughout the Fenian ranks by the pet name of "The Little Captain."



CHAPTER XIX.

The Fenian Rescue at Manchester.—Execution of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien.—“God Save Ireland.”

THE dynamite explosions were not the most memorable incidents of the Fenian movement. The specially famous achievement of the party was the rescue of two of their officers, Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy, in the suburbs of Manchester, from a prison van in which they were being conveyed to Salford Jail. It was a daring exploit, successful as regards its immediate purpose, but for which a heavy penalty had to be paid. The van was stopped on its way by a number of Fenians who had been detailed for the adventure, and the policeman who was on guard inside was called on to surrender and pass out the keys. He refused to comply with the summons. An attempt was then made to smash the vehicle with stones, hammers, and hatchets, but this proving unsuccessful, one of the attacking party fired a pistol shot at the lock of the door with a view to break it open. The bullet missed the lock, but went through the door and mortally wounded the policeman. A terrified prisoner then took the keys from the pocket of the wounded officer and handed them out; the door was unlocked, and the Fenian chiefs set at liberty. Protected by their friends, they were able to make good their escape, and they never were retaken.

For participation in this offence, thirty Irishmen were arrested, five were tried for murder, convicted, and sentenced to death, and three—Michael O'Brien, William Philip Allen, and Michael Larkin—were executed.

The motives of those men were as patriotic and honorable as any that ever inspired political enthusiasts in any country. Letters written by them to friends and relatives while awaiting their doom and hopeless of reprieve, are touching in their tenderness and devotion to the ideal for which they gave up their lives. Their conduct during their trials won admiration, even from their enemies. Their final prayer from the dock—"God Save Ireland,"—has echoed and re-echoed round the world. From that time to the present they have been designated by their countrymen, "The Manchester Martyrs."

As there was no chance that the prison authorities would give up the bodies for interment outside the prison walls, the Irish Nationalists at home and abroad took measures to pay homage to their memory. Funeral processions were organised in many parts of the world, and memorial crosses were set up in many grave yards. A great demonstration of this kind took place in Cork on December 1st, '67, another in Dublin on the 8th, for participation in which Mr. John Martin, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, and others were prosecuted; but the Crown were unable to procure a conviction. At the other side of the world—at Hokitika, New Zealand—similar proceedings took place, in which the accused did not fare so well. For having taken part in a procession in honour of the Manchester Martyrs on the 8th of March, 1868, five persons were fined £20 each, and the Rev. Father Larkin, and Mr. Manning, editor of *The New-Zealand Tablet*, were each condemned to a month's imprisonment.

Time, which dims and dulls many many things in this world, assuages many griefs, and softens many asperities, has not impaired the regard in which the memory of those sufferers for their cause is held by the Irish people. Anniversary celebrations are still held,

branches of popular societies are called by their names, and the memorials erected in their honour are cared for. So lately as Sunday, August 30th, 1903, the foundation stone of a monument to the Manchester Martyrs was laid in Kilrush, Co. Clare, in the presence of a great crowd of sympathising people, who declared their fidelity to the principle for which those men had died.

Desirous of paying such tribute as I could to the memory of the patriots, I wrote, a few days after their execution, a song which had for its refrain the prayer which they had uttered in the dock, "God Save Ireland." With a view to getting it into immediate use, I fitted the words to a military air of American origin, "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," which was popular at the time in Ireland. My intentions were fully realised; on the day of its publication in *The Nation*—December 7th, 1867—it was sung in the homes of Dublin working men; on the following day I heard it sung and chorussed by a crowd of people in a railway train at Howth. It was sung at the close of many of the English Home Rule meetings in later years, and joined in heartily by good-natured English people. A performance of the kind at Huddersfield was angrily denounced by Mr. John Bright in a letter, dated April 9th, 1888; although a couple of years earlier, in a speech in the House of Commons, he had strongly condemned the hanging of three men for the crime of one hand, as a reprehensible act of political vengeance. In self-defence the chairman of the meeting, Mr. William Summers, M.P., addressed, through the columns of the *Times*, a letter to Mr. Bright, explaining his share in the demonstration. He said that in the manuscript programme of the proceedings which had been supplied to him there was no mention of this item, and that it came on him unexpectedly:—

What happened was this: I called upon Mr. T. D. Sullivan

to speak, and on his rising to address the meeting, the organ struck up (I presume as a compliment to him), the tune, "God Save Ireland." I was for the moment powerless, but at the conclusion of the meeting I took occasion to refer to the wild and whirling words that Irishmen had written and spoken in days of excitement and passion. I said that I had no doubt that in their cooler moments they regretted many of those utterances, and I expressed a hope that the time had arrived when there might be a happy oblivion of the past, and when Englishmen and Irishmen alike might be more just and more tolerant in their dealings with one another.

But the correspondence was not yet closed. The President of the Huddersfield Conservative Association, Mr. John A. Brooke, sent a different account of the affair to *The Times*, which printed his letter in leaded type. The following is a part of the communication :—

The meeting in question was held under the auspices of the Junior Liberal Association of Huddersfield. In the printed programme drawn up specially for that meeting, and signed by their secretary, may be found the names of the two principal speakers, Mr. Asquith, M.P. and Mr. Sullivan, M.P., and, among others, the song, "God Save Ireland," given "in extenso." That song was sung by the whole meeting, all, including Mr. Summers, M.P., standing throughout—a compliment which was paid to no other song.

The lyric in question speedily became a part of the musical *repertoire* of the Irish race. Referring to it in his "Parnell Movement," Mr. T. P. O'Connor says, "Wherever in any part of the globe there is now an assembly of Irishmen, social or political—a concert in Dublin, a Convention at Chicago, or a Parliamentary dinner in London—the proceedings regularly close with the singing of "God Save Ireland." In this connection I may refer to a letter written by a missionary priest from the Far West of America which appeared in a Dublin Catholic periodical * in July, 1890. The writer

* *The Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

tells of his unexpected arrival in an unfrequented part of the country :—

After two days in the train, and three days jolting in a kind of car, sometimes on roads and sometimes on the prairie, on the morning of the third day I saw a number of shanties scattered about ; and coming nearer them, a considerable number of boys, and girls, and women, and a few men not working, gathered around me as I alighted from the cart. At the moment, a suppressed voice near me said, " Begor, I don't think he's a Frinchman at all ! Musha, Biddy, don't be afraid ; go up and say, *ceud mile failthe*, Father, and we'll soon know where he's from." I turned round, and poor old Biddy, with a big bordered cap that would be a credit to Tipperary, stepped out and said, " Welcome, Father, welcome ; you're our first Father ; *ceud mile failthe !*" For a moment I could not speak with joy and surprise, but on recollecting myself, I went over and caught the poor old woman by the two hands, shook them heartily, and made the sign of the cross upon her forehead. " Your Reverence," she exclaimed, " I know you are from ould Ireland now. No one but an Irish priest would do that. You're Irish, your reverence, aren't you ? "

" I am, Biddy, thank God, I am."

" Go down on your knees, children, go down yez all," she said, fairly mad with joy. " Get his blessing. *It's hot from Ireland.*" In a moment all were on their knees, and I blessed them from my heart.

" Boys," she said, " we have no band to play welcome for his reverence, but all the children will sing *God Save Ireland* for him." And sing it they did, with might and main, until the very rocks around echoed with their voices.

One more illustration of the regard in which the song commemorative of the Manchester tragedy is held by patriotic Irishmen. In December, 1902, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, Bishop of Derry, had a chime of bells set up in the newly completed tower of his Cathedral, " Saint Eugene's" in Londonderry city ; the carillon was arranged to ring out a number of sacred hymns and some secular airs, amongst the latter " God Save Ireland."

CHAPTER XX.

The Obstruction Policy in Parliament.—Declining Influence of Mr. Butt.—Rise of Messrs. Parnell and Biggar.—All-night Sittings.—“New Rules,” and “Blocking Notices” —Sudden death of Mr. Biggar.

WHAT the dynamite policy was to the Fenians, the obstruction policy was to the Irish Parliamentary Party—that is to say,—both were extreme developments, favoured by some members of those parties and not approved by others. The new system of parliamentary warfare practised by Messrs. Parnell and Biggar was strongly condemned by Mr. Butt, then chairman of the Irish Party and leader of the Home Rule movement. In the House of Commons he thus protested against the speeches and the tactics of Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, one of the most daring and skilful of the obstructionists :—

The Irish party repudiate the member for Dungarvan. I should be false to my countrymen if I did not say this ; and, if I believed that the member for Dungarvan represented the Irish party, I would retire from Irish politics as from a vulgar brawl in which no man could take a part with dignity to himself or advantage to his country.

The English members cheered this impassioned outburst ; some of the Irishmen gave it approving “hear, hears” ; but others strongly intimated their dissent. From that day forward the political status of Mr. Butt declined, and the double star of Parnell-and-Biggar rose steadily towards the zenith.

There were many excuses to be made, many pleas of justification to be advanced, for the line taken by Mr. Butt. He was an old constitutional lawyer ; his first entry into Parliament was for an English

constituency, and as a tory. He had a profound respect for the British Parliament, and he regarded disorderly conduct in the House of Commons as a devout worshipper would regard irreverent behaviour in a Catholic Church. Several of his Irish colleagues shared his views and opinions. Some of those gentlemen were sincere Nationalists; others were persons of the whig type who regarded themselves as admirably qualified to fill Government offices, and who had persuaded themselves, without any great mental effort, that it was nothing less than an act of patriotic duty to lay hold when they could of salaries and emoluments that might otherwise go into the hands of less deserving persons. Amongst the men who did not like the obstruction policy was Mr. Mitchel Henry; one of his strong objections to its every-day use was that the weapon which, if judiciously employed, might be serviceable on important occasions, would now be wrested from Irish hands and broken. A. M. Sullivan, too, though generally voting with the obstructionists, and never against them, thought the game was being played too fast, and that they would surely find themselves checkmated ere long. But the majority of our people were delighted with the harassing of the House of Commons, and to the "active section" of the Irish Party came words of encouragement from their countrymen in every part of the world. For myself, I cordially wrote up the campaign in *The Nation*, and, after my election to Parliament in 1880, took part in the operations. I sang its praises, too, in the following verses, which, going to a rollicking Irish air, caught the fancy of the people:—

Long life and good health to bowld Parnell and Biggar,
For they have not hearts like the heart of a mouse,
They're fighting for Ireland with courage and vigour,
And don't care a hang for "the tone of the House."

And whether the Minister's frowning or smiling,
 They change not their ways for his praise or his blame,
 For Hartington's threats or for Hardy's reviling,
 They know what they're at, and they'll play out the game.

They say to the Saxons: "All bills of our making
 You rudely throw out or put up on the shelves;
 But, if that be the course you are bent upon taking,
 We'll see that you shall not do much for yourselves.
 We'll baffle your plans, and we'll mangle your measures,
 No matter how wildly you fret or you foam,
 Till at last you will find it the sweetest of pleasures,
 To send us all back to our 'Old House at Home.' "

The Minister says: "There is no sort of reason,
 In keeping our Parliament back from its work,
 And talking of Ireland is something like treason,
 When we want to think of our ally, the Turk."
 But Biggar makes answer, quite ready and clever:
 "Let Russia and Turkey be blest or accurst,
 The thought in our hearts is 'Old Ireland for ever,'
 And England will have to make peace with her first."

In the summer of 1877, the Parnell-Biggar policy was in full swing. The Irish members had two great subjects to work upon: First, led by Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, they resisted in prolonged debates and with much walking through the division lobbies, the Government proposal for the annexation of the Transvaal and the formation of their South African colonies into a Confederation under the British Crown. The Irishmen vigorously opposed the scheme—which in 1880, was wrecked by the rifles of the Boers at Majuba Hill. Second: their hostility was evoked by the proposal of new rules of procedure obviously designed to restrict their opportunities of discussing Irish affairs or criticising Government measures. Their action in those circumstances gave rise to excited debates, led to all-

night sittings, and the occurrence of many "lively scenes." But the Irish people highly approved of what they regarded as the spirited conduct of their representatives. One of our *Nation* bards, the Rev. John Doherty, of London, carolled thus joyously on the theme—the song being supposed to be sung by an Irish member somewhere within the precincts of the House :—

While British legislation
Afflicts our Irish nation,
And no amelioration
Of that misrule seems near—
To us who're over here
There's one thing very clear
That, despite their scoffs and scorning,
And all their shrieks of warning,
We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight does appear.

So now my jolly Biggar,
Put forth your utmost vigour
And treat them with the rigour,
You've shown them all this year,
For they'll feel rather queer
When it is made quite clear.
That despite their scoffs and scorning,
And all their shrieks of warning,
We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight does appear.

Now, Nolan, get your range out,*
And give them all their change out;
They'll feel confounded strange, out
Of bed, with day so clear.
And oh, the deuce a fear,
But we will keep them here;
For despite their scoffs and scorning,
And all their shrieks of warning,
We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight does appear.

* Captain Nolan, M.P. (now Colonel), was the inventor of a "range-finder," at that time held in good esteem.

Parnell, the Pertinacious,
 O'Donnell, the Audacious,
 Will prove how efficacious
 Our strategy is here ;
 For we, devoid of fear,
 Throw all things out of gear,
 And despite their scoffs and scorning,
 And all their shrieks of warning,
 We won't go home till morning,
 Till daylight does appear.

I, too, was caught by the humour of the situation, and knocked off some stanzas on "The All-night Sitzings," two of which I here append :—

Oh, those all-night sittings were a sight to see,
 They were just about as good as any play could be,
 When our Irish tongues wagged fast and free,
 And we carried on the music till the morning.
 Stiff and straight, when the fight began,
 Was the grand old collar of the Grand Old Man—
 But it seemed to have been fashioned upon quite another plan,
 When he left the House of Commons in the morning.

To stop our mouths, but in vain, they tried,
 With "Name, name, name," and "Divide, divide, divide" —
 They might as well have spoken to the rising tide,
 So we kept them on the grill until the morning.
 Then the Speaker turned white, and with fright he shook,
 When out towards the lobby he chanced to take a look
 And saw Joseph Gillis Biggar with a big Blue Book
 Coming in to give him readings till the morning.

The Government and some of the most fussy of the English members brought much of this trouble on themselves by their adoption of a stupid device to filch away from the Irish members almost the only opportunity they had of advancing bills and motions of their own. This the Irishmen used to do, or try to do, after the close of Government business at half-past twelve at night. The new move of the Government was to pass a sessional order "that no order of the day

or notice of motion be taken after 12.30 at night, with respect to which order a notice of motion of opposition or amendment shall have been placed on the notice paper." Here was all Irish business of the class referred to laid by one fell stroke at the mercy of any and every English member who might choose to destroy it.

Those sapient legislators forgot that the Irish members could "return the compliment;" they too could do some bill-blocking, and it would go hard with them if they could not better the instruction. Mr. Biggar at once set to work. Most carefully did he scrutinise the notice-paper every day for announcements of intended measures, and wherever he "saw a head, he hit it." The line, "Mr. Biggar—To move that this Bill be read a second time on this day six months," became quite a familiar sight on the paper. At one time, in the early part of 1877, his name stood against the following list of Bills:—

1. The Prisons (Scotland) Bill.
2. The Public Health (Ireland) Bill.
3. The Valuation of Property (Ireland) Bill.
4. The Roads and Bridges (Scotland) Bill.
5. The Marine Mutiny Bill.
6. The Mutiny Bill.
7. The House Occupiers' Disqualification Removal Bill.
8. The Supreme Court of Judicature (Ireland) Bill.
9. The Patents for Inventions Bill.
10. The Threshing Machines Bill.
11. The Peerage of Ireland Bill.
12. The Legal Practitioners Bill.
13. The Divine Worship Facilities Bill.

One of those measures—the Threshing Machines Bill—was in charge of the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, a gentleman specially interested in agricultural matters; it would have passed its second reading on the 27th of February, 1877, but for the unsleeping vigilance, and timely intervention, of the hon. member for Cavan,

who complained that the bill was "too narrow," and was in various ways objectionable. The correspondent of *The Freeman's Journal* thus sketched the incident :—

With sturdy Northern resolution, Mr. Biggar in the last hour of the sitting of the House of Commons yesterday, assailed and defeated the Threshing Machines Bill. If your readers ask me why Mr. Biggar defeated the Threshing Machines Bill, I really must confess my inability to inform them. Perhaps it was that the Bill was proposed by Mr. Chaplin, and perhaps Mr. Biggar wished to punish Mr. Chaplin for his attack on Mr. Gladstone. It was a daring thing to do—I mean it was daring in one to get up with the knowledge that you must talk for a half an hour on Threshing Machines. But Mr. Biggar triumphed. Once or twice I really fancied all was over with the hon. member. He, to all appearance, had exhausted every possible branch of his subject, and Mr. Chaplin was already chuckling in anticipation of the break-down of his foe. But no! Mr. Biggar bethought him of "the old flail." It was a moment of inspiration. Who could not talk for fifteen minutes on "the old flail." A groan of mortal anguish escaped Mr. Chaplin as, in eloquently rounded periods, the honourable member for Cavan turned over, ogled, turned over again, and genially touched upon the beauties of flails. At length the hour struck. Mr. Biggar sank down victorious, and Mr. Chaplin rushed in anger from the House.

Long previous to that ingenious and amusing performance, as well as subsequently on many occasions, Mr. Biggar aroused the indignation of Ministers and their supporters, by his protracted raids upon the time of the House. Of course he could not get the materials for his lengthy discourses "all out of his own head." but he knew where there was a perfect mine of such matter, and thence he provided himself with supplies. He brought into the House from the Library bundles of parliamentary papers and Blue Books, and from these he proceeded to read copious extracts. Once when he had been at his work for more than two hours, without a pause—except to take an occasional sip of water—the chairman (the House being in Committee), thought to get him to resume his seat by telling him

that his observations had become almost inaudible and unintelligible to the chair. Mr. Biggar tendered respectful apologies, said he felt conscious that his voice was growing somewhat indistinct, remarked that he was at rather too great a distance from the chair, but said he would be happy to improve matters by drawing nearer. Thereupon he gathered up his books and papers and moved up, with all the ease and confidence in the world, to the front bench on the opposition side, facing the table of the house—a place reserved by immemorial custom for ex-ministers and their leading supporters. Then, before resuming the thread, or rather the chain-cable—of his discourse, he informed the astonished functionary that if there was any part of his argument which had not reached his ears, he was quite willing to go over it again.

The older members of the House stared in amazement at this violation of the established proprieties, but the general feeling was one of amusement. The reporters in the press gallery made excellent “copy” of it. An amusing sketch of the performance was supplied to *The Nation*, by its London correspondent, Mr. T. M. Healy, who was not at that time a Member of Parliament. I quote the major part of it :—

Ave Caesar ! that is—Biggar—we who are about to die—with laughing—salute thee ! And that cheer ? Such cheers as never before greeted the member for Cavan, whence were they ? Lo, see you not our own and only Joe, installed at last in his rightful seat, assuming the leadership of her Majesty's opposition. Regard him, prithee. Magisterially bestowed on the spot sacred to the forms of high ex-Ministers—the great Front Bench—he sits and amplifies himself this memorable Saturday. The invasion is not pleasing to Mr. W. H. Smith, so Mr. Finnigan soothingly gets the uncompromising Biggar to move up closer to the great man. Having moved up, a whisper from his faithful friend comes to Mr. Biggar telling him that it remains for him to complete the occasion by addressing the House in front of the famous despatch box. Was it nervousness that touched the

Member for Cavan as he listened to the suggestion? No, nothing but the thrill of resolution nerving him for the deed. He rose. There falls an instant hush upon the House, and then bursts of loud acclaim. Modestly the head of Mr. Biggar bows, and he waits him—as one of plaudits all unworthy—until the cheering ceases. Then he spake. Boots it little indeed which branch of the Relief of Distress (Ireland) Bill formed the subject of his remarks. It was the manner that brought down the House. For if there is any art that describes your true official or Minister as he stands to speak at the table, it is that of patting the despatch box. And Mr. Biggar patted it, and played with the ring thereof, and, stretching forth his hand, administered a gentle tapping to the sacred receptacle, such as men had thought it needed long years of official experience to acquire.

With all his quaint ways, Mr. Biggar was not unpopular in any quarter of the House. The Parliamentary correspondent of one of the London papers noted the fact in this way:—

Strange to say, although a thorn in the side of the Government and of private members of a legislative turn, Mr. Biggar is rather a favourite with the House than otherwise. Mr. Parnell is cordially disliked. About Mr. Biggar, however, there is a certain amount of geniality and native humour, which, added to his whimsical aspect and his inimitable brogue, tend to prepossess people in his favour. . . . Like Mr. Parnell he improves upon personal acquaintance. His deformity tells against him at a distance, but engage him in conversation and you cannot help being struck by the kind and gentle expression of his face.

This brave, good Irishman was one of the “tellers” for his party in a division taken at midnight, on February 18th, 1890. Seven hours afterwards he was found dead in his bed, having perished of heart disorder. He had scores of attached colleagues and personal friends, millions of loving fellow-countrymen all the world over; but he died a sudden and lonely death, away from his home and his native land, in a private hotel in London.

CHAPTER XXI.

Beginning of Mr. Parnell's Trouble.—His Long Absence from Duty.—He Leads a Hidden Life.—Reappears for a While.—Forces Captain O'Shea on the Electors of Galway.—His Arrest and Imprisonment.—The "No Rent Manifesto." The Negotiation of the Kilmainham Treaty.—Release of Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, Davitt, O'Kelly, &c.

THE names of Parnell and Biggar will for ever be associated in the history of those times. In the parterre of Irish politics they were as two roses growing on one stem. Parnell's was the master-mind, the dominating influence. Most loyally was his rule accepted and his will obeyed—for years—by Mr. Biggar, whose leading ideas were a cheerful observance of discipline and a rigid performance of duty. The whole party shared those feelings, and for a long period they were a united and a pleasant company. But after a time trouble came upon them. Their leader seemed to have deserted them. Through their minds and hearts went the doleful conviction that something had gone wrong with him. He absented himself for long periods from the House of Commons, without letting any of his colleagues know his address, excepting his private secretary, who faithfully kept the secret.* At times, when Mr. Gladstone wished

* The place of Mr. Parnell's retirement became known owing to the accident of his brougham having at an early hour one morning, while proceeding to Eltham, come into collision with the cart of a market gardener which was on its way to London. The incident got into the newspapers, and soon was "the talk of the town."

to confer with him on Home Rule matters, Mr. Parnell was not to be found, and as he had delegated no authority to any member or members of his party, the Prime-Minister was unable to hold parley with them. It was this dereliction of duty that first alienated from him the regard of his old companion in arms, Joseph Gillis Biggar. But it cost him and lost him much more than that.

Referring to this period of his hidden life, the perplexities occasioned among his party, and the way in which his guilty secret was discovered, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in his sympathetic, but candid "*Life of C. S. Parnell*,"* writes :

What frenzied consultation—what agonised conjectures—what despairful proposals this time brought forth ! At last the report came forth that Mr. Parnell had gone to Paris, and some of his colleagues went over there to see him. Mr. Patrick Egan, the treasurer of the Land League, was a resident in that city at the time, and thus a council of the Land League could be held there ; but in the hotel where Mr. Parnell was expected to be, there was neither trace nor announcement of him. But several letters awaited him. There were all kinds of horrid suspicions. It was known that some of his relatives had ended tragically, and there was always in those moments of crises the dreadful feeling that anything might happen to Parnell. After a solemn consultation it was decided to open some of the letters, in the hope of finding some trace or clue to the vanished Chief. One of the letters was from a lady ; it was scarcely glanced at ; but it told enough ; it was the first warning the Irish party had of the opening of the tragedy that finally engulfed Parnell, and went near to engulfing Ireland.

As I am not writing a biography of Mr. Parnell, or a history of the Home Rule movement, I shall not dwell on the stages by which that once popular—almost

* Published by Ward, Lock and Co., a few days after Parnell's death.

idolised—leader brought about his decline and fall, and ultimate ruin. His unhappy connection with the wife of Captain O'Shea was bound to come to light some day, to the grievous detriment of the Home Rule cause and the scandalising of the Irish nation. A shocking feature of the case was, that while the wretched intrigue was going on, Mr. Parnell exerted himself to the utmost to get Captain O'Shea—who was a mere whig-liberal place hunter, and society man—returned to Parliament by Nationalist votes. His first attempt was in Liverpool at the general election of November, 1885; failing there, in February 1896, he crossed over to the city of Galway, and persuaded, bullied, one might almost say fought, that National constituency into accepting his unwelcome nominee as its representative. Neither of those two men during the progress of the election showed any sign of regard for the other. Mr. Parnell wanted Captain O'Shea elected; that was all. The townspeople were furious against O'Shea; they could not understand why their constituency should not be allowed to come into line with the rest of the country by returning a sound Nationalist Home Ruler as their representative; they simply loathed the whig Captain, and they sturdily proceeded to set up a worthy townsman of their own, Mr. Michael Lynch, as the national candidate. They called for help, and they needed all they could get of it. Two members of the Irish party proceeded to their assistance—Mr. Biggar and Mr. T. M. Healy. In the whole party there had not been more loyal friends to Mr. Parnell than those two men, until he entered on the road that led him away from his sphere of duty and brought him to destruction. For some days they made things lively in Galway for the "gallant captain," saying little, however, about his powerful backer. A provincial paper took the pains to compile from Mr. Healy's speeches the following pyramid, or rather Eiffel

tower, of designations applied by him to Mr. Parnell's nominee :—

- " A renegade."
- " A whig grub."
- " A rotten whig."
- " A scabby sheep."
- " A rotten rudder."
- " A whig intriguist."
- " A thief in the night."
- " A political caterpillar."
- " A chameleon militaire."
- " A monstrous imposture."
- " A miserable whig spaniel."
- " A Performer of Cabinet tricks."
- " A defeated, exploded humbug."
- " An agent of back stairs diplomacy."
- " A miserable & incompetent marplot."
- " A waterlogged and bankrupt politician."
- " A man with a bespattered political career."
- " A contemptible, mean, and degraded personage."

Surely " a nice derangement of epitaphs ! " But Mr. Parnell overcame all opposition. He got fifty members of the newly elected Irish party to put their names to the following appeal to the Galway electors :—

We, the undersigned members of the Irish Parliamentary Party, earnestly call on the electors of Galway, by their votes on Thursday, to uphold the authority of Mr. Parnell as leader of the Irish people.

This document, with its dangling string of fifty signatures, was published in the Dublin papers on the 9th of February, 1886, and bundles of copies were despatched for circulation among the Galway people. The leader then applied himself to the task of inducing Messrs. Biggar and Healy to refrain from further opposing the O'Shea candidature, informing them, as a matter to be kept secret for the present, that as a result of interviews with Mr. Gladstone, he (Parnell), was in a position to say that he had a Parliament for Ireland in the hollow of his hand—provided nothing

were done to discredit his authority and upset the existing situation. Under this pressure, with the majority of their colleagues against them, Mr. Biggar and Mr. Healy gave way, and said no more. Then the chief got down Mr. William O'Brien from Dublin to dazzle the electors with Mr. Parnell's Home Rule story, and subdue them with his blazing rhetoric. He did his work. The battle was won. A majority of the electors, sick and sore at heart, felt that they must stoop to the humiliation of sending O'Shea as their representative to the British Parliament. Brave Michael Lynch, however, went to the poll, without any hope or expectation of winning. Fifty-four votes were recorded for him. O'Shea was elected.

For my part, I was a member of the Irish Parliamentary Party at the time, but I did not put my name to the round robin above referred to. I regarded it—in view of the circumstances in which it originated—as a discreditable and disgusting document. As for the idea that the rejection of O'Shea would harm the Home Rule cause in England, it was simply absurd; no one would think the worse of the Irish people on that account; and the last man in the world to blame them would be the framer of the Home Rule Bill, William Ewart Gladstone. He would more probably regard the incident as a welcome evidence of their fitness for the responsibilities of self government.

I spoke my mind about the whole affair in the columns of *The Nation* while the election was in progress, and after it had closed, but in terms that were only too mild for the occasion. My final words were :—

We have deemed it our positive duty to declare that to our mind the starting of Captain O'Shea as a candidate for Galway was a deplorable mistake, and that much of the reasoning we have seen put forward for the purpose of reconciling the public mind to that proceeding is hollow and unworthy of the principle

of Irish nationality. The thing is over and done now. We hope that only the smallest possible amount of harm will result from it, and that no such grievous trial will again arise in the course of our national struggle.

That was a fond hope not destined to be realised.

For the views I expressed on this subject I incurred the censure of *The Freeman's Journal*, and other "Parnellite" papers. But there were members of Mr. Parnell's family who did not think that those were his best friends who were practically encouraging him to continue the ruinous relations in which he was involved. Miss Anna Parnell did not take the view that I was acting unkindly towards her brother. She penned a letter in my defence to *The Freeman's Journal*. It bore date February 14th, 1886, and was in these terms :—

DEAR SIR,—On Saturday you advised your readers to allow the Galway election to be in future a closed book for them, but unfortunately one party in the dispute has no intention of following your excellent advice—in proof of which I enclose leaflet received to-day. I do not think it right for me, recollecting what I do of Mr. T. D. Sullivan's career, to receive such a document and let it go unanswered.

I remember what Mr. Sullivan did in 1877, '78, and '79. In those years, when the policy of obstruction, as it was called, was first started, and was struggling for existence against the opposition of Mr. Butt, *The Nation*, which had just at that time passed into the hands of Mr. T. D. Sullivan, was the only paper in Ireland, I believe—certainly the only one of any standing—that supported the new departure, which was then, in its turn, denounced as an attempt to "bring the ever fatal curse of dissension into the ranks of Irishmen," and so on. For years *The Nation*, almost singlehanded, defended and upheld through thick and thin the little party which eventually succeeded in turning the stream of Irish politics in the direction it wished, while in all Ireland scarcely anyone could be found to give it more than a very qualified approval, though it was popular among the Irish in England from the first.

Certainly, had Mr. Sullivan done as others did, held back and waited for events before taking sides, no one could have blamed him, it not being usual for a newspaper to commit

itself to a party of two, and when we consider that Mr. Sullivan is not apparently a very aggressive or venturesome politician in himself, his action becomes the more remarkable as an example of courageous fidelity to principle.

Whatever it is possible for a political party to owe to journalistic support, the present dominant party in Irish politics owes to *The Nation* under Mr. T. D. Sullivan, and yet supporters of that party are now denouncing him and calling on the working men of Dublin to boycott him, because he did not open his arms to a Gladstone Whig as representative of an Irish national constituency. I am aware that the question is being generally stated as being what the effect of returning or rejecting Captain O'Shea would be on the Government, not what he is himself; but even from this point of view there are two ways of looking at it, and Mr. Sullivan may have thought the return of Captain O'Shea might have an effect on English members of the House of Commons not generally predicted here.

But, however, this may be, I certainly agree with you that there is no good end to be served in discussing the matter now, and I am sure that if the O'Shea party will let it drop the other side will do the same, for after all when seventy members of the Irish party formally declared that they wanted Captain O'Shea it would have been a pity if they hadn't got him, and the only patriotic course for any one now to take is to hope they may be pleased with him. I remain, yours truly,
A. PARNELL.

This was a brave letter, drawn forth from a patriotic and sorely tried lady by a strong sense of justice. *The Freeman* did not publish it.

It was more than the proverbial "thousand pities," that this trouble came upon Mr. Parnell—and on Ireland. He seemed specially fashioned and fitted to be a leader of the Irish people. He came of honourable lineage on both sides. In the male line his ancestors for generations had been Irish patriots. Although of English extraction, they stood for Ireland, the land of their adoption, regarding her as their motherland. His great grandfather, Sir John Parnell, was for years Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, an intimate associate, a fast friend, and a resolute supporter of Henry Grattan

in his great battle against the Act of Union. His mother was a daughter of Admiral Stewart of the American navy, and that association with the Stars and Stripes was another point in his favour. He owned a fine mansion and a fair estate in one of the most picturesque parts of the county of Wicklow. When he entered public life in 1875, he was a handsome young fellow, tall, fair bearded, of gentle manners, in no way pretentious. His sisters, the Misses Anna and Fanny Parnell, were gifted ladies and thorough Nationalists; the first-named was an artist of great skill—and was also a fearless propagandist of the national cause, an indefatigable organiser of national forces within her sphere of action; the second was a poetess, who contributed to the national journals some vigorous ballads which have taken a permanent place in Irish National literature. His whole position, circumstances, and surroundings made a charming, almost an ideal picture. And when for some years after his election to Parliament in 1875, he was seen to be working steadily and resolutely for the adoption of a vigorous line of action by the Parliamentary party, the hearts of the Irish people went out to him—with a rush.

But it would be a mistake to regard Mr. Parnell as the inventor and patentee of the “advanced policy either in Parliament or out of it.” The obstruction tactics were started by Mr. Biggar and Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell; the policy of the Irish Party's occupying the same quarter of the House of Commons no matter what English party might be in or out of office, was invented and advocated by A. M. Sullivan.* The Land League was founded by Michael Davitt; the “No Rent” proposal, although he was prevailed on to sign the manifesto, never had his hearty approval; the system

* It was propounded by him in a letter from London, entitled “Hold the Seats,” published in *The Nation* of March 20th, 1880.

which came to be known by the name of "boycotting," had been suggested, talked of, and advocated months before the delivery of his speech at Ennis (on the 19th of September, 1880), which is frequently referred to as if it were the first promulgation of the idea.* Then, again, the project of buying up Mr. Richard Pigott's newspaper—with Land League funds—and starting *United Ireland* in its stead, was not of Mr. Parnell's devising. More than once in the course of his career he hesitated to approve of plans of his lieutenants, but they contrived to have their way in the end.

On the 13th of October, 1881, Mr. Parnell was arrested under a newly made Coercion Act, and lodged in Kilmainham Jail. Several of his Parliamentary colleagues and some prominent members of the Land League, were soon sent to the same place of detention. While there Mr. William O'Brien drafted and got this fellow prisoners to sign the eccentric "No Rent Manifesto." The scheme soon proved an absolute failure, and Mr. Parnell was the first of its sponsors to seek an opportunity of recalling and withdrawing the Proclamation.

In April, 1882, when he had been more than five months in prison, negotiations to effect a compromise between Mr. Parnell and the Government—which had been in contemplation for some time—were set on foot. The selected go-between was Captain O'Shea, at that time M.P. for Clare. On the 28th of that month, at an interview between him and the imprisoned leader, the terms of what came to be known as "The Kilmainham Treaty" were drawn up, written out, and signed by Mr. Parnell, to be laid before the Prime Minister. The substance of the arrangement may be thus stated: Mr. Parnell recommended that steps should be taken

* See Appendix.

by the Government to effect a settlement of the arrears question, and that leaseholders should be allowed to avail of the fair rent clauses of the Land Act ; he hoped some compromise might be arrived at with regard to an amendment of the tenure clauses of the Act, and he referred to " the enormous advantage to be derived from the full extension of the purchase clauses." He then proceeded to state what return he and his party would be prepared to make for these concessions :—

If the arrears question be settled upon the lines indicated by us, I have every confidence—a confidence shared by my colleagues—that the exertions which we should be able to make strenuously and unremittingly would be efficacious in stopping outrages and intimidation of all kinds. . . . The accomplishment of the programme I have sketched out would, in my judgment, be regarded by the country as a practical settlement of the land question, and would, I feel sure, enable us to co-operate cordially for the future with the Liberal party in forwarding Liberal principles ; and I believe that the Government at the end of the session would, from the state of the country, feel themselves thoroughly justified in dispensing with future coercive legislation.

Those promises of pacificatory action were accepted by the Government, who decided that the intending tranquilisers should presently be set free to commence their good work.

On the 2nd of May, 1882, the gates of Kilmainham Jail were thrown open for the exit of Mr. Parnell, Mr. James O'Kelly, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Sexton, and others. On May 6th Mr. Davitt was released from Portland Prison.

Earl Cowper, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, resigned.

Mr. Foster, Chief Secretary, had to vacate his post.

In their stead, to work the new policy of conciliation, Earl Spencer was sent to Ireland as Viceroy, and Lord Frederick Cavendish as Chief Secretary.

It was a great moment.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Phoenix Park Murders.—Address from Parnell, Dillon, and Davitt.—Discovery of the Invincible Society.—Arrest of Alleged Members.—James Carey gives Information.—Assassination of Carey by Patrick O'Donnell.—Execution of O'Donnell.

N the day after his liberation, Mr. Parnell proceeded to London; on the morning of Saturday, May 6th, 1882, he went thence to Portland Prison to meet Mr. Davitt, whose release had been, by arrangement, fixed for that day. Together they returned on that evening to the metropolis, discussing probably the new "Treaty," of whose merits Mr. Davitt was not at all enamoured. But while they were being whirled along to London, an event was taking place near Dublin of a nature to upset all the plans of all the politicians, to blight and blast the brightening hopes of Ireland, and to shock humanity. The new ambassador of good will—Lord Frederick Cavendish—and Mr. Thomas Henry Burke, the Under Secretary at Dublin Castle, were murdered—stabbed with long knives—as they were walking together in the Phoenix Park.

Probably no two men on English soil were more horrified by the deed than Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt. They held a hurried consultation in the Westminster Palace Hotel, where they were joined by Mr. Dillon, and all agreed to the issue of an address to the Irish people denouncing the crime, and expressing a desire for the speedy discovery and punishment of the perpetrators. This they got printed and placarded very expeditiously. Its closing passage was in these terms:—

We appeal to you to show by every manner of expression that almost universal feeling of horror which this assassination has

excited. No people feels so intense a detestation of its atrocity, or so deep a sympathy for those whose hearts must be seared by it, as the nation upon whose prospects and reviving hopes it may entail consequences more ruinous than have fallen to the lot of unhappy Ireland during the present generation. We feel that no act has ever been perpetrated in our country during the exciting struggles for social and political rights, of the past 50 years, that has so stained the name of hospitable Ireland as this cowardly and unprovoked assassination of a friendly stranger, and that until the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke are brought to justice, that stain will sully our country's name.

(Signed) CHARLES S. PARNELL.
JOHN DILLON.
MICHAEL DAVITT.

This address was published all over the three kingdoms on Monday, May 8th. Most people felt that it befitted the leaders of the Nationalist party to denounce the crime; but members of the "extreme section" thought the protestation was needlessly violent. They were angry with Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, and Davitt for the issue of this proclamation, but with the first-named particularly, as he was the leader of the party.* There is reason to believe that Mr. Parnell never liked the terms of the document, which he thought were too emotional; but, in this, as in various other matters, this man of strangely intermixed qualities had to give way to the pressure put upon him by some of his political associates. At the Parnell Commission in 1888 evidence on this point was given by Captain O'Shea, to whose house at Eltham—that fatal house—Mr. Parnell had hurried after his liberation from Kilmainham. The Attorney-General, in his opening address, giving an outline of the evidence to be tendered by O'Shea, said:—

My lords, it will be proved before you by Captain O'Shea,

* See Appendix.

that Mr. Parnell objected to sign that document, and only signed it under the necessities of the case, and objected to its terms. It had been drawn up by Mr. Davitt ; and for reasons which I think will clearly appear from one point of view, it would have been better for Mr. Parnell that no such document had been issued, for undoubtedly it put him in great personal danger. There is not the slightest doubt, as will be proved before your lordships by Captain O'Shea, that Mr. Parnell was in personal danger, that he applied for police protection, and was exceedingly anxious with regard to his personal safety.

In his evidence O'Shea stated that, in compliance with Mr. Parnell's wishes, he went to Sir William Harcourt, then Home Secretary, and conveyed to him Mr. Parnell's request, which was granted. But Mr. Parnell, when examined at a subsequent stage of the proceedings, denied that he had ever sought or received such protection. The following is a portion of the examination :—

Is it true that at this time, after you had heard of the murders, you spoke to Mr. O'Shea, or to anybody else, of the danger in which you yourself were ?

No, I never apprehended the slightest danger to myself. Such a thing never entered my mind for a single moment.

So far as you know, did you ever have any police protection ?

I am quite sure that I never did. O'Shea's house at Eltham was watched by one or two of the police belonging to the village ; and his rooms in Albert Mansions were also watched by policemen ; I saw them there.

Was that at your instance ?

No, it was not at my instance, and he did not tell me that he had got it done ; but I suspect that he got it done.

A curious conflict of testimony ; but it is admitted by both witnesses that the police were keeping an eye on Captain O'Shea's suburban residence, whatever may have been the reason for such attentions.

When the House of Commons met on Monday, May 8th, Mr. Gladstone immediately rose and moved that the House adjourn without transacting any business. He spoke in sorrowful and eloquent terms of the sad

event which had so recently occurred, intimated that it had altered the whole political situation, said the lately formed plans for the future government of Ireland must be recast, and gave notice that on Thursday he would ask leave to bring in a Bill for the better Prevention of Crime in Ireland. Mr. Parnell, whose rising evoked some murmurs from the Tory benches, delivered a brief speech, expressing his own sorrow and that of his colleagues for the lamentable tragedy. but deprecating the threatened introduction of fresh coercive measures. He spoke with much feeling and evident sincerity; and rightly did he profess to speak for the Irish members as well as for himself, for amongst them there was not one who was not shocked by the awful crime, and who did not deplore especially the fate of Lord Frederick Cavendish, whom they had known in the House of Commons as a courteous and kindly minister.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan, one of those who deeply mourned the sad fate of Lord Cavendish, called the next day at the house of his bereaved widow and left a card, to indicate his sorrow for her affliction. In reply he received the following note, written on her behalf, and conceived in a truly noble and Christian spirit:—

21 Carleton House Terrace,
7th May.

DEAR SIR,—I am a brother of Lady Frederick Cavendish, and I was with her when she saw your card. She was deeply touched, and I hope that your example may be followed by others of the Irish leaders. She knows that no one who knew her husband, either in public or private life, bore any feeling of enmity to him, and she believes that those who murdered him did not know who he was. She clings to the hope that even this catastrophe, by awakening men's consciences to the guilt and horror of such desperate crimes, may tend in some measure to the opening of brighter days for your country. Yours faithfully,

A. G. LYTTELTON,

A. M. SULLIVAN, Esq.

The "Phoenix Park Tragedy" did not close with the terrible deeds of the 1st of May. A vigorous quest for the perpetrators was immediately started by the Government, but not until eight months after the event was any clue to their identity discovered. On the 13th of January, 1883, James Carey, James Mullet, Joseph Brady, Timothy Kelly, Daniel Curley, and others were arrested in Dublin as principals in the crime; further captures were made within a few days. While in prison Carey was induced to turn "Queen's evidence" against his fellow-captives, who had been his brethren in a secret society.—small in numbers but more "advanced" than the Fenians—which he and they had formed for desperate purposes, and to which they proudly gave the name of "The Invincibles." Of the existence of this body the public, up to that time, had no knowledge, its members having kept their own counsels and refrained from advertising themselves in any way. Carey was led to take this course by stories told him by his jailors, to the effect that several of his companions in misfortune had offered to make full revelations regarding the conspiracy and the crime; and by intimations and suggestions that his services in that way would be acceptable, if he choose to render them—in which event his life would be spared, and his future provided for. At this point Carey's fortitude broke down; he penned a voluminous confession, and at the trials of his comrades, which took place on various dates in April 1883, he gave evidence which left them no chance of escape. Convictions followed in all cases; several of the conspirators were sentenced to penal servitude, five were condemned to death, and four—Joseph Brady, Daniel Curley, Timothy Kelly, and Michael Fagan were executed.*

* It has often been said for unfortunate Carey by persons of some knowledge in those matters that he could have done

As amongst these men, Brady was popularly regarded as the strongest character. Much sympathy was evoked by the fate of young Kelly—he was barely twenty-one years of age—a lad of exemplary conduct, a chorister in one of the Dublin Catholic Churches. He was three times arraigned. Defended by Mr. D. B. Sullivan, disagreements of the juries on his first and second trials were obtained; but on the third attack the prosecution triumphed. It is said that on the night preceding his execution he sang in his cell Balfe's pathetic song "The Memory of the Past."

There is yet a sequel to this sad story. After the Invincibles had been disposed of, the Government had James Carey on their hands, and the question was what to do with him. They decided to ship him off, secretly, to their colony of Natal in south-east Africa. On July 4th, 1883, at Dartmouth, he embarked on the *Kinfauns Castle*, then on her way from London to Cape Town, giving his name as James Power. A fellow passenger was one Patrick O'Donnell, who had sailed from London. Those two men had no previous knowledge of each other, but on the voyage they became acquaintances, chatting freely to each other, and occasionally having refreshments at the bar. The vessel arrived at Cape Town on July 27th. There her passengers went on shore, some of them intending to sail next day *per* the steamer *Melrose* for Port Elizabeth. In a hotel at Cape Town O'Donnell was shown a newspaper containing a portrait of James Carey, the informer against the Irish Invincibles; he recognised it immediately as that of "Mr. Power," his acquaintance on the *Kinfauns Castle*, and said, in an off-hand way which did not attract any attention at the time "I'll shoot

"more harm" had he been so disposed, and that in fact he kept back from the authorities much they would have been glad to learn. And the statement is probably true.

him." Carey sailed on the *Melrose* ; so did O'Donnell, whether for the purpose of carrying out his threat, or otherwise, is not ascertainable ; but on July 29th, while the two men were in the refreshment saloon together, O'Donnell drew a revolver and fired three shots into Carey's body, killing him almost instantly.

O'Donnell was taken into custody, and on the arrival of the vessel at Port Elizabeth, given up to the authorities. Thence he was sent to London. On the 30th of November he was put on his trial for murder. For counsel he had Sir Charles Russell (Mr. Charles Russell, Q.C., at that time) and Mr. A. M. Sullivan. But the defence availed not. On the next day he was convicted and sentenced to death. He was executed within the precincts of Newgate prison on December 10th, 1883.*

And thus was rounded up, with dramatic completeness, the tragedy of the Phoenix Park murders, and the history of the Irish Invincibles.

The immediate effect of the Phoenix Park outrage was to darken the political skies, and blot the vision of peace and friendship that a moment before had looked so fair. Social and party strife went on no less fiercely than before. The landlords and the loyalist party were in fighting temper ; evictions were carried out in increased numbers, and under circumstances of great cruelty ; a spirit of vengeance was evoked amongst the unfortunate victims of oppression and wrong, which led to the commission of deplorable crimes ; these were followed in turn by the pains and penalties of the law, and so the vicious circle was completed.

* See Appendix.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A New Coercion Act.—Defeat of Gladstone's Home Rule Bill.—Departure of the Home Rule Viceroy, The Earl of Aberdeen, from Ireland.—Great Farewell Demonstration in Dublin.

TO check the operations, and crush the power of the Land League, to facilitate evictions, and ensure convictions, were the purposes of the series of Coercion Acts passed by the Government during this period of agitation. They called them by some such title as acts for the better prevention of crime and outrage. Those measures gave to police officers, police magistrates, and the constabulary generally, a very free hand "in the discharge of their duty," and they appeared to enjoy it. The pride of "the force" rose and swelled with their increased authority; to whistle, to smile, or to wink as they passed was an offence often punished with a week's imprisonment; and they were much more ready than in previous times to have recourse to their batons.*

Some of their operations in support of "law and order," came down to the level of absurdity, such as the arrest of an Italian organ-grinder in Belfast, because his monkey carried a little toy pistol, which he used to snap occasionally. The magistrate before whom the

* Some of the baton charges, of which I was a witness, seemed to me to have been ordered on very slight provocation, and to have been carried out with unnecessary violence. The people were unarmed, and of course were easily hit and easily scattered. Sometimes a few sturdy fellows closed with their assailants and took many hard knocks before they were subdued; others, more prudent, made rapid movements to the rear. One of the latter class, when twitted with his flight, aptly replied—"Begorra I'd rather be a coward for five minutes than be dead for all the rest of my life."

offenders were brought (October 2nd, 1873), commanded the organ-man to quit the town, and, on the ground that Belfast was a proclaimed district under the arms act, confiscated the monkey's little pistol. At Newry a grocer was prosecuted and punished for having in his possession, intended for the wrapping of small parcels, a quantity of paper on which were printed some snatches of national poetry, such as appear every day in books and newspapers; Judge Keogh, who presided on the occasion, sapiently observed, that "treason is treason, even though it be printed on tea-paper." At Borrisholeigh, Co. Tipperary, a similar seizure was made, with even less right or reason. Two hundred-weight of paper bags were seized in the shop of a general dealer, and confiscated. No literature of any sort was printed on them. Here is a copy of the only design or inscription they displayed:—



PATRICK MAHER'S
GROCERY,
SPIRITS, HARDWARE, DRUGS, OILS, COLOURS,
TIMBER, AND WINDOW GLASS.
BORRIS-O-LEIGH.

Those proceedings were at once outrageous and ridiculous; but much graver wrong-doing was charged against the police, not without good reason. The Royal Irish Constabulary are a respectable and well-conducted body of men, but amongst them, as in other large organisations, there are some bad members. In times of excitement and disorder, the Government are

disposed to show favour to such of those men as distinguish themselves by their success in the discovery of crime, and the prosecution of law breakers; and it is a proven and undeniable fact that policemen have been found not only to connive at the commission of outrages, but to organise them, and in some cases to do the deeds for which they had other persons punished—their purpose being to recommend themselves to the authorities for increased pay and promotion. But there was, unhappily, a great prevalence of agrarian crime contemporaneously with the land agitation. For this the Government party threw the blame on the Land League; the true view of the matter was that for both the League and the crime bad land laws and an intolerable system of Government were responsible.

Soon after the ratification of the “Kilmainham Treaty,” Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone found that neither of them was as powerful, in the circumstances of Ireland, as each of them had hoped he might be. The English statesman was unable to control the angry Irish landlords; the Irish leader was unable to teach patience and resignation to the outraged tenantry. The agents Mr. Parnell had promised to employ in the work of pacification either failed to make converts to the new policy or possibly did not greatly trouble themselves to recommend it. But yet, through all that time of trouble, that welter of disorder, the leading men of the national movement and the main body of the people heartily welcomed Mr. Gladstone’s “message of peace,” were grateful for his remedial measures, and looked forward hopefully to a successful issue of his great undertaking to restore to them their long withheld right of self government. Thus we had going on at one and the same time in Ireland, bad landlordism, distrains, evictions, agrarian outrages, rampant coercion, almost countless imprisonments, police violence at public

meetings, Tory journals and Land League journals storming at each other in furious fashion—and withal crowds of the best people of England showing sympathy with the Irish cause, and declaring strenuously for Home Rule; masses of Irish Nationalists reciprocating their kindly sentiments; a movement, in fact, going forward on both sides of the Channel in favour of what presently came to be known by the name of “a union of hearts.” *

In the years 1886 and 1887 all these conditions, good and bad, had attained to a great development. I had a special experience of the best side or section of them, my position as Lord Mayor of Dublin during those two years bringing me into relation with a number of the English and Scotch friends of Ireland, who came across the Channel to see personally the state of the country, and to encourage us in our constitutional struggle. In the first week in February, 1886, Mr. Gladstone returned to office on the fall of Lord Salisbury's Government, which had been defeated on an English question a few days before. To start anew his policy of peace and good will, he sent to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, a most friendly nobleman in the person of the Earl of Aberdeen, and with him in the capacity of Chief Secretary, Mr. John Morley. The new Viceroy was but a few weeks in the country when he gave evidence of the kindness of his nature. There was much distress among the labouring class of Dublin at that time owing to lack of employment, and various suggestions were being put forward in the Press as to the best mode of dealing with it. Under these circumstances his Excellency sent a private message to me by his aide-de-camp, Colonel

* By many this phrase is supposed to have been coined by Mr. Gladstone; it was in fact used by Henry Grattan in his final and most eloquent speech against the Union in the Irish Parliament on the 15th of January, 1800.

Turner, to the effect that if I would call a public meeting at the Mansion House to consider the subject he would be happy to attend it. I called the meeting; the attendance was large, and representative of various creeds and classes; his Excellency delivered an address which touched the hearts of all present; and he subscribed 100 guineas to a relief fund. Amongst the other speakers were Mr. Michael Davitt, Doctor Kenny, M.P., and Mr. William Murphy, M.P. The whole proceeding created a most favourable impression throughout the country. I feel sure this was not a mere diplomatic performance on the part of Lord Aberdeen; it was in his nature to do such things, and in that frank and genial way, in Ireland and elsewhere. Amongst the subscriptions announced on the occasion was one of £100 from Mr. Thomas Sexton, M.P., the recently elected High Sheriff of Dublin. Mr. Sexton was not a rich man, but a "Sexton Testimonial Fund," which had been started by Mr. Edmund Dwyer Gray in *The Freeman's Journal* was at that time in process of collection, and had reached very respectable proportions; and it was from the proceeds, freely subscribed for his own use that Mr. Sexton sent in this handsome contribution to the relief fund. Another generous subscription came from the Dublin Metropolitan Police; it amounted to no less than £215.

Six months after that time, during which period the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen had won for themselves a large measure of popular regard, the citizens of Dublin had to bid them a reluctant farewell. On the 7th of June, 1886, Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill was defeated on its second reading in the House of Commons by a majority of 30. A general election followed in July; this resulted disastrously for the Liberal party in England, and so was brought about a change in the occupancy of all the chief Government offices. Lord

Aberdeen fixed the date of his departure from Dublin Castle for August the 3rd. Thereupon the people of the Irish Metropolis resolved to see him off with all the honours they could pay him.

With that view they organised and successfully carried out such a demonstration of popular respect and affection as had never before been tendered to a representative of the Sovereign in Ireland. Practically the whole population of the city rose to the occasion. All the representative and popular bodies, headed by the Corporation of Dublin, took part in the proceedings; the Trade Societies made a fine muster, marching with almost military precision; a number of social, benevolent, and charitable organisations sent contingents, all the popular bands turned out in their best style, banners there were in profusion, and the populace, at once enthusiastic and orderly, made the air vibrant with their cheers—not joyful indeed, but kindly, and hopeful of a good time to come. Much of this popular feeling was meant to honour the wife of the Viceroy, who, during her sojourn in Ireland, had interested herself in many good works, and earned the gratitude of thousands of people to whom she had been a benefactress.

Throughout these proceedings we, Dublin Home Rulers, were careful that our position should not be misunderstood. While warmly appreciating the personal merits of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, what had evoked this outburst of feeling was the fact that he was to us a sign and a token of a speedy restoration of the right of self government to our country. As chief spokesman on the occasion, I felt bound to put this point very clearly, and in the brief speech which I addressed to his Excellency at the railway station, I carried out that intent. The reply of the ex-Viceroy was very sympathetic, and it was evident that he spoke from the heart.

All the Dublin journals spoke highly of the magnitude and the good order of the demonstration. *The Freeman* said :—" Since Dublin was built, no such spectacle has been witnessed in its streets on such an occasion as that which a vast multitude of spectators beheld yesterday. Nothing like it will be seen soon again."

The Daily Express said :—

The departure was made the occasion of a demonstration of a thoroughly " National " type, compared with which the well-remembered O'Connell Centenary was almost a minor affair in point of popular excitement and enthusiasm.

The Irish Times said :—

The farewell ceremony as a procession was enormous, and those who organised it deserve credit for the careful manner in which preparation was made. There was not a single incident, great or small, to mar the effect.

That was the Dublin view of what was clearly a Home Rule demonstration, but the proceedings were not so highly approved in Chicago. Congress man, the Hon. John F. Finnerty, editor of *The Chicago Citizen*, published an article on the subject headed " The Disgrace of Dublin." Of course I came in for a share of censure, with which, however, the writer was kind enough to mix some friendly and complimentary expressions. Mr. Finnerty referred to the ex-Viceroy and his wife as " an alien couple who only differed from their predecessors in being polished and politic." But that was not a fair estimate of them ; they differed enormously from their predecessors in being outspoken and earnest advocates of the right of the Irish people to be the makers and administrators of their own laws in their own land.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Irish Unionists: Their Publications: their Literary Champions.—The "Professor of Moral Philosophy."—His abusive letters to Irish Nationalists.—He "goes for" Lord Mayor Sullivan.—The Carlisle Placard.—The Loyal Riot at Glastonbury.—The Dublin Corporation and Sir Garnet Wolseley.—Freedom of Dublin voted to Messrs. Parnell and Dillon.

WITH the outgoing of Mr. Gladstone's Government, the coercion policy acquired new force all over the country. The landlords, knowing they had their friends in power, became more overbearing and extortionate than ever they had been before; and at the same time the people were less than ever disposed to submit tamely to their tyranny. But still the Home Rulers on both sides of the Channel, the advocates of conciliation, went on with their friendly endeavours vigorously and hopefully. Their cause had got one fall, but that, they felt, did not decide the issue. So all parties battled on, straining every nerve for victory in the next encounter. The "loyalists," now thoroughly alarmed, organised for protective and aggressive purposes; the "Property Defence Association" grew to considerable proportions; the "Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union" became very blatant and minatory; a publication department was set up from which anti-Home Rule and anti-Land League pamphlets and leaflets were issued in tens of thousands, and a weekly newspaper of a very rough class called *The Union* was started as a sort of counterblast to *United Ireland*.

The proprietor and editor of this paper was Mr.

Philip H. Bagenal, B.L.* For his right-hand man in the work of denouncing and abusing the national leaders he had one Dr. Thomas Maguire, Professor of Moral Philosophy, of 9 Trinity College, Dublin. This Professor was a literary swashbuckler; his printed letters, addressed to prominent Nationalists, had a certain coarse vigour and occasional gleams of humour. Amongst those on whom he bestowed such attention were Michael Davitt, Tim Healy, Timothy Harrington, "Demosthenes Sexton," "Thomas Plutarch O'Connor" and myself. His epistle to me, in *The Union* of May 28, 1887, afforded me much amusement; I quote the passages intended, apparently, to be the most scathing:—

To the Lord Mayor of Dublin. Sir.—You pretend to be such a thorough-going democrat, that I purposely avoid giving you pain by addressing you as "my Lord," although this is the second year in which the citizens of Dublin are privileged to pay you three thousand pounds a year for the compliment of addressing you in conversation by that euphonious title. Ten years ago if any one had told you that you would be twice Lord Mayor of Dublin, you would have laughed at the very idea.

Here, indeed, the learned professor of moral philosophy spoke truly. But I never sought for or desired the position; my colleagues of the Corporation took the notion of putting me into it, and they would not be denied. The Professor went on to say:—

You had no trade or business to warrant such a prophecy; you had no prospects of being anything but a ballad-writing journalist, just able to make both ends meet in Middle Abbey

* A neighbouring landlord, Mr. Richard Bagwell, of Marlfield, Clonmel, was also a contributor of Anti-Land League articles to the Unionist press. This called forth from one of Leaguers the following epigram:—

With two such gentry near Clonmel,
Our chance of peace is small:
Their very names their nature tell—
"Bag-well" and "Baggin'-all."

Street. But see what "patriotism" has done for you ! Quails and manna have dropped into your mouth, ever open to the good things of this world, and you are lifted out of the ruck of your struggling brethren to grace the civic chair and pocket a handsome salary at the people's expense for having stopped trade and helped to plunge the country into inextricable confusion and unutterable misery. . . . You luxuriate in the pleasure of writing in your arm chair over a hot tumbler of punch Land League ballads or racy leaders full of invective against "felonious landlordism," and flavoured with appeals to "high heaven" and "the civilised world" as though you were in constant communication with both. You have lived on what I may call treason mongering. I will explain what I mean. No one knows better than you how easily the Irish people's political imagination is aroused and fired. One cannot fail to regret that men like yourself, with the power to arouse that imagination, have consistently used their power merely to gratify race-hatred and jealousy. You have done more than any living man to arouse and stimulate Irishmen to hate England and the English, and encourage conspiracy and revolution.

The Professor had a pleasant idea of the conditions under which I penned my Land League ballads, but he was much astray on that point ; perhaps the accessories he described would harmonise better with the composition of his lectures on Moral Philosophy. He thus continued :—

I remember very well in February, 1878, when the Russian crisis was at its height, and it was an open question whether two great Empires would be involved in a stupendous struggle you, Mr. T. Sullivan, seized the opportunity to dip your pen in the ink-pot of sedition and write a ballad lauding and encouraging Russian arms and lowering and vilifying England. You wrote (perhaps you were paid) in the Russian interest, and it is worth giving extracts from the ballad, which anyone can find in your published works, for the benefit of the British public :—

'Neath Russia's glorious banner,
 We hasten to the war ;
 To lead our conquering legions,
 We've Russia's mighty Czar.
 We'll face all toil and danger,
 And count our pains no loss.

'Till floats above the Crescent
The standard of the Cross.
Envious little England,
Thinks to say us nay
But spiteful little England
Shall never stop our way,
Selfish little England,
Heartless little England,
Smoky little England,
Sooty little England,
Stupid little England,
Paltry little England,
Shall never stop our way.

Now, Mr. Sullivan, nine short years ago you wrote those incendiary lines, abusing England in Billingsgate which Professor Rogers, your bosom friend, could alone be able to match. Do you imagine for one moment that Englishmen will ever believe a word you say on a public platform once they understand what sort of a man you are ?

The later portion of the foregoing quotation from my lyrical effusion, is a garbled affair, consisting of lines picked out from several verses. The "poem" was a mere squib written to express the feelings with which, I thought, a Russian soldier might regard the threat of England to go to war with his great country. When I first printed it I perpetrated the little joke of representing it as a translation "from the Russian of Michael Dravanovitch." I supposed my imaginary Muscovite soldier would know that his own country was of immense extent, much of it snow-covered during a great portion of the year, and that England was a small spot on the map of the world, a place of many mines and factories, where countless tall chimneys were continually belching out volumes of thick smoke. It was therefore I had him to express his contempt for so grimy a place. My own feeling, indeed, was that it would be much to our advantage if we had a good deal more of that sort of smoke and soot than we are at present troubled with in

Ireland. The trifle did not attract any particular attention at the time, but years afterwards, when I was campaigning for the Home Rule cause throughout Great Britain, this transgression was brought up against me. The "I. L. P. U." took care to supply to their tory friends wherever I was announced to speak a tract containing a number of extracts from articles and ballads of mine, and of course "selfish, heartless, sooty little England" had a prominent place in the collection. Great was my surprise, and not small was my sense of amusement, when in the city of Carlisle, where I had gone to speak in the interest of the Liberal and Home Rule candidate, Mr. Gully, Q.C. (afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons), I saw on advertising boards and dead walls a big poster (6 feet high, 3 feet wide), printed in red ink, in which this uncomplimentary effusion was given in its entirety, with some introductory observations, to shock the feelings of loyal citizens and suggest to them what sort of reception should be accorded to me. The meeting, however, went off without a hitch, and I brought away with me, and have kept, as a curiosity, a copy of the placard.

A few days previous to the Carlisle meeting I was "on the mission" in the historic town of Glastonbury, Somersetshire, where matters did not work out so smoothly. The Unionist party had resolved to make things lively for me—had determined, in fact, that I should not get a hearing in the place. What angered them exceedingly was that the Mayor of their ancient Corporation, Mr. John Morland, had consented to preside at the meeting I was to address. Aflame with loyal indignation, the Unionist members of the Corporation drew up, signed, and presented to the Mayor, a document in which they urged that having regard to my disloyal character and the seditious nature of my writings, he should not compromise the fair fame of their

ancient Borough by presiding at a meeting at which I was to be the chief speaker. They said :—

We cannot help thinking that if you had been aware of the disloyalty which has uniformly characterised Mr. Sullivan's proceedings, of the virulent and insulting terms in which he has written and spoken of England and the English people, of the brutality of the sentiments he has expressed towards gallant British soldiers who sacrificed their lives in fighting for their Queen and country, or of the manner in which he has held up for admiration as martyrs and patriots, men who were guilty of murder and other diabolical crimes, you would have spared your colleagues and fellow townsmen the disappointment and surprise which they feel at seeing your name associated with so reprehensible a character.

Of the nine corporators whose names were appended to this address, four were members of one family—Albert Bailey, J.P.; Alexander Bailey, Alderman; Henry Bailey, and John Bailey—who might well have been called “the Bailey Brigade.” The Mayor, who was president of a local Liberal association, stood to his guns manfully. He penned an able reply to those angry Unionists, the nature of which may be judged from the following sentence :—

This hatred of England at the time of Mr. T. D. Sullivan's Mayoralty, shared by three-fourths of the Irish people, was a terrible, a most deplorable fact, and the true Unionists are those who seek to find the causes of such a feeling and to remove them.

Those were the words of a statesman ; the case could not be better put. But appeals to reason were thrown away on the Unionist party ; the bellicose Baileys were not to be pacified by logic. An excited crowd gathered in front of the building in which the meeting was to be held, and it was not without difficulty that the Home Rulers—nearly all Englishmen (there were very few Irishmen in the town) managed to effect an entrance. I, in the company of some friends, got in unrecognised by the mob ; and when the hall was fairly filled—the

crowd outside growing more and more menacing—the doors were closed and bolted, and we proceeded with our business. As the cheers of the audience reached the ears of the outsiders they grew furious. Procuring crowbars and other such instruments, they fell to battering in the doors. To us inside there was something almost comic in having our oratory intermixed with the sounds of those thuds and thwacks, and our resolutions met by this novel form of protesting—with sledge hammers—that “the noes have it.” After some time the main entrance door was staved in; an inner door was then attacked, the panels were broken and cleared out, but still the assailants were unable to enter. One of them stuck in his head through the rent he had made, but when his hair was grasped by an insider, he was very glad to be allowed to take it out again. At the close of the proceedings we sallied forth, getting some booing and hustling, but I do not think any blows were struck. I left in the company of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Clark (a daughter of John Bright) and two stalwart sons of theirs—it would have fared ill with any of the disturbers had they sought to molest any member of that group. I feel bound to say, after having taken part in about a thousand meetings in Great Britain during the Home Rule campaign, that this was the only instance in my experience in which physical violence was resorted to by the opponents of our cause.

My offences against the Unionist party and policy were not confined to my ballad-writing and speech-making. In the Corporation of Dublin, of which I became a member, in November, 1881, there was some battling to be done for national principles and opposition to be given to Tory and West-British projects, and in this work I took part. Thus, when in November, 1882, the Hon. Mr. Vereker moved that the honorary freedom of the City of Dublin be conferred on General Sir Garnet

Wolseley, as a tribute of respect to him and the troops he commanded—including two Irish regiments—“during the late campaign in Egypt,” I met the motion with an amendment in the following terms:—

That this Council, while fully conscious that Irish soldiers will at all times maintain the ancient fame of their race and nation, sees no necessity for adopting any resolution having reference to the recent war against the Egyptian people, believing that the war was undertaken on behalf of interests with which the Irish people have no concern, and knowing that its only result, as regards Ireland, has been an addition to already crushing taxation, and the bringing of misery and sorrow to many an Irish home, and at the same time bringing desolation and ruin on the unfortunate Egyptians.

In the course of my speech I said that Sir Garnet Wolseley, I understood, boasted of his descent from a gentleman who had distinguished himself not in Egypt but in Ireland: and I would now read an account of some of his services, as given in a very reliable work, *Haverty's History of Ireland*:

The same day that Londonderry was relieved, an Irish army under Lieutenant-General Justin McCarthy, Lord Mountcashel, was defeated by the Enniskilleners at Newtownbutler. This overthrow, it is said, was mainly caused by an unlucky mistake of the word of command. . . . The Enniskilleners were commanded by Colonel Wolseley, an English officer; they were well armed, were experienced marksmen, and already inured to war. Their watchword was “No Popery;” they determined to give no quarter, and during the evening and the whole night, and greater part of the next day, they continued with the most inveterate fury to slaughter the unarmed fugitives with a savage ferocity that has made even the Williamite historians blush. Five hundred of the flying Jacobites plunged into Lough Erne to escape the carnage, and perished, all but one man.

The reading of this record hit the Wolseley party very hard. My amendment was seconded by Alderman Dennehy, a veteran of the Corporation, and supported by Alderman Meagher, Alderman Kernan, Councillors H. J. Gill, M.P., Thomas Mayne, Laurence Mulligan,

and other sterling Nationalists. The tories fought their battle resolutely; they were a considerable party in the Corporation at that time; all their old war-horses pranced to the front; there were Alderman Moyers, ex-Lord Mayor; Hon. Mr. Vereker, ex-Lord Mayor, Sir John Barrington, ex-Lord Mayor; Sir James W. Mackey, ex-Lord Mayor; Sir William Carroll, ex-Lord Mayor; Alderman Purdon, ex-Lord Mayor, Sir George B. Owens, ex-Lord Mayor, and others, making in all 21 votes in favour of the Hon. Mr. Vereker's resolution. But 27 votes were cast in favour of my amendment; and so the honorary freedom of the City of Dublin was not conferred on the successful general of the Egyptian campaign. It was, perhaps, a small matter, and probably Lord Wolseley did not feel "a penny the worse," but at all events the Municipal Council of Dublin showed by their decision that they did not regard the slaughter and subjugation of foreign peoples, by order of the English Government, as entitling the chief actors therein to any compliments or honours at their hands.

Three years later I was concerned in a somewhat similar demonstration of national feeling. In April, 1885, his Royal Highness, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.), paid a visit to Ireland. The country was in an excited and disturbed condition at the time; the Land League had become a great power among the people, and everyone understood that the royal visit was of the diplomatic order, intended to draw off the minds of the people from the political agitation in which they were engaged. Shortly before the arrival of the Prince, the Lord Mayor of Dublin—Alderman John O'Connor—in a conversation with Mr. Parnell, in London, asked him to advise as to how the Municipal Council should act with regard to the approaching visit of the Prince. The leader did not undertake to rule the point, but said he would take the

opinion of the party on it, and communicate it to his lordship. This he did. He got together a meeting of the Irish Parliamentary Party in their Committee room in the House of Commons, on Friday, March 6th (1885), to consider the subject. The result of their deliberations was a resolution of four or five clauses, the pith and purpose of which were set forth in the following paragraph :—

Under all these circumstances it is, in our view, the duty of the Irish people and of their representatives in all public bodies, while avoiding any act of discourtesy to the Prince and Princess of Wales, to maintain an attitude of reserve which will sufficiently demonstrate their inalienable attachment to national principles and their resolute resentment at the suppression of their constitutional liberties.

A supplementary resolution was in these terms :—

That Mr. T. D. Sullivan be requested to represent the views of his colleagues of the Irish Parliamentary Party at the meeting of the Corporation, on the subject of the royal visit.

To fulfil that commission I crossed from London to Dublin. On March the 16th, 1885, the Corporation met to deal with this matter. A communication from the Lord Lieutenant to the Lord Mayor (Alderman John O'Connor) was read, informing him that the Prince and Princess would disembark at Kingstown, on Wednesday, the 8th of April, and proceed at once to Dublin. This was a broad hint to the Corporation to be ready to attend in State with all the civic paraphernalia and an address of welcome. Sir George Owens, M.D., J.P., moved that a loyal address be presented to the Prince and Princess, expressive of a hope "that this country will in future participate in the advantages arising from frequent visits of members of the royal family, for whom, they trust, a royal residence will be here provided." I moved an amendment in the following terms :—

That inasmuch as the claim of the Irish people to a restoration

of their ancient National Legislature is unjustly opposed and rejected by the English Government, considering that the constitutional liberties of the Irish people are and have been for years superseded by a coercion code of unparalleled severity, having regard to the fact that under cover of those oppressive laws the administration of Irish affairs has become little better than an odious despotism, perilous to the lives and liberties of innocent persons; and further, considering that the visit of the Prince of Wales is a political contrivance, designed to produce a deceptive show of satisfaction with the rule of Dublin Castle and the British Parliament; we, the Municipal Council of the City of Dublin, whilst most desirous that no disrespect should be offered to the royal visitors, deem it our duty to abstain from taking any part in their reception, believing that the presentation of addresses and other such demonstrations are unsuited to our country, and calculated to mislead the public opinion of England and other nations as to the condition of Ireland and the feelings of the Irish people.

This amendment was passed by a majority of 41 votes to 17.

In the Dublin Corporation we were not always refusing courtesies and compliments to distinguished persons. Some time previous to the occurrences above related I carried a motion for conferring the honorary freedom of the City on Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell and Mr. John Dillon, then inmates of Kilmainham Jail. The first member of the Municipal Council to put forward such a proposition was Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, M.P. He moved his resolution on the 25th of October, 1881, Alderman Moyers, a staunch Conservative, being then Lord Mayor, and Mr. Charles Dawson, a no less staunch Home Ruler, Lord Mayor elect. The Tory and Unionist party made a vigorous fight against the proposal; its adoption, they said, would amount to an endorsement of the No Rent manifesto; it would be illegal; they would contest it in the law courts, and they warned the promoters of the motion that they might find themselves involved in heavy legal penalties. After much debate a division was taken on Mr. Gray's

motion, with the result that the "ayes" and the "noes" were equal in number. Lord Mayor Moyers then gave his casting vote with his own party, and Mr. Gray's proposition was defeated.

At the municipal elections which took place one month later the Nationalists gained a number of seats. On the first day of the new year Alderman Moyers quitted the Civic Chair, and Mr. Charles Dawson took his place. The way was now clear for the Nationalists to carry out their project of doing honour to Messrs. Parnell and Dillon. On January 3rd (1882) I re-introduced the motion that had so lately been defeated; it was carried by 29 votes to 23. With this fall the power of the Tory party in the Corporation was broken; not one of them has filled the Mayoral office from that time to the present. Sir George Moyers was "the last of the Mohicans."



CHAPTER XXV.

Visit of the Irish Municipal Deputations to Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden.—Address Presented from the Women of Ireland.—Return Visit of Englishwomen to Dublin, with an Address “to their Irish Sisters.”—Great Demonstration of Welcome in the Rotunda.

WITHIN the period of my Mayoralty—the years 1886 and 1887—I was a participant in several demonstrations in furtherance of the policy of peace and good will between England and Ireland. One of these was the popular farewell to the Home Rule Viceroy, Lord Aberdeen, already described in these pages; another was the visit of the Irish Deputations to Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden Castle to present to him certificates of the honorary freedom of four Irish cities and an Address from the Women of Ireland, bearing hundreds of thousands of signatures. Their reception by Mr. Gladstone and his family was of the most cordial character. From the account of the proceedings in *The Freeman's Journal*, I take the following extracts:—

Hawarden demesne is about seven miles from Chester, and a drive of half-a-mile from the entrance gate brought the deputations in sight of the Castle. . . . Mr. Gladstone was seen bareheaded, coming forward with his daughter to welcome the visitors. Mrs. Gladstone, with her son, Mr Herbert Gladstone, followed. . . . Mr. W. F. Dennehy, Secretary to the Lord Mayor, then introduced the different deputations, who were composed as follows:—

The Lady Mayoress of Dublin was accompanied by the Mayoress of Cork, the Mayoress of Limerick, Mrs. A. M. Sullivan, Mrs. T. M. Healy, Mrs. D. B. Sullivan, Mrs. J. E. Kenny, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Rea, Mr. D. B. Sullivan, B.L., and Mr. Laurence Dennehy.

Cork was represented by Alderman P. J. Madden (Mayor), Rev. W. J. Madden, Adm., Chaplain; Mr. P. F. Dunne, High Sheriff; Mr. R. A. Atkins, T. C.; Mr. Walter Dwyer, and Mr. Alexander McCarthy, Town Clerk.

Limerick was represented by the Mayor (Mr. O'Mara); the Town Clerk, Mr. Alfred C. Wallace; the law adviser, Mr. P. F. Connolly; and the following members of the Corporation:—Messrs. R. M. McDonnell, J.P.; J. Dundon, Solicitor; S. F. Dowling, J.P.; F. A. O'Keefe, Solicitor; D. Begly, J. Clune, W. Spillane; and W. J. O'Donnell.

From Waterford there were present—Alderman J. T. Power (Mayor); Mr. J. Power, High Sheriff; Alderman Smith; Alderman Kelly, Alderman Redmond; Messrs. J. Manning, H. Grainger, P. Kent; and J. Howard, Town Clerk.

The Clonmel Corporation was represented by Alderman B. Wright (Mayor); Alderman E. O'Connell Hackett, and Mr. D. J. Clancy.

Then follows a description of the Library, where the presentation took place, and the report thus proceeds:—

Mr. Gladstone seemed struck by the appropriateness of the emblem which surmounted the Limerick casket—the Treaty Stone—and, placing his hand upon it, he said, “This is very sad,” and during his address he frequently emphasised his words by striking his hand on the casket.

The Lady Mayoress of Dublin, Mrs. T. D. Sullivan, then came forward, and said:—

Mr. Gladstone, we have the honour to bring to you a document bearing the signatures of some hundreds of thousands of Irish-women, expressing their heartfelt thanks for the noble endeavour you have made to promote the peace and welfare of Ireland. It is but natural that the women of Ireland should feel as deep an interest as the men in the happiness of their native land. We wish to see an ending of that political strife which imposes so many sacrifices on our husbands and our sons, but we never will ask them or wish them to abate any of their legitimate efforts for their country, until its national rights are conceded by such a measure as you had the wisdom and goodness to propose for the acceptance of Parliament. From our hearts we thank you for the blessed work of peace and friendship which you have so well commenced, and we pray that God may give you health and strength to complete it.

The Mayors of Cork and Limerick having spoken, Mr. Gladstone delivered an eloquent reply, in the course of which he argued—for the enlightenment of his own countrymen—that the pacification and conciliation of Ireland was necessary, not only for the well-being of the Irish people, but in the best interests of the British Empire. He also touched upon the point of honour in the following words:—

But the highest of all considerations affected by the interests of England in the subject is this—that her character requires it.

At this point the deputations put in a remarkably vigorous “hear, hear.” The ex-premier went on to say:—

However disagreeable it may be to many Englishmen to have the subject opened up—if it cannot all be done at once, it must be done by degrees—in order that she may know and finally may be convinced, that there is a stain upon her character in respect to her relations with Ireland, and that it is necessary that that stain should be removed.

Having concluded his impressive speech, Mr. Gladstone signed his name to the rolls of the four cities. After which the deputations took their leave of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and returned to Chester. So ended a notable day.

Some months after those pleasant proceedings, we had what might be called a return visit from our friends across the Channel. A large party of ladies and gentlemen, representing English Liberal and Home Rule Associations, came to present to the Lady Mayoress an address of sympathy with the women of Ireland, signed by nearly 40,000 Englishwomen. The presentation took place in the Mansion House, Dublin, on July 11th, 1887. Amongst the ladies assembled, were Miss Jane Cobden (now Mrs. Fisher Unwin), daughter of Richard Cobden; Mrs. John Mills, chief organiser of the demon-

stration, wife of a distinguished Cheshire banker ; Mrs. Schwann, wife of Mr. C. E. Schwann, M.P. for a division of Manchester ; Mrs. Phillips, wife of the President of the English Home Rule League, Miss Gertrude Thompson, and others. The deputation was introduced by Mr. Schwann in a graceful speech ; several of the ladies also spoke ; I quote a few sentences from their addresses. Mrs. Mills said :—

Whilst this message has been in course of signature we have sometimes been asked with a doubting smile, "What is the use of all this waste of time and effort ? It will do no good." And even from others who, whilst they sympathise with our views, seem to have the power of grasping only the material side of things, has come the question, "What is the good of it ? If you want to show sympathy send money and clothing, not names." Well, we have done the one, and, if needful, trust that we shall not leave the other undone. But our conviction is that not charity but justice, is at this moment Ireland's deepest need. . . . If in ever so small a degree our message of sympathy should also prove to be a "consolation in sorrow, a harbinger of hope for the future," it gives me great happiness, on behalf of nearly forty thousand of my fellow countrywomen, to present to you, the Lady Mayoress of Dublin, and through you to our Irish sisters, this address.

The address, which was handsomely illuminated and bound, contained the following passage :—

We, the undersigned women of England, Scotland, and Wales, send loving and sympathetic greeting to our suffering sisters in Ireland, and declare that we utterly condemn this Coercion Bill, and will use all the influence we may have to urge the giving of such a measure of Home Rule as will satisfy the just demands of the Irish people, as made through their representatives in Parliament.

The first three names appended to this kindly document were those of Catherine Gladstone, Jane Cobden, and Ursula Bright. Miss Cobden, in the course of her speech, said :—

This message is only one of many proofs of the large amount

of sympathy awakened in the English people by the distress and privations now being experienced in this country through political mismanagement. . . . That this present reign of "law and order" in Ireland is doomed, no one who has looked into English History of the last fifty years can doubt. That it shall give way to a government of Ireland, by Ireland, to be conceded to Ireland by the justice-loving masses of the English people, is a wish we Englishwomen hold dear and sacred—dear as the homes from which ill-used tenants are evicted, sacred as are their rights.

Mrs. Schwann spoke in the same sense, and with a degree of emotion that touched all hearts. The Lady Mayoress in the course of her reply said :—

Amongst the names appended to this address are several which are known and honoured throughout these kingdoms in connection with works of benevolence and humanity ; and it is with delight I notice at the head of the list, that of the wife of the great statesman, the true friend of Ireland and England, William Ewart Gladstone. There, too, I am happy to see represented the honoured names of Cobden and Bright. So far as I know, nothing like the presentation of this loving message ever before occurred in the long history of the connection between Ireland and England, and I regard this incident as one of the many signs that we are even now at the commencement of happier relations between the two countries.

So the women did their part nobly in the good work of peacemaking. Amongst our male helpers we had a number of M.P.'s. and representatives of English Liberal organisations. One of the members of the delegation above mentioned was Professor Thorold Rogers of Oxford. I should suppose that whenever he passed by our old Senate House in College Green, he must have remembered his own caustic lines, written in 1869, on the destruction of the Irish Parliament :

We all know that Judas was led to betray
The Master he served, for his own dirty pelf ;
But he proved his repentance by casting away
The cash he received, and by hanging himself.

The Irish political traitors of old

Higgled, bargained, and lastly their country betrayed,
Judas got only silver; they stood out for gold,
And both won the scorn of the parties who paid.

Here the parallel ends; *he* repented, not they;

He hanged himself—they were too shrewd to be rash,
For on the same spot where they settled the pay
They erected a Bank, and invested the cash.

The crowning incident of the visit of the English deputations was the great meeting to give them welcome held in the Rotunda on the evening of the 14th of September, 1887. From an account of the scene in one of the Dublin papers, I take a few passages:—

In the entire history of political demonstrations it may be questioned whether any parallel could be found for the magnificent and memorable meeting, or rather meetings, that were held on Wednesday night within the walls of the historic Rotunda. . . . Shortly after eight o'clock the members of the English deputation proceeded from the National League rooms in O'Connell Street, to the side entrance to the Rotunda in Cavendish Row. The passage of these ladies and gentlemen, through the densely packed crowd in the streets, was the signal for a magnificently enthusiastic greeting; but this was as nothing compared to the thunders of applause when the first of the party of visitors reached the platform in the Round Room. . . . In a few brief words the Chairman (the Lord Mayor) announced that the first business to be done was to adopt a resolution of welcome to their English visitors. This resolution, he said, would be moved by a trusted friend of the Irish people, one who had dared and suffered for the cause, and was now as ready as ever to dare, and if need be, to suffer for it.

This brief introduction was speedily interpreted by the vast assemblage and vociferous shouts for "Davitt," heralded the coming to the front of the platform of one of the very boldest soldiers of the century-long fight of which the night's proceeding was in itself a presage of glorious victory.

Mr. Davitt was followed by the vice-president of the Irish Parliamentary party, Mr. Justin McCarthy, who was loudly cheered by the swaying crowd. . . . The first of the English speakers to address the meeting was Professor J. E. Thorold Rogers, who represented Bermondsey in the last Parliament.

. . . . A perfect thunder of applause greeted the appearance of Mrs. Anna Bateson. Mrs. Bateson, is a calm, quiet, elderly lady, with a plaintive interesting face, lighted by a pair of sympathetic womanly eyes, which tell of the love of justice which brought her, aged lady as she is, to our capital, to join her voice to those of her kinsmen and compatriots who, like her, crossed the Channel on an embassy freighted with amity and love.

So far from the pen of an Irish reporter, but the most graphic description of the scene was supplied by the Rev. John Page Hopps—a Non-Conformist minister—in a letter to *The Daily News*, dated Leicester, September 17th. I cannot refrain from quoting a portion of it:—

To say that the magnificent hall, known as the Rotunda, was crowded with an audience of four or five thousand persons, that two overflow meetings were held, that still a multitude of people could not get within the walls of the meeting places, and that this result was attained with scarcely any advertising, is to say very little about it. Some of us who were present had seen most of the great gatherings in England during the past thirty years, and had ceased to be much moved by applauding multitudes; but on Wednesday the thrilling fervour of the people, and their boundless response to the note of sympathy came home to us as a revelation. . . . Over five-sixths of Ireland that intense feeling is the one supreme fact to-day. If Mr. Balfour thinks he is going to put that down he is under the greatest delusion that ever led a man astray. Twenty Englands could not do it; and if they could they would simply slaughter one of the divinest things on God's earth—the love of one's country, and the longing to live for it and set it free.

The meeting was as truly representative of all classes as an average Birmingham meeting of the good old sort; but one noticeable feature was the presence of vast numbers of alert, keen, vigorous, young men. Mortal man never looked on a sharper audience. A word was enough. To argue, explain, amplify, would have been ridiculous. They knew it all.

One of the remarkable incidents of the evening was the singing of "God Save Ireland." The Lord Mayor sang every verse, and the audience joined in the chorus. It is not altogether a pleasant song, for it almost glorifies the gallows; but all the

more pathetic and impressive for all that, when one came to think of the tremendous history of it, and remembered what was behind the boundless abandon of the audience in the singing of the chorus, "God Save Ireland," followed by such a whirlwind of cheers and cries as few Englishmen have heard. That singing and its tremendous accompaniment seemed the "outward and visible sign" of something that Englishmen would do well to take to heart.

England had a splendid opportunity in those days; she spurned it; and I do not think she has had much comfort in her relations with Ireland from that time to the present.



CHAPTER XXVI.

Yet another Coercion Act.—Attack on the Liberty of the Press.
 —I Set the Act at Defiance, and am Prosecuted.—Novel
 Scenes in Court.—Struggle for the City Sword and Mace
 —My Conviction and Sentence.—Experience of Tullamore
 Jail.—English Demonstrations of Sympathy.

BUT while some English and Irish people were thus striving to promote a policy of peace between the two countries, other forces were working in a contrary direction. The Irish Unionists and the landlords were crying out for repressive measures, and the Government was passing through Parliament a stringent Coercion Act. One of its purposes was to suppress the Irish National League. With this view it empowered the Lord Lieutenant to "proclaim" any association he might regard as dangerous; and in case of any attempt to defy or evade the law, heavy penalties were provided for the transgressors. It was also made illegal to publish reports of the meetings of any association so proclaimed, or any of its branches. I regarded this as an attack on the liberty of the Press, and I resolved to make a fight against it. Accordingly, in *The Nation* of 27th August, 1887, I published, prominently displayed, the following notification:—

SPECIAL NOTICE.—By the 7th section of the Coercion Act, it is made unlawful to publish the proceedings of any association which the Lord Lieutenant—having proclaimed it—may choose to prohibit or suppress by his mere order; and by the 11th section any person so publishing such proceedings renders himself liable to six months imprisonment with hard labour. This is so gross an infringement of the liberty of the Press that it must be grappled with from the very beginning. We, therefore, give notice to all whom it may concern, that if any branch of the

National League be ordered out of existence by the Viceroy, and if its committee or members in general continue to meet, as we are satisfied they ought to do, we shall publish reports from them, sent to us by their secretaries or other authorised officers, precisely as if no Coercion Act ever existed. We advise that no branch should seek for suppression, and that no speeches should be made or resolutions passed for the mere purpose of provoking Governmental action; but we most strenuously recommend that the branches should hold together, and carry on their work of patriotism just as they have been doing heretofore. If the right of public meeting be denied to them, they must meet in private; then let them, as we have already said, send us their reports and resolutions in the usual way; we shall be happy to publish them and face the consequences.

In the next number of *The Nation* I published the following :—

SONG FOR THE BRANCHES.

From Dublin Castle has been sped
 A mandate o'er the land—
 The People's League must die, 'tis said,
 'Tis now proclaimed and bann'd :
 The People answer, " No ! not so !
 If they or we must yield,
 The Castle 'tis that down must go,
 The League will hold the field :
 Proclaim it, and blame it,
 Our tyrants may, 'tis true ;
 To shame it, or tame it,
 Is more than they can do.

The People's League is great and strong,
 It spreads from sea to sea ;
 'Twas made to end the reign of wrong
 And set a nation free ;
 And 'till its glorious task is done,
 Assail it as they may,
 No power that lives beneath the sun
 Shall take its life away,
 Still daring, unfearing
 'Twill work for Ireland's weal,
 And quail not, or fail not,
 For paper, lead, or steel.

We know that ere our strife is o'er
With tyrants, thieves, and knaves,
Our noblest men may suffer sore
Or sleep in prison graves :
Such pains as these are Freedom's price—
Amen, amen, say we ;
We'd pay it twice—we'd pay it thrice—
For Ireland's liberty.
So loudly, and proudly,
We tell our foes to-day
We scorn them, we spurn them,
And dare them to the fray.

I acted up to my promise—and the Government acted up to their proclamation. In *The Nation*, bearing date October 1st, 1887 (but, as is the way with weekly papers, issued and on sale two days before), I published reports of meetings held by “suppressed” branches of the League—and on the evening of September 30th I had a visit at the Mansion House from an officer of the detective force who delivered to me an invitation—which I could not decline—to appear before Mr. C. J. O'Donnell, Divisional Magistrate, in his police court, on the 6th of October, to answer for the offence of having published the aforesaid reports. The news created a little sensation, and the Corporation resolved that they would signalise the occasion by appearing with me in the police court in their robes of office, accompanied by the civic officers bearing the Sword and Mace, the insignia of the municipality. On the morning of the day fixed for the trial the City Fathers, to the number of about forty, assembled at the Mansion House, and thence proceeded to the police court, enthusiastically cheered by crowds of people along the way. The following account of the ensuing scene I take from an English paper :—

Arrived at the Police Court the Lord Mayor took his place at the table, under the dock. On his right were Messrs. Sexton,

McDonald, and T. P. Gill, M.P.'s, while on his left sat Mr. John Dillon, M.P. . . . The sword and mace were about to be placed on the table in front of the Bench, but Inspector Whittaker said he would not permit it. Mr. Dennehy, the Lord Mayor's secretary, remonstrated with the Inspector, who, however, was firm. Mr. Sexton demanded, as High Sheriff, that the City Sword and Mace should be placed on the table. Superintendent Mockler interposed, and said this could not be allowed. Mr. Sexton said he would place them there himself, and he called on the sword-bearer to hand him the weapon. Mr. Sexton took hold of it, but Superintendent Mockler also took hold of it; it was also seized by Mr. Dennehy.

A heated altercation between the High Sheriff and the Superintendent then ensued, the sword being clutched all the time by four persons—the three above-named and Mr. Burke, Sword-bearer to the Corporation. The Lord Mayor then said he would not allow the City Sword to be seized by the police officer, and suggested that the Sword and Mace-bearers and their insignia might be accommodated at the front of the gallery. To this arrangement the Superintendent assented, and "the incident closed."

The ensuing proceedings may be briefly told. The presiding magistrate was Mr. C. J. O'Donnell; Mr. Carson, Q.C. appeared for the Crown; my legal defenders were Alderman V. B. Dillon, solicitor, and Mr. T. M. Healy, B.L. A copy of *The Nation* containing the incriminated report was produced; evidence was given that, as alleged in that report, a meeting was held at Ramsgrange, Co. Wexford, on Sunday, the 25th of September, in the grounds belonging to the Church of the Very Rev. Canon Doyle, P.P.—a venerated priest and a veteran Nationalist—but the policeman who deposed to the holding of the meeting was unable to give any account of the speeches delivered, inasmuch as he had not heard them. Mr. Healy argued that this was fatal to the prosecution; no evidence had been adduced to show that the meeting had any connection

with the National League ; for all that appeared to the contrary it might have assembled to make arrangements for the building of a spire to the church. The magistrate held that the point was good, and he dismissed the case. The Crown gave notice of appeal.

Then followed a great scene of rejoicing in the court-house and all along our homeward route to the Mansion House. At the latter point the crowd would not break up until I had spoken a few words to them. They were thus reported in the journals of next day :—

The Lord Mayor said that in the first tussle the National Press had come off victorious over the Coercion Government. That news would gladden the heart of Mr. Parnell, and of the Grand Old Man. He told his brother Pressmen that the way to defeat the infamous Act was to defy it. In this week's *Nation* he had repeated the offence committed last week, and he was willing to suffer, if need be, for Irish liberty.

The London illustrated papers published pictures of those scenes, and *Punch* made them the subject of a somewhat amusing ballad, from which I take a few stanzas :—

Shure its Balfour would be troublin', meeself Lord Mayor
o' Dublin,

But every charge he makes I'll meet in fashion you'll call nate,
I'll face the accusation that he brings against *The Nation*,
Attired from head to foot, my boys, in all my robes of State.

"So on with hat and gown, boys, for we're goin' through the
town, boys,

And you must help your City's Chief to make a rale display."
Thus Tim Sullivan he cried out, as straightway he did ride out,
In civic pomp to near the court on that eventful day.

The struggle for the sword and mace is then described by Mr. Punch's "pote," after which the strain thus proceeds :—

Then up stood Mr. Carson, just as quiet as a parson,
And read out his indictment with a settled stone-like face,
'Till Tim Healy, quick replying, rose then and there denying
That the counsel for the Crown had the shadow of a case.

Then while each legal brother argued each against the other,
 The while Tim Sullivan reclined in all his civic blaze,
 O'Donnell he looked vexed there, and he seemed somewhat
 perplexed there,
 As if the matter struck him as involved in doubtful haze.

The bard then tells how the magistrate made pronouncement that there was not sufficient evidence to justify a conviction ; and :—

Then wild with exultation up rose Mayor and Corporation,
 And, greeted by the crowd without, were cheered along the way,
 Till the Mansion House on nearing, the mob cried midst their
 cheering,
 A speech they wanted, and would hear what he had got to say.

Then Tim Sullivan he spouted :—the mob they surged and
 shouted,
 And the upshot of the speech was this, that if, through legal
 flaws,
 By any chance your way you see to battle with the powers that
 be,
 You're hero both and martyr if you break the Saxon's laws.

Immediately after leaving the court I wired to Mr. Gladstone news of the breakdown of the prosecution ; on the next day he wrote me the following letter :—

Hawarden, October 7th, '87.

MY DEAR LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN,—I thank you very much for your telegram. The drama is developing itself in Ireland, in consequence of the rash and outrageous proceedings of the Government, with a portentous rapidity. God grant that we may none of us be thrown off our balance. I was glad to see that you had kept yours in Court yesterday under trying circumstances, and I heartily rejoice that the Government rather ignominiously failed in the attempt to give effect to a cruel and oppressive policy. Believe me very faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Our legal triumph, however, was but short-lived. The magistrate's decision was set aside in a superior court. Then the officers of the law paid me another

visit. On the 24th of November (1887) I was served with eight summonses—having reference to reports of as many meetings—to appear again in the Northern Police Court, before Mr. C. J. O'Donnell, and answer to the charges that would be preferred against me.

The trial, which took place on December 2nd, resulted in a conviction, the magistrate being constrained thereto by the judgment which had been obtained in the Court of Appeal. Thereupon his worship sentenced me to two months' imprisonment as a first class misdemeanant. The worthy man inquired if I would appeal against the conviction, but I had no notion of doing anything of the kind; I believed that such a proceeding would be only a waste of time and money—besides, I thought I had got off lightly. I might have got a longer term under harder conditions. If that lot had come to me I would not repine; but I was glad that my time was to pass under less disagreeable circumstances.

My first place of detention was Richmond Prison, Dublin, of which I, myself, was a "Visiting Justice;" from thence I was transferred to Tullamore Jail, King's County. I had no complaint to make of my treatment, except that I was not allowed to see the weekly issues of *The Nation*, although I was responsible to the Government and the public for every line they contained. The nature of my sentence exempted me from the performance of prison duties. A prisoner was told off to tidy up my room (in a disused hospital) light fires, &c. My first attendant in that capacity was a soldier named Macmillan, who was undergoing punishment for some offence committed while on a drunken spree. His time was up before mine, and when he was about to leave I gave him a few words of advice. "Now, Macmillan," said I, "take care you don't get into another such scrape as brought you here;" but hardly had I said the

words when I felt conscious that the soldier might just as well have given me the same good counsel.

While I was within the prison walls the Corporation of Dublin paid me the compliment of voting me the Honorary Freedom of the City. As I could not attend at the City Hall to sign the roll of honorary burgesses, they passed a resolution that the Corporation, in full State, should proceed to Tullamore Jail, bringing the Roll for my signature. But, for their admission within the gates the assent of the Prisons Board was necessary, and as it could not be obtained the project was abandoned. Many messages of sympathy from English friends came to me during the time of my detention within "the grey old walls" of Tullamore prison. Christmas and New Year's Cards came to me in abundance. One little article of this class interested me particularly. It pictured an antique stone cross with a number of doves—emblematic of peace—flying around it, and bore some suitable lettering; but the touching point of the presentation was that it was sent to me—as stated in an accompanying note—by "Twenty-eight English carpenters working in a shop in Finsbury, London, E.C." In the lapse of years since that time I have lost sight of many friendly tokens with which I was favoured, but I have kept the card of the carpenters.

Not less welcome to me, or politically significant, was the following address of sympathy from a number of Non-Conformist ministers in Cardiff, South Wales:—

We, the undersigned ministers of religion in Cardiff, strongly protest against the action of the English Government in supressing free speech and the free Press in Ireland, which have long been regarded as the inalienable right of every British subject. We also protest against the cruelty with which evictions have been carried out in the sister country, and likewise against the harsh and unjust sentences which have been inflicted upon some of her most patriotic sons. We beg respectfully

R

to express our deep sympathy with Mr. T. D. Sullivan, Lord Mayor of Dublin, and with Mr. William O'Brien, in the cruel imprisonment to which they have been subjected, and to assure them that the liberty-loving people of Great Britain will, by every constitutional means in their power, and at the earliest opportunity, bring to an end the system of tyranny and misrule that unhappily prevails in their beloved land.

Signed,—

Alfred Tilly, Baptist; C. W. Lamport; J. Berryman, Baptist; James Whittoch, Primitive Methodist; Isaac Carne, Bible Christian; David Davis, Baptist; W. F. Jones, Baptist; Thomas Jenkins, B.A., Church of England; John Morris, Congregational; Geo. Thomas, Congregational; John D. Stevens, Wesleyan; James Morris, Bible Christian; J. R. Davis, Congregational; Thos. Davis, Baptist; Wm. Seward, Congregational; John Moyan Jones, Calvinist Methodist; Wm. Bailey, Methodist Free Church; Geo. Hargraves, Methodist Free Church; Jno. Williamson, M.A., Congregational; J. A. Jenkins, B.A., Congregational; Charles Ambrose, Congregational; D. E. Roberts, Baptist.

One of the poems I penned while in prison gave expression to the feelings with which I regarded such demonstrations of good-will for the Irish cause. It was entitled "A Thanks-offering," and "inscribed to the ladies of the Home Rule Council of the Hampstead Liberal and Radical Association." I quote three of its five verses :—

Mr prison room holds many a graceful token,
 Books, pictures, flow'rs, and sprigs of green, -
 Some sent by friends to whom I've never spoken,
 Whose kindly faces I have never seen;
 Dear letters, too, that touch the founts of feeling,
 Whose every phrase to love and kindness wins,
 Like the sweet tones of eloquent appealing
 That yearn from out pathetic violins.

Some come across the rolling waves that sunder
 The neighbouring island from this Irish shore,
 And not alone delight, but joyful wonder
 Thrills through me while I read each message o'er;

Not all because to me they offer greeting
 The word of comfort and the friendly hand,
 But that in each I almost feel the beating
 Of hearts that long to help my native land.

I thank you, friends; but if my being stricken,
 Prisoned and bound for breach of shameful laws,
 Has helped within your generous hearts to quicken
 A noble love for Ireland and her cause
 Great is my joy; and if each day that finds me
 And leaves me captive, adds to such sweet gains
 Then shall I hope the tyrant power that binds me
 May find some reason to prolong my pains.

There were some Irish people, and English too, who distrusted the "Union of hearts." They did not doubt the sincerity of those who were prominent in the movement, but they had a perturbing suspicion that the new departure would not bring about the results expected from it, and that the Irish people, after parting with the old motive power of their struggles, would find themselves incapacitated from offering any effective opposition to their rulers—powerless as a steam engine whose boilers had cooled down and whose fires were extinguished. A gifted English lady, Miss Una Ashworth Taylor,* gave utterance to such thoughts in a poem entitled "The Dirge of Hate" published in *The Nation* of March 3rd, 1888. To its stanzas, ten in number, she prefixed the following quotation from a speech delivered by William O'Brien in the House of Commons on the 16th of the preceding month:—

There was a time when we came here with our hand against every man's . . . but all that is at an end for ever.

* Grand-daughter of the poet Sir Henry Taylor, whose wife had been a Miss Spring Rice, of the family of Lord Monteagle; the poetess was thus connected with Irish families in Kerry, Limerick, and Clare.

I quote the following verses :—

What song for our Land have you left us ? What song can we
lay at her feet ?

We who sang of her shame, done, suffered, and kissed from her
lips, as was meet ?

What song have you left ?—You have silenced and laid your
hands on the strings,

Bade " Sing of the Love that cometh with the sunrise on his
wings."

" The songs of the night are ended ; sing the dirge of a dying
Hate ;

Great Love, the new lord who cometh, he stands at the Kingdom's
gate " ;

And we answer, " Hate died with the dawning, pierced through
with Love's sword of flame,

But early and late he loved you ; he was true—will Love be the
same ? "

For, behold, our Hate was holy, not as hatred of man to man,
But the Hate of wrong and thralldom, the hate of the flail and
the fan.

Sacred was he and holy, the weight of our grief he bore,
When the priest prayed " Peace," he pleaded " God grant, in his
pity, war."

But you who have slain him, did his eyes never hold yours fast
As you loitered through summer grasses while the Rider of
judgment passed,

Calling your soul to follow, and kindling life's pale desire,
With the passion that scorches and sears, the flame of his altar
fire.

Have you so soon forgotten ? He is dead : will you never miss
On the field of battle his laughter, in the arms of death his kiss ?
At your bidding we come to his burial, but blame not our tears
to-day,

As we cover the bier we are bearing with crowns that the
mourners lay.

Of the English friends who were with us in those
days the great majority, there is reason to believe, hold
true to their Home Rule opinions. Some few may

have fallen away ; their social atmosphere and environment are unfavourable to a retention of their belief in the desirability of self-government for Ireland. Many are unable to appreciate at their real value the mistakes, the eccentricities, the extravagances that are the inevitable accompaniments of a long-continued and strenuous political agitation. Irish as well as English friends of Home Rule have been staggered by the behaviour of Nationalist members occasionally in the House of Commons ; but they should recognise that those "scenes" constitute but a passing phase of a temporary disorder ; that the principle of self-government is what has to be considered, and that a National Parliament in Dublin would be quite a different thing from a party of combat, assailing and assailed, in the British House of Commons.



CHAPTER XXVII.

The Times Articles on "Parnellism and Crime."—How they were Manufactured.—Flanagan, Houston, and Pigott.—The Forged Letter.—Repudiation by Parnell.—Action against *The Times* by Mr. O'Donnell.—Appointment of the Special Commission.

THE publication in *The Times*, in March and April, 1887, of a series of articles entitled "Parnellism and Crime," was an important factor in the political situation. Their design was to attribute to the "Parnellite" agitation responsibility for all the discontent, disorder, crime and outrage then unhappily prevalent in Ireland. The idea that the rackrented, evicted and half-starved Irish tenants would never know that they were badly used, never have their brains inflamed by a burning sense of wrong, never nurse the natural craving for vengeance, if agitators had not been making speeches about them and clamouring for a reform of the land laws—was surely absurd and ridiculous. The truth was that the championship of the tenants' cause by their political leaders exercised a restraining influence on many hot heads and troubled hearts; it gave them hope;—it taught them patience. The Unionist party, however, and the landlords, would have it that the only medicine for the ills of Ireland was a new Coercion Act, the abolition of trial by jury, the muzzling of the National newspapers, and the running into jail of some hundreds of popular men at the mere will of the Castle officials. The newly-formed Salisbury government, almost immediately after their accession to office in the end of

1886, applied themselves to the passing of such a measure. To strengthen their hands and to evoke a storm of anti-Land League and anti-Home Rule feeling in England, the "Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union" redoubled their energies. They raked the whole country for incidents of crime and outrage; they spiced, coloured, and garnished them, and set them forth in their publications in the most sensational fashion. The chief artists engaged in this work were Mr. Flanagan (son of the Right Hon. Stephen Woulfe Flanagan, Judge of the Irish Landed Estates Court); Mr. Edward Caulfield Houston; Professor Maguire of Trinity College (the moral philosopher); Mr. Philip H. Bagenal, proprietor and editor of *The Union*—and Mr. Richard Pigott. The first-named was the author of the series of articles entitled "Parnellism and Crime," which appeared in *The Times*, in the early months of 1887. In the production of those articles three men were mainly concerned—Pigott, Houston, and Flanagan. Pigott quarried out the requisite forgeries—the great blocks that were to form the foundation for the whole edifice of lies and libels. Houston purchased them—at fancy prices—and passed them on to Flanagan, who dressed and carved them and placed them in position. All expenses were paid and the artificers rewarded from the coffers of *The Times*. The articles reeked with stories of murders, maimings, and other outrages, and plainly charged the Irish political leaders with having not merely connived at those atrocities, but organised and paid for them, receiving themselves from criminal associations pay for their work in and out of Parliament. Here is a specimen sentence from *The Times* :—

History will record with amazement that these men, whose political existence depends upon an organised system of midnight murder, and who draw at once their living and notoriety from the steady perpetration of crime for which civilisation decrees

the gallows, are permitted to sit in the British House of Commons.*

The publication of those libels was so timed as to fit in with the debates on the Coercion Bill, then being forced through the House of Commons, and thus to supply a store of ammunition to the Coercionist party. The second reading—the critical stage—of the Bill was fixed for April 18th, 1887. On the morning of that day, a few hours before the taking of the fateful division, there appeared, prominently displayed in *The Times*, what purported to be a fac-simile of a letter from Mr. Parnell to a correspondent, excusing himself for having denounced the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish, and intimating something like approval of the murder of Mr. Burke. It was dated May 15th, '82 (a few days after the assassinations) and was in these terms :—

DEAR SIR,—I am not surprised at your friend's anger, but he and you should know that to denounce the murders was the only course open to us. To do that promptly was plainly our best policy. But you can tell him, and all others concerned, that though I regret the accident of Lord Cavendish's death, I cannot refuse to admit that Burke got no more than his deserts. You are at liberty to show him this, and others whom you can trust also, but let not my address be known. He can write to the House of Commons. Yours truly,

CHARLES S. PARNELL.

On that same night, in the House of Commons, before the division was taken, Mr. Parnell indignantly denounced this letter as a vile forgery, a wicked and infamous fabrication. He criticised the signature, saying that he had not shaped the initial "C" or the

* This passage from an article of *The Times* was brought under the notice of Speaker Peel (in March '87) as a breach of privilege. To the surprise of many in the House and out of it, the Speaker ruled that it did not amount to such an offence.

terminal "ll" of his name in that way for a long time past. These discrepancies, no doubt, struck him on first sight of the forgery, but his remarks on them were not very impressive; what was impressive, and indeed thrilling, was his vehement denial of all knowledge of the document beyond having seen it in *The Times* of that morning:—

I certainly never heard of the letter. I never saw such a letter before I saw it in *The Times* this morning. . . . I never had the slightest notion in the world that the life of the late Mr. Forster was in danger, or that any conspiracy was on foot against him or any other official in Ireland or elsewhere. I had no more notion than an unborn child of such a conspiracy as that of the Invincibles, and no one was more astonished than I was when that bolt from the blue fell upon us in the Phoenix Park murders. I know not in what direction to look for this calamity. It is no exaggeration to say that if I had been in the Park that day I would gladly have stood between Lord Frederick Cavendish and the daggers of the assassins, and for the matter of that, between their daggers and Mr. Burke.

The division was taken shortly afterwards; it gave a majority of 116 for the Government.

After the lapse of some weeks, hints and taunts began to be thrown out in the Unionist papers that beyond the utterance of a few sentences in Parliament, Mr. Parnell was doing nothing to clear himself of the heavy accusations brought against him. People wanted to know, if he had a good case, why did he not bring an action for libel against *The Times*? That journal itself put the same question, and announced that it would welcome a legal investigation into the truth of its charges and allegations. But Mr. Parnell held his peace. He knew that an action against *The Times*, which would open up the history of Irish agitations for the past eight or ten years, would be a tremendously heavy undertaking, involving an enormous amount of expense; and even if the resources of the

Land League could bear the strain he did not wish them to be squandered in that way. Moreover, he doubted that in this case he could have a fair trial in a British court of law. John Bull is a good juror in the ordinary affairs of life, but John being only human nature, and not at all exempt from the prejudices and passions inherent therein, Mr. Parnell judged he had better not ask for his services on the present occasion. But the case, in a certain fragmentary way, did get into the law courts nevertheless.

Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, ex-M.P., was one of the multitude who read with avidity the tremendous accusations launched by *The Times* against the leaders of the Parnellite movement. Though he was not one of that group at the time, having parted company with them some years before, and got into unfriendly relations with Mr. Parnell, he conceived that he was in a position to clear them from some at least of *The Times'* charges, and he felt bound to give them the benefit of his testimony. With this view he wrote from the Hotel du Nord, Cologne, a letter to *The Times* which was published in that journal on June 17th, 1887, and opened thus:—

Not even the repugnance with which the Parnellite system has for many years inspired me can allow me to leave uncorrected some misstatements of your anonymous informant on Parnellism and Crime in relation to the alleged complicity of the Parnellites in the crimes of Byrne, the fugitive secretary of the Home Rule Confederation and Land League. . . Especially it is absolutely false that Byrne owed the position of secretary which he so horribly abused, to any initiative on the part of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Justin M'Carthy, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Healy, Mr. Davitt, Mr. Sexton, Mr. T.P. O'Connor, or any other leaders of the Parnellite movement.

On a couple of other points also Mr. O'Donnell offered corrections of the "Parnellism and Crime" articles, intimating his competency to deal with the subject by

appending to his name the title "Ex-Vice-President and Hon. Secretary, Home Rule Confederation," and explaining thus the cause of his retirement from the organisation :—

As I regarded with increasing indignation and contempt what I regarded as the degradation of the National movement to a sordid and untenable form of agrarian socialism, I took no part in the administration of the new movement.

On this letter *The Times* founded a column of editorial comment, treating Mr. O'Donnell's alleged corrections as trivialities, and reiterating all its previous charges against the Parnellites—but without attributing to Mr. O'Donnell any complicity in their offences. That gentleman, however, took the view that as he was not specifically and by name exempted from the scope of those articles, he was included in it, and his character thereby injuriously aspersed. Forthwith he launched an action for libel against *The Times*, laying the damages at £50,000.

This course Mr. O'Donnell appears to have adopted entirely on his own initiative. He took no counsel with the Parnellite leaders; he sought no sanction or approval from Mr. Parnell. In fact, the party regarded his proceeding with grave disfavour. They felt that the firing off of Mr. O'Donnell's rifle might bring on a general engagement, and for this they were not prepared. Mr. O'Donnell seems to have thought that once his legal action was started Mr. Parnell would feel bound to take part in it, for his own sake, and that of his party, if for no other consideration. On finding that the Chief would not touch the case or hold any communication with him about it, he waxed very angry and made bitter complaints. At this time he wrote me a letter—we were old friends—to which I thus replied :—

House of Commons, 16th June, '88.

DEAR O'DONNELL.—In consequence of my having been away

for some days at an election contest in Ayr, I did not get your note of the 8th inst. until this morning, when I returned to London.

The tone and temper of it alarm me. If those are the feelings towards Mr. Parnell with which you are entering on this serious legal contest, *The Times* may well be hopeful about it.

I think you grievously mistake the man. He may be taking this matter more easily than you think he should. His temperament is different from yours; you ought by this time to know the fact, but you seem to make no allowance for it. I am no confidant of his, and have no authority to say a single word on his behalf. But I have a high appreciation of his services and his worth to Ireland and the Irish cause; I know the estimation in which he is rightly held by the Irish people, and there is, to my mind, something awful in the idea of your bringing him into a trial of this kind with feelings of dislike and enmity towards him in your heart.

It is in a perfectly friendly spirit that I would ask you to consider well your words and acts in his regard. Many people in Ireland feel puzzled about this trial. I hope nothing will happen to give them the slightest cause to think that your initiation of it has had any motive except a desire to vindicate your own honour.

Very truly yours,
T. D. SULLIVAN.

Mr. O'Donnell went on with his action. It was but poorly supported; he had only one barrister to plead his case; he did not himself go into the witness box; he did not call on Mr. Parnell to give evidence, though that gentleman, whom he had subpœnaed to attend, was in court. In fact the prosecution utterly broke down. But the Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster, leading counsel for *The Times*, availed of the opportunity to re-hash the whole story of "Parnellism and Crime," and to challenge investigation into its truth or falsehood. He read in open court the Pigott letters—which at that time had not been proved to be forgeries—he said his clients were prepared to prove that the documents were genuine, but would refuse to tell how or from whom they had obtained them. As for

Mr. O'Donnell, he claimed that *The Times* had made no charges against him; he referred to the fact that in their series of articles entitled, "Parnellism and Crime," the name of that gentleman had never once been mentioned; it had appeared, he said, for the first time in their comment on his recent letter, and then without imputing to him any share in the offences of the persons they denounced. But he wanted to know why those persons did not come forward to clear themselves? Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, intervening, said he would not allow the guilt or innocence of persons who were not parties to the case, and consequently could not defend themselves, to be tried in this action; and that, as regards the subject of the trial, plaintiff had made no case against *The Times*, and the defendants had nothing to answer. The jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict to that effect. (July 5th, 1888.)

For his action in this case, Mr. O'Donnell was freely criticised, and suspicions of his *bona fides* were expressed in Nationalist quarters. For such suspicions there was no foundation; his conduct was, doubtless, unwise; but in no sense or degree was it dishonest or dishonourable. At an anti-coercion demonstration held on Glasgow Green on July 7th, Mr. Michael Davitt thus bore testimony to the good faith of his friend:—

In the interests of truth and fair play, I wish to correct a statement which is going the round of the Press that is unjust to an unfortunate and beaten man. It is said that there has been collusion between Mr. O'Donnell and *The Times*. That is a most unjust aspersion. . . . Mr. O'Donnell is also blamed—especially by Mr. Parnell's friends in Ireland and Great Britain—for having followed a certain course during the hearing of his case. I feel bound to say that he pursued that course against his own judgment, on the advice, not of Mr. Parnell—he had nothing to do with the case—but, on my advice, and the advice of some other Irish Nationalists who believed that the case

would receive an impartial hearing at the hands of the judge. But we were grievously disappointed.

So far, victory for *The Times*. But the end was not yet. On Friday, July 6th,—the next day after the delivery of the victory—Mr. Parnell rose in the House of Commons and delivered a spirited and interesting speech on the evidence adduced at the late trial, examining one after another of the alleged letters, and declaring them in nearly every instance to be concoctions and forgeries. At the next sitting of the House, on Monday, July the 9th, he again rose and asked the First Lord of the Treasury (Mr. W. H. Smith) “whether the Government would grant a Select Committee, consisting, if he likes, of English and Scotch members of this House, without any Irish members, for the purpose of inquiring into the authenticity of the letters read at the recent trial, and containing serious charges against several members of this House.” Mr. Smith promptly replied that the charges were grave ones and should be investigated, but the proper place for such investigation, he held, was a court of law. Thereupon Mr. Parnell gave notice that on the next Thursday he would bring forward a motion on this subject and ask that a day be given for its discussion; he added that if that should be refused him, he would take further action to ensure that the subject should be debated.

The Government then struck their colours, and undertook to bring in a Bill to constitute a Special Commission for the making of an exhaustive inquiry into the whole of the important questions which had thus been raised. The Commission was to be presided over by three judges, to whom were to be given very extensive powers, enabling them to compel the attendance of witnesses and the production of papers, to punish any defiance of their authority, and to give

certificates of indemnity to any witnesses who might be thus forced to give evidence incriminating themselves. They might start their inquiry from any point of recent Irish history they might select, and bring it down to the date of the current proceedings. Thus within the scope of their investigation were brought the entire working of the National organisation, the cause or causes of the disorders that for a considerable time had been rife in the country, and the relation in which the Irish members stood to the agitation. The Commissioners—Judges Hannen, Day, and Smith—opened their proceedings on October 22nd, 1888; the inquiry closed on November 22nd, 1889. In the interval of thirteen months an enormous mass of evidence had been tendered and recorded, a wonderful chapter of Irish history had been unfolded. The barest possible outline of the proceedings would be too long and large for these pages; but a brief reference to some portions of them will, as I conceive, be “in order.”



CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mainly about Pigott.—His Begging and Blackmailing Letters.—He Threatens to Commit Suicide.—The Forged Parnell and Egan Letters.—His Stories of the Black Bag.—Houston Employs him to get Evidence, and Buys the Forgeries for *The Times*.

THE main reliance of *The Times* party for the proving of their charges against the Irish leaders was on the material obtained by Houston from Richard Pigott. It was a mass of lying inventions and audacious forgeries; but it might have answered its purpose if the secret of its manufacture had not been found out. Whether Houston when buying it for large sums from Pigott was aware, or in any degree doubtful, of its real nature is a question on which I offer no opinion; but certain it is that in the course of the negotiations there were plenty of circumstances that should have awakened the suspicions of any sharp-witted and fair-minded man. Indeed there is evidence that the idea of fabricating those documents was developed in the mind of Pigott when he was being visited by Houston, and informed that if he could get hold of documents tending to incriminate any of the Irish leaders he might calculate on getting a good price for them. To a man of Pigott's character and circumstances the temptation was irresistible. Sir Charles Rusell, in his address to the Commission, thus referred to this part of the case:—

In the autumn of 1885, Mr. Houston goes to visit Richard Pigott. . . . He must have known the history of Richard Pigott. . . . I do not wish to say any more of the wretched man (Pigott) than is necessary. I am sure I do not know upon whom the greater burden of moral guilt rests in this matter.

. . . It is at least true to say of Pigott, that in his wretched penury, with children depending upon him—at a time when he was begging for small sums of relief—at a time when he was complaining of the presence of distress so great that his very goods were to be seized for the payment of rent—it was at this time the tempter came to him holding out the prospect of definite employment upon terms of £1 a day while he was working, and one guinea a day, I think it was, for his expenses. He was then asked could he get hold of any documents to incriminate any of the Irish leaders, and he said “I’ll try.”

Mr. Pigott’s pecuniary straits before “the tempter came to him” were indeed severe; but his mode of endeavouring to relieve them was not commendable. It consisted in the writing of lying letters, begging letters, and threatening letters, blackmailing, swindling, and forging. He pestered Chief Secretary Forster with appeals for monetary help, alleging that he had been boycotted and ruined by the Land Leaguers for having written approvingly of the recent land legislation of the Government. He begged from Earl Spencer, from Sir George Trevelyan, from Mr. Parnell, from Mr. Pat Egan, from Government officials and Nationalists of every class. He sought to extort money from each party by pretending that the other was trying to buy him up and offering him liberal sums for information which he could give, but would withhold if they would help him out of his embarrassments. The bundle of his begging letters to Mr. Forster produced and read at the Commission would make a bulky pamphlet. He stuck to the Minister like a leech, even after he had left office, and succeeded in bleeding him again and again. Mr. Forster was a man of rough exterior, looking more like a Yorkshire farmer than a Cabinet Minister; but “Old Buckshot,” as the Leaguers called him, had a soft corner in his heart which was occasionally touched by Pigott’s tale of woe. More than once in the course of their correspondence—nine-

tenths of which came from Pigott's pen—he had reason to suspect that the converted patriot was not dealing squarely with him ; but whenever any trouble arose Pigott managed to explain it away—or, at all events Mr. Forster appeared to accept his explanation.

An incident of this kind—a very awkward one for Pigott—arose in December, 1881, when Mr. Patrick Egan published in *The Freeman's Journal* the letters referred to in chapter X. of this work. Those letters professed to give an account of a visit paid to Pigott at his residence in Kingstown by some mysterious “Castle people,” who offered him a sum of £500 if he would print in his *Irishman* what purported to be an account of the disbursements of the Land League for a period of years. The reading of the Pigott letters disclosed by Mr. Egan would seem to have startled Mr. Forster. Without losing an hour he had his secretary, Mr. Horace West, to despatch the following note to Pigott :—

SIR.—Mr. Forster desires me to ask you whether the letters purporting to be written by you to Mr. Egan, and sent by him to to-day's *Freeman's Journal*, were really written by you.

In reply Pigott wrote a long rambling letter, referring Mr. Forster to an answer to Egan which he had sent to *The Freeman*. “I trust,” he wrote, “that you will consider the explanation I give in to-day's *Freeman* satisfactory, and that it will enable me to retain your good opinion ; . . . dear sir, there is nothing I now value more than your good opinion . . . It would be a matter of great grief to me, far above the greatest misfortune that could befall me, were I to lose your good opinion . . . There are sentences and expressions in these letters which I think it possible I never wrote . . . It is possible that Egan garbled them to suit his pur-

pose." The following passage is especially noteworthy :—

To this day I cannot say positively who the parties were who wanted me to print the document about the League funds, but I am all but certain that they were Leaguers (American or English), and that Egan subsequently managed to conciliate them.

But in his letters to Egan he had referred to them as "Castle people," and said, "other things that I will not trouble you with give me an absolute assurance that this move has its origin in Dublin Castle."

Pigott's "explanation" explained nothing. It is very unlikely that it could have allayed the suspicions of the Chief Secretary. One might think that at this point the Right Hon. gentleman would have had enough of his importunate and insatiable correspondent, but communications passed between them at intervals for two years after that time. It may be that the Minister had some pity for the miserable ex-patriot; another view of the situation is that regarding him as an unveracious, but withal interesting correspondent, who might at some time be useful, he did not care to shake him off.

The sums obtained at various times by Pigott from Mr. Forster as gifts from his private purse—so far as they are recorded in the proceedings of the Commission—tot up to £155. When of gifts he could get no more he took to begging for "loans," and when he could get no loans he began begging for situations. Some passages from his missives are painful reading, so mean and servile are they; others have, undesignedly, somewhat of an amusing character. He pleaded hard for help to bring out his loyal book entitled, "Recollections of an Irish Journalist;" after its publication

he wrote to Mr. Forster in June '82, to say the work was not selling, and he wanted help to make it "go":—

I hoped that it would have a large sale in Ireland, and that it would do some good, but as a matter of fact the Parnellites have boycotted the sale of it. . . . *The Mail*, a conservative paper, and *The Derry Standard*, a Liberal journal, unite in the hope that a cheap edition of the book will be brought out and largely circulated. I am inclined to believe that in anticipation of this being done, the Leaguers are about to bring out a shilling edition of A. M. Sullivan's *New Ireland*, with additions bringing it down to the present time, as a counter issue. Sullivan is sure to laud the League and the Leaguers to the skies. At the same time, I think if my book were brought out at a shilling it would sell in spite of the League; but of course I could not venture on the experiment unaided. If the Government would assist me I think the money required would not be ill spent.

The Government, however, did not come to his relief, and then Pigott made grievous complaint of their ingratitude. "I wrote letters," he said, "to every member of the Government. I ventured to hope they would aid me so far as to subscribe for a few copies. To these letters I received replies from the Prime Minister, Earl Spencer, and Sir Charles Dilke, refusing to subscribe at all; from the Marquis of Hartington, Lord Carlingford, the Earl of Derby, Mr. Bright, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Kimberly, and yourself (Mr. Forster) subscribing in all for 16 copies. . . . The book is a failure. I shall not get a shilling out of it. . . . I have been badly treated in the matter of the book by the Government." He proceeded to point out what he called "the plain moral to be drawn from the whole affair," which was that "an Irish politician who desires to serve the British Government need expect no consideration at their hands." "With them," said the virtuous Richard, "consistency and honesty are of no account at all."

His next move was to turn on the man who had been giving him largess time after time, and charge him with

having contributed to his ruin, by showing him small kindnesses which he had imagined would lead up to larger and better things. Influenced by the hopes thus created, he said he had broken utterly with "the other party," with the result that he now found himself completely stranded, without a ray of hope from any quarter. More than once he hinted at suicide as a short way of ending his troubles. On June 26th, '83, he wrote to Mr. Forster these ominous words:—

I have been in such straits for the last eighteen months that I more than ever seriously contemplated giving evidence of my conviction that life was not worth living, by leaving it. To that complexion it yet may come.

Again, on the 26th December, '83, after a long and fruitless series of applications for relief, he wrote:—

DEAR SIR.—By this post I return you all the letters I ever received from you. My state of mind is such that I feel I shall be tempted to do a desperate deed: and in that case these memorials of your good will and great kindness would be certain to fall into the hands of those who might misuse them. I am, indeed, in the lowest depths of despair: when a man sees his little children actually in want of food—at this season, too—and is powerless to help them, he clearly but "cumbereth the ground."

To this pathetic epistle Mr. Forster replied by return of post:—"I am sorry to hear of your difficulties, and enclose a five pound note, which may help you to make your Christmas less dreary. At the same time I must add that I cannot afford to send you a further sum."

Before I pass from Pigott's correspondence with Mr. Forster, one vein or strain of it deserves to be specially referred to. When regaling the Minister with evil reports of many of the leading Nationalists (of whom he said in one of his communications "they will go on asking for concession after concession, all the while keeping their murderers well in hand, ready to let slip

as occasion requires).” He did not spare such of them as had been his confidential colleagues in the working of his own papers, and by whose labours he had been for years obtaining a living. Of Mr. James O’Connor, his book-keeper—a political prisoner in ’67, and afterwards M.P. for Wicklow—he wrote :—

I am glad that you are looking up those League fellows. O’Brien is not the worst of *The United Ireland* writers. O’Connor I know has written some of the things in the paper which have the worst tendency, such as the attacks on the constabulary. When I had the place he used to pretend to be a ferocious Fenian. Since I left he has turned an equally ferocious Land Leaguer—for more pay. Sigerson, too, is as culpable as any of them, for he was trusted to revise and tone down anything dangerous in what the others wrote.

In another letter he again attacks his former editor, Dr. Sigerson, in even a more vicious fashion, saying :—

Since you held office here, I applied to Earl Spencer for the position of Secretary to the new Prisons’ Commission, which I heard was going a-begging, but was not favoured with even a line of acknowledgment of my application. . . . Curiously enough, one of the Commissioners appointed turned out to be the editor of one of Mr. Parnell’s papers—Dr. Sigerson—a man who, to my own knowledge, has written more treason, treason-felony, sedition, and incitements to murder and outrage than any other living man, in Ireland at least.*

The allegation that Dr. Sigerson, who had been Pigott’s editor of *The Irishman* for years, had written incitements to murder and outrage was a villainous libel, and only showed into what a depth of depravity its miserable author had sunk.

For years he had been of bad repute among Irish Nationalists. He had been publicly accused of embezzling political funds entrusted to his charge, and he failed to

* Letter, August 29, 1883. Report of Commission, Vol. V., p. 592.

make any satisfactory reply; in many ways he had lost caste amongst decent people in Dublin.—And it was to this miserable man, in the midst of his embarrassments, that Mr. Edward Caulfield Houston came questing for evidence against the leaders of the Land League; offering a liberal rate of pay for the time and trouble that might be expended in procuring compromising documents, and large sums as purchase money for such articles when obtained.

A glorious chance this for Richard Pigott! In his direst extremity, when he had been thinking of “shuffling off the mortal coil,” here was fortune knocking at his door—another confirmation of the saying that “the darkest hour is that before the dawn.” To his eager ears the Houston proposition was verily “The Angel’s Whisper”—but what sort of angel is another question. One pound a day, with hotel and travelling expenses! A splendid vista opened before his eyes. Now he could go touring half round the world, under easy conditions. London, Brighton, Boulogne, Paris, New York, Chicago, and other pleasant places were all within his reach. Documents! Why, of course Mr. Houston should have documents, and of the right kind too, in sufficient numbers, and strong enough to transport or hang dozens of “the Land League fellows”—beginning with Parnell. Pigott saw his way clearly; he shook hands warmly with the delightful Houston, and started on the job.

The subsequent stages of the Pigott-Houston operations read more like a romance than a reality. But the facts are on record, as they were unfolded before the Special Commission, and are printed in its Official report. Pigott travelled to and fro on his mission—probably not so often or so far as he represented in his bills for expenses—hunting up, as he alleged, members of the extreme National party, from

whom he might purchase such papers as he wanted. It is unlikely that he conversed or corresponded with many—or indeed any—of the Fenian men, because they distrusted him, and he knew they did. To Paris, however, he did go more than once, and in connection with those visits he concocted an extraordinary story.

It was to the effect that one day while rambling about the city he was accosted by a man whom he did not know, but who gave his name as Murphy, and said he had been in his employment as a compositor in Dublin ; he was now in Paris, he said, as an agent or in the interests of the Clan-na-Gael. Thereupon Pigott asked if he could help him to the discovery of any Land League documents that might be in the possession of any of his friends, as he was prepared to purchase such things and give a good price for them. The obliging Murphy said he would consider the matter. After the lapse of three or four days he came to Pigott and told him he had found a deposit of such literature ; it was contained in a black bag which had been left in a bedroom occupied some time before by Mr. Frank Byrne (an alleged Invincible), in a Paris hotel. Murphy had shown him the bag and allowed him to look at the letters, five of which were in Parnell's handwriting and six in that of Mr. Pat Egan. Murphy asked £1,000 for the lot, but after some bargaining agreed to take the moderate sum of £500.

With this story on the tip of his tongue, Pigott returned to London to get the money from Houston. After a short delay, necessary for consultation with *The Times* people, that wise young man consented to pay the price. Pigott went back to Paris to close the arrangement with "Murphy"—but then came a hitch in the proceedings. Murphy told him that while he, Pigott, had been in London, another member of the Clan-na-Gael from across the Atlantic had been in

Paris, had claimed the black bag and its contents as the property of the Organisation, and forbidden their sale until authorisation could be had from the chiefs of the Clan, to obtain which, Murphy said, it would be necessary for Pigott to interview those gentlemen in New York.

Houston swallowed the tale, assented to the voyage of discovery, and provided the requisite funds. Pigott took the money and disappeared for the length of time required for such a trip. When he returned to London he saw Houston again and told him that he had brought with him a letter from Mr. John J. Breslin of New York (one of the warders who planned and effected the escape of James Stephens from Richmond Prison in 1865) authorising Murphy to give him the black bag on receipt of the stipulated sum of money.

This was supposed by *The Times* party to be very good news. All was going "merry as a marriage bell," and Parnell and his co-conspirators would soon be smitten hip and thigh. Off to the gay city on the Seine went honest Richard once again. There he was presently joined by Houston, and also Maguire, Professor of Moral Philosophy—constituting such a shamrock as one should hope does not often "grow on Irish ground." On Houston's arrival Pigott called on him at his hotel and was shown up to his bedroom, bringing with him a large envelope containing the much desired documents. After those worthies had looked over them and exchanged felicitations, Pigott treated the Houston party to an account of the experience he had to go through before the treasure was delivered to him. He said that when he returned to Paris after his American excursion, he again met Murphy, who, on being shown the authorisation from Breslin, said it was all right so far, but something more remained to be done. Here is Pigott's account of those subsequent

proceedings as sworn before the Special Commission :—

When Murphy came to the hotel to me I delivered the letter, and he said "all right," but that he could not deliver the documents until he had seen some other people about it. So he made an appointment with me for a day or two after that. He came early in the day and told me he would call for me that evening at 9 o'clock and he would take me to a place to see some parties who would impose conditions upon me before he could deliver those documents. He called accordingly at 9 o'clock at night, and took me to a *café* in the Rue St. Honore, and into a private room where there were five men sitting around a table ; he told me they were principally Irish-Americans, representatives of the Clan-na-Gael Society. He introduced me and told them my business, that I was buyer of the documents, and that I had come there to hear the conditions ; so they made me take an oath. I was sworn on a Roman Catholic prayer book. The oath was that under no circumstances was I to reveal the source from which I had obtained the documents, that I was to mention no names, and in the event of any legal proceedings arising out of their publication I was not to appear as a witness.

What a scene for a melodrama !—A dimly lighted back room in a Paris hotel : seated around a table five Irish conspirators of the irreconcilable order, deadly haters of the British Government : to them enters Murphy, leading in ex-Nationalist Pigott : who informs the haters of the British Government that he has come to offer them a large amount of British gold if they will deliver up to him certain papers to be used by the aforesaid British government in hunting down a number of Irish patriots and wrecking an Irish National movement : whispered conversations amongst the irreconcilables : decision arrived at :—Pigott shall get the documents on payment of the price, really a low figure—might be called an alarming sacrifice—a trifle of 500 British sovereigns : but he must take an oath of secrecy : business of searching for and producing a prayer book : solemn swearing of Pigott : Curtain.

This preposterous tale was good enough for Mr. Edward Caulfield Houston. He forthwith wrote a cheque, payable at Cook's office, Paris, for £500, and handed it to Pigott, to give to Murphy, who, Pigott said, was waiting for it downstairs. "Did he pay you any more money?" asked Sir Charles Russell at the Commission, and the reply was: "Yes, he handed me also a £100 note and a £5 note; that was my own commission on the transaction." With these sums in his possession Pigott skipped downstairs to meet "Murphy." It is not recorded that he smiled broadly as he went—but I should think he did.

The "Murphy" of this case was a creation of Pigott's brain; the interview with the five conspirators was his invention; the "black bag" story was a fiction; the "letters" were forgeries. But the British cheque and bank notes pocketed by Mr. Pigott were genuine.

Having found his gold mine, Mr. Pigott resolved to continue his risky but profitable operations. His first batch of documents were furnished to Houston in July, 1886, and consisted of five "Parnell" letters, and six attributed to Egan. A second batch was supplied in January, '88; it consisted of two alleged letters of Mr. Parnell and one of Mr. Egan; for these Houston paid to Pigott £550. The third batch was supplied by the same vendor to the same purchaser in July, '88; it consisted of three letters, one attributed to Egan, one to Michael Davitt, and one to Mr. J. J. O'Kelly, and for this set, as the net price to be handed over to the imaginary vendors in Paris, Houston gave Pigott £200. In addition to those sums Pigott received, from the same source, his payment of a pound a day, together with hotel and travelling expenses. The Commission Judges in their report thus state the amount of his haul from *The Times* :—

This letter (the facsimile, relating to the Phoenix Park murders)

was one of a series obtained from Richard Pigott by Mr. Houston, who afterwards supplied them to the managers of *The Times* upon payment of sums amounting to £2,530.

Two thousand five hundred and thirty pounds for 17 letters, most of them forgeries, the others of no importance ! Rightly did Thomas Irwin, many years before, make a well-placed foreigner in England exclaim :—

Good Lord ! how well these Bulls do bleed
If you but lance the proper vein !

Think of Walter, Englishman, proprietor of *The Times*, Buckle, Englishman, editor of *The Times*, and Macdonald, Scotchman, manager of *The Times*, all being imposed upon by tales worthy only of a child's story-book, and swindled to the tune of thousands of pounds by simple-looking Richard Pigott ! If Flanagan, Houston, and Maguire were also bamboozled, it may be said that they were more blamable than the Englishmen, for they had better opportunities of knowing the character of the man with whom they were dealing.

What makes the credulity of the group more remarkable is the fact that Pigott's account of the circumstances under which he obtained the second batch of letters, in January, '88, was an exact replica of the story he told about the obtaining of the first batch, in July, '86, excepting that the place of "Murphy" was taken by one "Tom Brown." Richard, it would appear, was walking one day on the Boulevards when he was accosted by Tom Brown. He did not know Tom, but Tom knew him, and somehow knew also the business on which he was engaged. Tom brought him to the very same *café* to which Murphy had conducted him eighteen months before ; there he met the same five conspirators ; there they administered to him the same oath which he had sworn on the former occasion ; and then and there, as he deposed before the Special Commission (Feb. 21,

1889) he got from them the second batch of documents and paid them a sum of £550 which he had got from Houston for that purpose !

The Times is regarded in England as the highest representative of British common sense ; yet here were its editors and managers, for fully a couple of years, being fooled by Pigott's flimsy fictions, and paying for them liberally in hard cash ! The explanation is, they were blinded by their passion for the destruction of Mr. Parnell, and they snatched at the apparent chance of effecting it, as a hungry fish will rise to the coarsest bait.



CHAPTER XXIX.

Pigott before the Special Commission.—Break-down of his Evidence.—His Interviews with Mr. Labouchere.—Makes a Confession of his guilt.—Flies to Paris.—Warrant for his Arrest.—Is Captured at Madrid.—Puts a Pistol into his Mouth and Shoots himself.—Report of the Special Commission.

FROM the outset of the Special Commission, Pigott felt nervous and uneasy. He foresaw that in the course of the proceedings his whole fabric of falsehood would be laid in ruins.

Desirous of escaping the ordeal of the witness box, he told *The Times* people that he would probably break down under cross-examination, and suggested that they had better arrange to do without his evidence. The fact of his being in this shaky condition of mind became known to persons acting on both sides of the case; Mr. George Lewis, solicitor for Mr. Parnell, and Mr. Parnell himself, were aware of it; so also was Mr. Henry Labouchere, who all along had taken a great interest in the affair. With these gentlemen Pigott got into communication, hoping that they might devise some way of enabling him to escape from the terrible predicament in which he was placed, and so spare themselves a great deal of worry with the Commission. In the interviews that ensued, Mr. Parnell and his friends always spoke of Pigott's documents as forgeries, and Pigott did not object, but concerned himself with the question what was to be done under the circumstances?—what was to become of him? He had a promise from *The Times* that if he proved the truth of his statements they would provide for his future; now he wanted to know what would the

Parnellites do for him if he should go on the witness table and confess they were all lies and forgeries? To discuss this important subject he arranged for a meeting with Mr. Parnell and Mr. Labouchere at the house of the latter. The seance took place on the 25th of October, 1888. It was a semi-private affair. Before leaving the house Pigott tried to strike a bargain with Mr. Labouchere, naming £1,000 as the sum for which he would throw over *The Times* party (Richard "thought in thousands" in those days), but his proposal was not accepted; and on the 20th of February, 1889, he entered the witness-box at the Royal Courts of Justice.

Pigott was now within easily measurable distance of complete exposure, utter ruin, and a tragic end! The Attorney-General, acting for *The Times*, conducted his direct examination, which commenced on the 20th and closed on the 21st of February, 1889. His cross-examination by Sir Charles Russell was a very skilful but quiet performance, in no way harsh or intimidatory; but under its pressure the witness hopelessly broke down. He contradicted himself every few minutes, went astray as to facts and dates, pleaded forgetfulness of all sorts of things, and several times found himself compelled to admit that statements he had spoken, written, and sworn to were not true. If the man had any sense of shame, he must have suffered horrible tortures while undergoing this ordeal. He could hear the low murmur of amazement that ran through the court as question after question of his examiner pierced like a steel-tipped projectile through his castle of lies, making rubbish of the crazy structure; he must have imagined that millions of Irish eyes were staring at him with scorn, hatred, and fierce satisfaction at his discomfiture. He doubtless experienced a great sense of relief when on the evening of Friday, February 22nd, having been

in Sir Charles Russell's hands since the afternoon of the preceding day, the court adjourned until the morning of February the 26th, at which time, he was informed, he should come up for a continuance of his cross-examination.

Away went Pigott—but he had no notion of ever again putting his foot within the precincts of the Royal Courts of Justice. On the next day, he went to the house of Mr. Labouchere to have another interview with that gentleman, and this time to make a full confession of his guilt. Mr. Labouchere received him, learned what his business was, consented to hear his statement, but stipulated that a third person should be present at the making of it. This being agreed to, he sent for Mr. George Augustus Sala, who lived in the neighbourhood, and then and there the unhappy Pigott told his terrible story. Mr. Labouchere took it down in writing as it came from his lips; when completed, the whole document was read to him; he then signed it and initialled all the pages; and Mr. Sala signed it as a witness.

I quote a few passages from the document :—

I, Richard Pigott, am desirous of making a statement before H. Labouchere and G. A. Sala; and I make this of my own free will, and without any monetary inducement, in the house of the former. . . . I stated that after I had disposed of my newspapers, in the year '81, I continued in touch with the Irish Republican Brotherhood; that is not so. . . . The circumstances connected with the obtaining of the letters, as I gave in evidence, was not true. No one, save myself, was concerned in the transaction.

I told Houston that I had discovered the letters in Paris, but I grieve to have to confess that I simply myself fabricated them, using genuine letters of Messrs. Parnell and Egan in copying certain words, phrases, and general character of the handwriting. I traced some words and phrases by putting the genuine letter against the window, and placing the sheet on which I wrote over it. . . . The second batch of letters were also written by me.

The third batch consisted of a letter imitated by me from a

letter written in pencil to me by Michael Davitt when he was in prison, and of another letter copied by me from a letter of a very early date which I received from James O'Kelly, when he was writing on my newspaper; and of a third letter ascribed to Egan, the writing of which, and some of the words, I copied from an old bill of exchange in Mr. Egan's handwriting. . . .

I did not see Breslin in America. This was part of the deception. . . .

I declare that this statement is taken down by Mr. Labouchere in the presence of Mr. Sala.

RICHARD PIGOTT.

This important business having been thus closed, Pigott returned to Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street. There he remained during the next day (Sunday) and part of Monday. On the Monday evening he started for Paris.

On the reassembling of the Commission on Tuesday, February 26th, Richard Pigott was called, but there was no answer. Then the following proceedings took place:—

(The President)—Where is the witness?

(The Attorney-General)—My lords, I have no knowledge whatever of the witness, but I am informed that Mr. Soames has sent to his Hotel, and that he has not been there since 11 o'clock last night.

(Sir C. Russell)—If there is any delay in his appearance, I ask your lordships to issue a warrant for his apprehension, and to issue it immediately.

(The President)—I have already directed that it should be made out.

At this stage the Attorney-General announced that he would withdraw the letters from the cognisance of the court. The incident irretrievably damaged his case. The proceedings, however, (with an adjournment for a fortnight in the end of March) went on to the 22nd of November, 1889, when the inquiry closed.

While the Commission was yet labouring through its appointed task in the Royal Courts of Justice, startling

events were happening elsewhere. A warrant had been issued for the arrest of Pigott, and the police were on his track. They learned that he had fled to Paris, and thence to Madrid. "Scotland Yard" immediately communicated with the British Embassy at the Spanish capital. The Civil Governor, in compliance with their application under the extradition treaty, took steps for the arrest of the fugitive. On Friday, March 1st, he despatched a police-inspector and two detectives to the Hotel de los Embajadores, where Pigott was staying under the assumed name of Ronald Ponsonby. The inspector, accompanied by an interpreter, went up to his bedroom and informed him that he should come with him to the office of the Governor, where some news awaited him.

Unfortunate Pigott, now at last in the strong grasp of the law ! He knew well what that invitation meant ; but he never blenched. He calmly put on his overcoat, picked up his hat and umbrella, and proceeded as far as the head of the stairs. When there he said he would return for a moment to get his card case. He was allowed to go back, unaccompanied. Presently the report of fire-arms was heard. The police and hotel servants rushed to his room, and there saw him lying on the floor, dead, in a pool of blood, the back part of his skull nearly blown away, a pistol lying by his side.

On the day of Pigott's flight, Professor Maguire of Trinity College, Dublin, lay dying in a London hotel. He had come from Ireland to give evidence before the Commission. He was in poor health, and in low spirits, for he knew that *The Times* case had broken down and that its promoters were involved in shame and confusion. He died on February 26th, 1889. The same number of *The Times* that contained an account of his funeral, published the news of Pigott's suicide.

The Report of the Commission Judges completely

exonerated Mr. Parnell and his friends from all the serious charges brought against them. On some minor points it held that certain of the accused were in some degree compromised in illegal action, but those were political issues involving no dishonour, and the references to them were not at all what *The Times* had hoped to get from the inquiry. The Judges said :—

We find that all the letters produced by Pigott and set out in the Appendix are forgeries, and we entirely acquit Mr. Parnell and the other respondents of the charge of insincerity in their denunciations of the Phœnix Park murders.

Their lordships repeat this statement, almost word for word, in a later page, where they give a brief summary of their conclusions ; they further say :—

In our judgment the charge against the respondents collectively of having conspired to bring about total separation, is not established.

But they hold that some two or three of them, in founding and joining the Land League, had such a purpose in view. As regards another of the charges this is their pronouncement :—

We find that the respondents did enter into a conspiracy by a system of coercion and intimidation to promote an agrarian agitation against the payment of agricultural rents.

That was a finding that would not greatly trouble the respondents. Here is matter more important :—

The seventh charge is that the Invincibles were a branch of the Land League, and were organised and paid by Egan, treasurer of the Land League. . . . We find that the Invincibles were not a branch of the Land League, and that the Land League did not organise or pay the Invincibles ; nor did the respondents, or any of them, associate with any persons known by them to be employed in the Invincible conspiracy.

These findings amounted to an acquittal of the National leaders from all the really odious and horrible

charges brought against them. The accused knew that a legal tribunal would not regard their agitation as blameless; they never expected to escape censure for their share in the working of a great political movement carried on by an oppressed and exasperated people. What they cared for was that they should not be branded as contrivers and suborners of detestable crimes. On that score they felt they were entitled to an acquittal; and they got it.

To *The Times* party this was a heavy blow. The prestige of their great organ had been impaired; its pride had been humbled; it had become the criminal in the case. The folly of its conductors was the theme of every tongue. Moreover, they were hard hit by the enormous expense of those protracted proceedings. Soon came another pull upon their exchequer. Mr. Parnell took the preliminary steps in an action against them for libel. This they were glad to compromise by handing him a cheque for £5,000. Unquestionably they paid dear, very dear, for their Houston.



CHAPTER XXX.

The Parnell Mystery.—Uneasiness in the Irish Party.—Lost, Stolen, or Strayed?—Captain O'Shea Brings an Action for Divorce.—No Defence.—Question of Irish Leadership. Action of the Irish Delegates in America.—The Discussions in Room 15.—The Split.

MR. PARNELL was now at the zenith of his fame, and—amongst his own countrymen—of his power and glory. He was the most remarkable man in Europe. The villainous, but happily abortive, attempt that had been made to ruin him only brought him an increase of confidence and affection from the Irish race. For himself, he took his triumph quietly, showing no great elation of spirit. He was not naturally a light-hearted person; he was grave, staid, courteous, somewhat reserved in manner. He could appreciate a joke and smile at a pleasant story, but I doubt if any of his colleagues ever saw him give a hearty laugh. At this time he had enough on his mind to forbid anything in the nature of levity. He had a guilty secret in his breast, and he knew not how soon it might be made a public scandal. For some years a deplorable intrigue had been corroding his life. Neglect of his political duties, at first intermittent, after some time became habitual and prolonged. None of his colleagues, with the possible exception of his private secretary (who would give no information on the subject) knew where to find him, or to what address they should send letters or telegrams for him. There was an uneasy belief among them that in some way or other he had gone wrong. Mr. Gladstone was unable to communicate with him when he desired to do so on

important political matters. Sir Michael Hicks Beach in the House of Commons openly twitted the Irish party with his absence. The Unionist papers, Irish and English, had piquant paragraphs on the subject, suggesting, in an appetising sort of way, that interesting revelations might be expected one of those days. The National journals, both in Ireland and America, began to grumble. Mr. John F. Finnerty thus wrote in his paper, *The Chicago Citizen* :—

Where is Mr. Parnell ? Why is he not at the front ? Goschen was really justified in asking these questions in his bitter speech in Dublin. While O'Brien is in prison, and while Dillon is threatened with arrest, and while Cox is a fugitive in the mountains, and Douglas Pyne defends his home against the arms of Dublin Castle, it is perfectly proper to inquire where Mr. Parnell is, and what he is doing. It is all very well to say that he will reappear upon the scene at the right moment. This is the right moment. If this is not the right moment, then there never was a time when a recognised leader of a desperate cause should have put himself in danger. In all the previous Irish movements the head and front of the offending was the first to dare and suffer. Lord Edward did not spare himself in '98 ; nor Emmet in 1803 ; nor O'Connell in 1844 ; nor Mitchel or O'Brien in 1848 ; nor Kickham, Luby, and O'Leary in 1865. The question that to-day stirs the Irish race is this : has Parnell surrendered his functions as a leader into other hands ? If he has, let him come out and say so.

Mr. Finnerty was not a great believer in "Parliamentary agitation," but he took the view that as some Parliamentary action there should be, those who were engaged in it were bound to show that they were in earnest. O'Donovan Rossa, in his *United Irishman*, went on the same line, thus plainly and bluntly dealing with the subject :—

Friends and enemies seem to be greatly troubled and puzzled about Mr. Parnell. Some say he's sick, and more say he isn't ; some say he's tired of his work, and more say he isn't, Some say he has cancer in the stomach, and if he has we are truly

and sincerely sorry for him ; but if he hasn't, the men who are contributing to support his "masterly inactivity" to free Ireland, ought to turn over a new leaf.

Of those murmurings at home and abroad, of the sneers and sarcasms of his enemies and the anxieties of his friends, Mr. Parnell took no notice. The man seemed dazed, as if he were under a spell. The events of the Special Commission woke him up for a time, and its triumphant result won for him renewed loyalty and affection from his colleagues, but soon he resumed his mysterious mode of life ; his infatuation was still heavy on him ; and he choose to have it so.

The deterioration brought upon the whole nature of Mr. Parnell by the odious condition of life into which he had allowed himself to sink was manifest in a variety of ways. In appearance he grew prematurely old ; he looked careworn and anxious ; his manners became more than ever reserved and unsocial ; and in the matter of toilet he grew negligent and untidy. "His face," writes Mr. T. P. O'Connor,* "became sallow, his cheeks grew puffy, his whole frame lost its splendid proportions and became stout and flabby. His beard, that used to be neatly trimmed, grew ragged ; he frequently allowed his hair, which, though thin at the top, was long, to remain uncut until it fell down to his shoulders ; his dress also became pre-eminently shabby, and he used to wear clothes entirely unsuitable to his years." The portraits and sketches of him published in the illustrated London papers during the proceedings of the Commission—which were fairly good likenesses—would hardly be recognised by any one who remembered his presence and his pictures of some eight or ten years before. The man was going to wreck at a preternaturally rapid rate.

This miserable state of things had been going on for

* *The Life of C. S. Parnell.* pp. 138-9.

a long time, but a change was bound to come. A new chapter opened when, on the 28th of December, 1889, Captain Henry O'Shea filed a petition for divorce against his wife, making Mr. Parnell co-respondent. The case was supported by evidence of a painful and repulsive nature; there was no appearance for the defence; the allegations were held to be proved, and on November 17th, 1890, a decree *nisi* was granted.

In political circles and amongst Irish people everywhere this event created a tremendous sensation. To his Parliamentary colleagues it brought consternation. What was to be done? What course would Parnell now take? Was there any way in which he might be saved? A number of his most devoted followers held hurried meetings and consultations, and finally resolved to put a bold front upon the matter and call on the country to declare that Parnell should be retained in his position at all hazards. On Tuesday, November 18th—the next day after the pronouncement of the divorce decree—a meeting of the National League was held in Dublin to proclaim that Parnell's leadership should be upheld—such prompt action being intended to give a lead to the country. This meeting was followed two days afterwards by a great demonstration in the Leinster Hall, presided over by the Lord Mayor (Mr. Edward J. Kennedy) and attended by some of the Irish members who had come there for the special purpose of speaking in support of Mr. Parnell. The first business, after the chair had been taken, was the reading by one of the hon. secretaries of a cable message which had been received from five of the Irish delegates then in America collecting funds for the Party. It was worded thus :—

We stand firmly by the leadership of the man who has brought the Irish people, through unparalleled difficulties and dangers, from servitude and despair, to the very threshold of emancipa-

tion, with a genius, courage, and success unequalled in our history. We do so, not only on the ground of gratitude for those imperishable services in the past, but in the profound conviction that Parnell's statesmanship and matchless qualities as a leader are essential to the safety of our cause.

John Dillon, William O'Brien, T. P. O'Connor, T. Harrington, T. P. Gill.

I was one of the delegation in America at this time, but my name is not appended to the foregoing proclamation, for the sufficient reason that I refused to sign it. My colleagues, who desired that there should be no appearance of division amongst us, pressed me hard to join with them and so make a united declaration. I respected their motives, but declined to comply with their request. I did not suppose myself to be any wiser or better than my colleagues, but in this case I felt bound to act on my own judgment.

On November 19th, 1890, Mr. William O'Brien, Mr. John Dillon, and I, having journeyed from Boston, arrived at Buffalo and put up at the Hotel Iroquois. Scarcely had we got inside the precincts when a number of reporters were upon us, pencil and paper in hand, to ascertain our views of the Parnell crisis. None of us had any wish to be interviewed, but it would have been unwise to meet those Press representatives with a blank refusal. In reply to their inquiries Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien expressed themselves strongly in favour of a continuance of Mr. Parnell's leadership. The question was then put to me. My reply was that my colleagues had spoken for themselves, and that for my part I preferred to say nothing on the subject at present. The Pressmen then left, and we separated.

After the lapse of a few minutes a message was brought to me that Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien wished to speak to me in a sitting room upstairs. Thither I went and saw before me those two gentlemen with very grave faces, and apparently in much mental trouble.

They told me that by my conduct in allowing it to be seen, or even suspected, that I was not of their way of thinking in this matter, I had in all likelihood done a terrific injury to the Irish National cause. The responsibility I had incurred, they said, was tremendous. I had let those sharp American Pressmen see that the delegation was divided in opinion; it would make splendid "copy" for them; doubtless they were at that moment wiring the news all over America and to England and Ireland, and the resultant mischief would be incalculable. All this and much more to the same effect said Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon—the more eloquent and vehement of the two being Mr. O'Brien, though the grieved face of his colleague was at least equally impressive.

In this discussion there were "two against one," and I got a hot quarter of an hour. In my defence I said that I did not believe my words were of such large importance; that I had merely given a non-committal answer to a query addressed to me after they had given their opinions very fully and emphatically; I said they knew what my views were from the moment we got news of the divorce decree, and they had no reason to think I would deny them. I finished by saying that rather than allow their opinion on that matter to go before my fellow-countrymen as mine, I would suffer my right hand to be cut off; and that if under these circumstances I could be of no further use on the delegation, I was ready to return to Ireland.

When that breeze had blown over my colleagues and I were no worse friends. But events were developing rapidly, and with every fresh supply of news from home Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien were coming nearer to my view that the retirement of Mr. Parnell was essential for the safety of the Home Rule cause.

On the 30th of November, 1890, our delegation, with

the exception of Mr. Timothy Harrington, joined in the issue of an address to the Irish people declaring that, while honouring Mr. Parnell for his past services to the Irish cause, we believed his withdrawal from the chairmanship under present circumstances was desirable, and would be gratefully regarded by his countrymen as a fresh proof of his devotion to the welfare of his native land.

This was a complete reversal of the position previously taken by Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon ; but they could claim that according to their conception of patriotism their conduct was consistent throughout. The same thing was happening in Ireland. Colleagues and compatriots who immediately after the divorce decree had spoken strongly for the retention of Mr. Parnell as leader, felt bound to advise his retirement when they realised that his continuance in that position would mean the wreck of the Home Rule movement, the ruin of a great National organisation, the alienation of powerful English friends of the cause, the break-up of an alliance absolutely necessary for the carrying of a Home Rule Bill through Parliament. These consequences they were not prepared to face. It was a hard alternative ; but they thought it better to disrate the Captain than lose the ship.

Two things in especial wrought this change of view amongst the majority of the Irish representatives : one was the publication of Mr. Gladstone's letter to Mr. Morley, dated November 24th, 1890 ; the other was the issue of a counter-manifesto by Mr. Parnell on November 29th. Mr. Gladstone's letter was to the effect that, if Mr. Parnell should not retire from the Chairmanship of the Irish party he felt that he might as well abandon the endeavour to carry a Home Rule Bill through Parliament : the purport of Mr. Parnell's manifesto was that the integrity and independence of a section of the

Irish party had been "sapped and destroyed by the wire-pullers of the Liberal party," and that the measure of Home Rule which Gladstone intended to palm off on them would be hardly worth acceptance. He specified the points on which it would be unsatisfactory; they had reference to the land question, the control of the police, the proportion of Irish members to be retained in the House of Commons, and some minor matters. His knowledge of those provisions he had derived, he said, from conferences with Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden some time before. Those interviews were intended and understood to be of a private and confidential character; of their details there never was any revelation until Mr. Parnell, in the crisis of his trouble, gave a version of them to the public. When his statement appeared in print Mr. Gladstone declared it to be unvarnished, one which he could not corroborate or assent to for a moment. However, Mr. Parnell's manifesto was a clever contrivance for his own purpose. It was meant to raise new issues, to divert attention from the question of his leadership to the character of Mr. Gladstone's intended Home Rule Bill; and the device was to some extent successful.

On the opening day of Parliament, November 25th, 1890, when the Irish members would hold their customary meeting to elect their chairman and officers for the new session, Mr. John Morley was entrusted by Mr. Gladstone with a letter to be delivered to Mr. Parnell, in which the Premier expressed his conviction that he would be unable to proceed with his Home Rule measure if Mr. Parnell should retain the leadership of the Irish party. Mr. Morley tried to get an opportunity of delivering his message, but his endeavour was baffled. Of this affair most of the Irish members knew nothing. Getting into little groups in the corridors and lobbies before going to their committee room, they eagerly

discussed the question what would Mr. Parnell do. Would he be a candidate for re-election to the Chair? Or would he patriotically recognise that some homage was due to the public sense of decency, and decide that for the present he would be content to serve as a "full private" in the ranks of the Party? That course he might have taken with great honour to himself—and who could doubt that ere long he would come to the front and to the top again? Some of the most devoted of his followers, however, went whispering about that there was a nicer and easier way out of the difficulty, which the chief was quite prepared to adopt. Their words were to this effect: "Do not put upon Mr. Parnell, already so heavily stricken, the humiliation of refusing to retain him in the leadership: re-elect him to the Chair: he will feel deeply grateful for the compliment, and will show his appreciation of your kindness by at once gracefully resigning, and giving back the appointment into your hands." It was a touching appeal and a captivating suggestion. It found favour with the Irish Party. They unanimously re-elected Mr. Parnell. Then they expected to hear the nice little speech in which he was to convey his resignation of the office. But it never came. He never intended to make any such speech. He now had possession of the Chair, and he meant to "keep a firm grip of his holding."

That evening Mr. Gladstone sent to the Press the letter which he had intended should be read and considered by Mr. Parnell and the Irish members previous to their election of chairman. At a later hour some of them were shown a copy of it on Press "flimsey" by Professor Stuart, in the House of Commons, and, alarmed by the situation it revealed, they resolved that prompt action should be taken to avert the impending danger to the cause. They got up a requisition to the honorary

secretaries of the Party, signed by thirty-one members, requesting that a meeting should be summoned for Wednesday, November 26th, in Room 15. The meeting was summoned and assembled on the appointed day—with Mr. Parnell in the chair. Mr. John Barry then moved, and Dr. Commins seconded, the following motion :—

That a full meeting of the Party be held on Friday (November 28) to give Mr. Parnell an opportunity of reconsidering his position.

The speeches of those gentlemen were in a kindly tone, respectfully appealing to the Chief to give way for a time, for the sake of his country and her cause. In reply Mr. Parnell told them, in effect, briefly but determinedly, that he would do nothing of the kind. After some discussion a motion to adjourn the debate to the following Monday was made by the supporters of Mr. Parnell ; it was passed, and the meeting broke up.

Of the four days' interval thus secured Mr. Parnell's friends made great use. Right, left and centre sped their messages to the branches of the National League in Great Britain and Ireland, inviting them to pass votes of confidence in the Chief ; and off to Dublin hurried some of the most violent of his partisans to organise demonstrations in his favour. The opposing section of the Party had recourse to no such measures ; they held that the question ought to be left for quiet discussion amongst the Irish representatives, who knew more of the details and bearings of the case than could be learned in so short a time by people at a distance. Their view may have been right, but the more active and sensational policy of the Parnellite section produced the results expected from it.

When the Party reassembled on Monday, December 1st, 1890, the first business done was the reading by Mr.

Parnell's private secretary of the numerous telegrams and letters which had been received from members and branches of the League in favour of Mr. Parnell's leadership. Then an endeavour was made by the other section to come to business. Mr. William Abraham rose to move :—

That, acting upon the imperative sense of duty to our country, we, the members of the Irish Party, do declare that Mr. Parnell's tenure of the chairmanship of this party is hereby terminated.

This motion Mr. Parnell ruled out of order. The fact of the matter was that, with Mr. Parnell in the chair, presiding at his own trial, no resolution hostile to him could ever be passed, and those who were contending against him were only wasting their time. He had the conduct of the proceedings where he once said he had a Parliament for Ireland, "in the hollow of his hand."

Thereupon Colonel Nolan, one of his most resolute supporters, moved :—

That the question touching the chairmanship of the Irish Parliamentary Party be postponed until members have had an opportunity of personally ascertaining the views of their constituents, and until the Party can meet in Dublin.

The "anti-Parnellites" saw at a glance what this meant—it was civil war in Ireland in the near future. For the present, however, they judged that their wisest course was to go on with the discussion and endeavour to obtain a settlement of the trouble in Room 15.

So the debate was continued, the anti-Parnellites striving to keep it close to the question of the Chairman's resignation, the Parnellites seeking to spread it over the wide field of Irish politics so adroitly opened to them by the manifesto in which Mr. Parnell had replied to Mr. Gladstone's letter. Clever speeches were made on both sides. Mr. J. E. Redmond advocated unwavering support of the Chief; Mr. Sexton pleaded impres-

sively for his withdrawal, promising that the Party would do all in their power to show that the change was merely tactical, and made to meet a temporary difficulty. The following quotation from his speech will show the spirit in which the question was approached by nearly every man of the Chairman's opponents :—

I claim, in the face of the world, and I claim in the presence of the Most High, that the integrity of the Irish Party is unstained and that its independence is absolute. The question—the urgent question—is between the leader whom we have loved, whom we never can forget, and whose useful tenure of his position, circumstances have made impossible—the question is between him and the cause to which our fealty is due. If the leader is retained, in my judgment, the cause is lost. If the cause is to be won, it is essential that the leader should retire. Be my time in politics long or short, I assure you, Mr. Parnell—and I beg you will give me credit for this declaration—I never will have a leader whom I can love and regard as I have loved and regarded you. I am obliged to do violence to my own desire ; I am obliged to overcome my natural inclination, acting upon the stern compulsion of duty ; and if it were to be the last act of my life—the act by which I would ask my friends to remember me and my country to judge me—I am obliged to vote that the retirement of our leader, for a period at least, is urgent, and that to accept Colonel Nolan's motion would be to create a public danger.

Those were eloquent words, spoken with evident sincerity ; but they did not seem to awaken any emotion in the mind of the man in the chair. Mr. T. M. Healy also spoke with great force and feeling, pressing home arguments of a most cogent nature. He pointed out that for nine long months after those interviews at Hawarden, which Mr. Parnell now said revealed to him the worthlessness of Mr. Gladstone's intended Home Rule Bill, he never as much as hinted to any of his colleagues that any disappointment was in store for them, he never suggested that they need not be too effusive in their praises of that statesman, and he

himself, in public addresses, paid him higher compliments than ever he had done before, going so far as to refer to him in a speech at Liverpool, as "our grand old leader." Speaking with much emotion, Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien said :—

On the question of leadership I wish to say that we have had very little leadership of any kind from Mr. Parnell during the past five years. As for me, after the Divorce case *expose*, I came to the conclusion that your continued leadership was intolerable and a disgrace. In re-electing you last Tuesday we were only paying you a compliment, for we thought you intended to resign. As to the Hawarden meeting, I don't think that the people of Ireland will be satisfied with your explanation. You say you knew that Mr. Gladstone had become false to us. You kept silent on that treachery, and left your colleagues—under the impression that all was safe—to go about the country praising Mr. Gladstone. I leave you, Mr. Parnell, to convince the people of Ireland of the honesty of your part in that matter. For myself, this is the most anxious moment of my political life of over forty years. Twenty-three years ago I stood face to face with Judge Keogh in the dock at Cork. I can tell you that on that occasion my pulse was not stirred in the slightest. I cannot say that now. This is the most wretched moment of my life, for I see shattered by you, who brought us to a splendid position, all the hopes of Ireland.

After some further speaking on both sides, a division was taken on Colonel Nolan's amendment ; twenty-nine votes, including that of Mr. Parnell himself, were cast for it, and forty-four against it. (If the American delegates had been present one additional vote would have gone to Mr. Parnell and five to the other side). This division, showing clearly the relative strength of the two sections, gave Mr. Parnell another opportunity for "reconsidering his position" and gracefully resigning his chairmanship ; but his own pride, and other influences, prevented him from taking the path of peace. What he did was to provide a new plan for prolonging the debate and baffling the endeavour to get

any practical result from it. He re-opened a discussion on what he had represented to be objectionable provisions of Mr. Gladstone's intended Home Rule Bill, and he induced the party to appoint a deputation to interview the Right Hon. gentleman and inquire whether he would be willing to give tranquilising assurances on these points. On receiving their report Mr. Parnell would consider what he should do under the circumstances.

It was an ingenious device. If the matter at issue were not of so serious a character, one might say it was "exquisite fooling." Mr. Parnell was still keeping the leadership question "in the hollow of his hand." The so-called "anti-Parnellites" appreciated this new move at its true value; they did not believe that Mr. Gladstone would suffer himself to be "drawn" with regard to the details of a large and highly contentious measure which he was not yet in a position to lay before Parliament. But what were those Irish members to do? If they objected to this project they were certain to be misrepresented and denounced by Mr. Parnell's supporters as men who had given themselves over blindfolded into the hands of the English Liberals, while Mr. Parnell and his friends were standing up for Irish rights and resisting English dictation. Unwilling to let those gentlemen get up a cry so likely to capture masses of the Irish people, the "anti's" consented to take part in the absurd performance, and a deputation was appointed consisting of Messrs. Redmond and Leamy, Sexton and Healy—two from each side—to communicate with Messrs. Gladstone, Harcourt, and Morley on the questions raised by Mr. Parnell. In reply to a letter from the delegates requesting an interview, those ex-Ministers intimated that they did not see their way to engaging in the suggested conference. The delegates, however, applied again to Mr. Gladstone, stating that

they would be satisfied if he would afford them a conference either with himself alone or in the presence of any friends he might please to select for the purpose. Mr. Gladstone replied that he would receive the deputation. At the interview, which took place on December 5th (1890), Mr. Sexton read the examination-paper which Mr. Parnell had drawn up for the Liberal leader. It is worth quoting to show the almost farcical nature of the whole proceeding:—

(1) To ask that sub-section (A) of Clause 21 of the Home Rule Bill of 1886, be applied to the Royal Irish Constabulary as well as to the Dublin Metropolitan Police, and that sub-section (B.) of the Clause be omitted.

(2) To ask that Mr. Gladstone shall state whether the Liberal leaders intend to deal with the Land Question themselves in the Imperial Parliament, either by purchase or on the lines of the measure introduced by the Irish Party, and supported by the Liberal Party, or by remitting the question to an Irish Legislature.

(3) To ask that any proposals of the Liberal party in pursuance of the foregoing articles shall be treated as vital.

This proposed catechising of Mr. Gladstone did not lack audacity, or indeed humour, of a sort. The question before the Party was not sub-section A or B of an intended Home Rule Bill, or the status of the Royal Irish Constabulary; it was the retirement or retention of Mr. Parnell as Chairman of the Irish Party. Yet here was that astute tactician adroitly shifting the issue, putting Mr. Gladstone, as it were, in the dock, to be tried by Mr. Parnell, calling on him to “stand and deliver”—to declare his intentions to the Court at Room 15—to answer for the possible conduct of his friends, and to give pledges for his own future good behaviour! And, as if to make the whole performance still more ridiculous, when Mr. Parnell was asked whether he would accept the decision of the Party on

whatever answer might be obtained by his deputation, he declined to give any such undertaking.

The venerable statesman received his visitors courteously, listened attentively to their statement, and then—warned by previous experience—read the reply which he had carefully drawn up. The substance of it was that he would not discuss the account of the interview at Hawarden given by Mr. Parnell in his Manifesto, but would deny that it was a true relation of what had occurred. As to the details of a future Home Rule Bill, he would not enter on that subject either, the present question not being the particulars of such a measure but the desirability—for the sake of the Home Rule cause—of Mr. Parnell's retiring from the leadership of the Irish Party. So the delegates returned from the interview no wiser than they were when they set out. In all likelihood no one ever expected any other result—and least of all Mr. Parnell.

By this time the country was getting sick of the debates in Room 15. It had become abundantly evident that Mr. Parnell would never put from the chair a motion for his own deposition; neither would he tender his resignation. On Saturday, December 6th, 1890, the whole Party met for the last time in their now famous Committee Room. The "anti-Parnellites" felt that the long struggle should that evening be closed in one way or another. Mr. Sexton stated their case in words worthy of the occasion. He said:—

I have to remind the party that we have approached the 12th day since these proceedings commenced, and we have been engaged in six successive days' debate. I was under some apprehension that I would not be able to come down this morning, and I think every man has felt the strain in mind and heart and health to be almost intolerable. The country is now in an agony of suspense, and we find ourselves led on, during the last two or three days, from one issue to another—led entirely away

from the main issue which we ultimately have to decide. Now, I do not think it would be proper for me at this stage to withhold the observation that the majority of the Party have made up their minds that these intolerably protracted proceedings must be brought to a close to-day. If they cannot be brought to a close by a motion from the chair, they must be determined in some other way. If we were in a minority we would gladly retire, but the fact that we are in a majority places a deep obligation upon us. The majority of the party feel that they cannot undertake the prolongation of the suspense of the country, nor the strain which has been put upon themselves. I could not endure it one day longer, and therefore, before our proceedings come to a close to-day it will be necessary for the majority of the Party to appeal to you, Mr. Parnell, to put from the chair a motion to determine the final question, or to take such other measures as may be open to them.

Then ensued a memorable scene. Mr. William Abraham rose to move his resolution calling for the Chairman's resignation. Mr. Parnell, however, chose to call on his friend, Mr. John O'Connor, who had a resolution of quite a different kind to bring forward, saying that he had risen first. This was strenuously denied, but Mr. Parnell ruled the point in his own favour. Mr. O'Connor then moved his vote of confidence in the Chairman. When he resumed his seat Mr. Abraham again rose, this time to submit his original motion as an amendment to that of Mr. O'Connor. But Mr. Parnell still had the game in his hands, and was master of the situation. He ruled that Mr. Abraham's proposition was no amendment, and refused to put it to the vote; he snatched at the paper on which it was written and seemed about to tear it to pieces, but crumpled it up and put it into his pocket. The majority of the party then rose from their seats, and, headed by Mr. Justin McCarthy, walked out of the room, and on to another on the same corridor, where they set about organising themselves and asserting their position as the legitimate Irish Party. Having appointed a chairman *pro*

tem, they unanimously passed the following resolution :—

That acting under an imperative sense of duty, we, the undersigned, being an absolute majority of the whole number of the Irish Parliamentary Party, declare that Mr. Parnell's term of Chairmanship of this Party is hereby terminated.

Mr. T. M. Healy then moved, and Mr. Sexton seconded, the election of Mr. Justin McCarthy as sessional chairman. This having been passed with acclamation, the following declaration of principles was unanimously adopted :—

We hereby solemnly renew our adhesion to the principle, in devotion to which we have never wavered—viz., that the Irish Parliamentary Party is, and always must remain, independent of all other Parties ; and we further declare that we will never entertain any proposal for the settlement of the Home Rule question except such as satisfies the aspirations of the Irish People.

And so, on the 6th of December, 1890, was consummated the " Split " of the Irish Parliamentary Party.



CHAPTER XXXI.

The "Boulogne Negotiations."—Their Failure.—Mr. Parnell Takes the Field in Ireland.—He is Defeated at the Polls.—Desperate Election Riots.

THE majority of the Irish Party, who now chose to be known as "Nationalists," but to whom Mr. Parnell gave the name of "Seceders" (and various other designations) were still anxious to repair, if possible, the disruption that had taken place, and, by mutual concessions, to reunite the Party. With this view a conference was held between Mr. Parnell and two representatives of the Nationalists—Messrs. William O'Brien and John Dillon—at Boulogne, whither Mr. Parnell had gone for a holiday. The "negotiations" commenced on December 29th, 1890, and went on to February 11th, 1891, when Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien—outwitted, bamboozled, and empty-handed—returned to London. At Boulogne, as in "Room 15," Mr. Parnell was in a dominant position. He held that he was "in the Chair" of the Irish Party, and he refused to subside into the position of an evicted tenant. On the other hand the negotiators, Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, felt that the one thing they could not—because they dare not—surrender was the national demand for the withdrawal of Mr. Parnell from the Chairmanship. Short of that they would do, or try to do, almost anything to soothe his feelings and save his dignity. They offered terms involving absolute humiliation to themselves and their Party: they were to acknowledge that the election of Mr. Justin McCarthy to the Chair was invalid; they were to have Mr. Parnell retained in the Presidency of the National League; they were to put all possible

pressure on Mr. Gladstone to induce him to withdraw his anti-Parnell letter, apologise for it, and publicly declare that he had acted in haste and ignorance ; then they would strive to induce the Bishops to withdraw or explain away the pronouncement which, on moral grounds, they had published against the leadership of Mr. Parnell. And there were proffers of further concessions and capitulations. It was the story of Room 15 over again. Mr. Parnell discussed everything with his interviewers, but they got "no forrarder." He held the fort. It was not until after twelve days of their useless palaver that Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien realised the fact that they were being out-manœuvred and befooled by an able man, and that their wisest course was, without further delay, to return to the place from whence they came.

The collapse of the Boulogne negotiations left the controversy between the rival sections to be fought out amongst the Irish people. The preponderance of numerical strength was with the Nationalists, but the followers of "the Chief" were "first-rate fighting men," and they had several circumstances in their favour. Certain of these were thus stated by the editor of *The Freeman*, in a conversation with one of the opposing Party :—"We've got the Chief ; we've got the funds ; we've got the paper, and we'll knock Hell out of you." This was an over-confident view of the case. "The Chief," indeed, was still a power in the land ; "the funds" were useful ; "the paper" was influential, but the great munition of war on the Parnellite side lay in that deposit of hatred for England which centuries of misgovernment had laid deep down in the Irish heart. Mr. Parnell well knew it was there, and he set himself to stir it up and let loose the flame that smouldered beneath. His plan was to throw the Liberal alliance to the winds and cast himself for support on that anti-

English feeling which he had in recent years striven to allay, but which he now sought to excite to fury. "A principle," he said, "was at stake; 'English dictation' was being attempted and should be resisted; an English veto on Ireland's choice of her leader was what the Gladstonians were seeking to establish: better cast away this trumpery Home Rule Bill than allow the thing to be done." So said Mr. Parnell, with much more to the same effect.

Then the tone, colour, character of all the elements of the Liberal alliance were suddenly changed in the eyes of Mr. Parnell, as if seen through some new discolouring and distorting medium. Mr. Gladstone, instead of being "the truly great statesman"; "the only man of distinguished genius before the public"; "the powerful champion of Irish rights"—became "a garrulous old man"; "an unrivalled sophist"; "a Grand old Spider." The English Protestant clergymen who had advocated the cause of Home Rule, but who declared against a continuance of Mr. Parnell's leadership, he scoffed at as "a gang of souping parsons"; the Nonconformists of England, who were the advanced section of the English Home Rule Party, he described as hypocrites who were raising against him a "Nonconformist howl," and again as "the English wolves who are howling for my destruction"; Irish colleagues on whom but recently he had lavished praise, he called "miserable gutter-sparrows," "the forty-four rats," "the kept slaves of an English political party."

It would be charitable to suppose, by way of accounting for much of Mr. Parnell's behaviour at this time, that the terrible strain of the trouble into which he had brought himself had somewhat overborne and broken down the higher instincts of his nature. Mr. T. P. O'Connor thus tells how the fine gold had become dim:

Such relations as those between Mr. Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea

cannot be entered upon without paying very heavy penalties. On the part of Mr. Parnell it imposed disguises, subterfuges, and downright untruth, which I persist in thinking, were antagonistic to his real and original nature. Some of the devices to which he had to resort have already been exposed to the world in the cruel glare of the Divorce Court, and in the still more merciless illumination of party controversy. But all that has been told can give but a faint indication of all that really occurred. . . . He had to assume false names, to lead a furtive and secret life, to go through incalculable physical fatigues in order to reach, by devious ways, the home to which, under ordinary circumstances, he could have gone in the light of day.*

But there were great political, social, and moral forces in the land, of which he did not take due account. The Catholic clergy were entitled to a voice in this matter, both as ecclesiastics and as patriots. The Bishops deferred making any formal pronouncement on the subject while they thought that the discussions in Room 15 might eventuate in a voluntary retirement of "the Chief"; but when that hope had to be abandoned, they (December 4th, 1890) issued the following letter of advice and warning to their people:—

The Bishops of Ireland can no longer keep silent in presence of the all-engrossing question which agitates, not Ireland and England alone, but every spot where Irishmen have found a home. That question is—Who is to be in future the Leader of the Irish People; or, rather, who is not to be their Leader?

Without hesitation, or doubt, and in the plainest possible terms, we give it as our unanimous judgment that whoever else is fit to fill that highly responsible post, Mr. Parnell decidedly is not.

As pastors of this Catholic nation we do not base this our judgment and solemn declaration on political grounds, but simply and solely on the facts and circumstances revealed in the London Divorce Court.

After the verdict given in that Court, we cannot regard Mr. Parnell in any other light than as a man convicted of one of the gravest offences known to religion and society, aggravated, as it

* *Life of C. S. Parnell*, p. 136.

is in this case, by almost every circumstance that could possibly attach to it, so as to give it a scandalous pre-eminence in guilt and shame. Surely Catholic Ireland, so eminently conspicuous for its virtue and the purity of its social life, will not accept as its Leader a man thus dishonoured, and wholly unworthy of Christian confidence.

Furthermore, as Irishmen devoted to our country, eager for its elevation, and earnestly intent on securing for it the benefit of domestic legislation, we cannot but be influenced by the conviction that the continuance of Mr. Parnell as Leader of even a section of the Irish Party must have the effect of disorganising our ranks, and ranging, as in hostile camps, the hitherto united forces of our country.

Confronted with the prospect of contingencies so disastrous, we see nothing but inevitable defeat at the approaching elections, and, as a result, Home Rule indefinitely postponed, Coercion perpetuated, the hands of the evictors strengthened, and the tenants already evicted left without the shadow of a hope of being ever restored to their homes.

This weighty pronouncement evoked only feelings of indignation amongst the leaders of the Parnellite National League, and brought out a positive eruption of counter-theology from the staff of the Organisation. At their weekly meetings, at their rooms in O'Connell St., most of their time was spent in lecturing the Bishops, protesting against their interference in the issue before the country, prescribing the limits of their authority, and warning them of the mischief that would ensue from a disregard of those admonitions. One official so distinguished himself by his criticisms of pastorals and sermons that he was chaffingly referred to throughout the city as having assumed the functions of a lay Bishop. *The National Press*, the daily organ of the anti-Parnellites, often made merry at his expense, publishing such squibs as the following :—

Seceders ! for all your composure,
The time is at hand for your closure ;
Like snakes you will be
Driven into the sea
By a wave of Jim Halligan's crozier !

This was succeeded by the following from another contributor :—

We must now make the dreadful disclosure,
Though much we regret the exposure—
But it's a true thing
When he purchased the ring
The funds were too low for a crozier !

The climax of absurdity, of audacity, one might say of indecency, was reached at a meeting of the Central Branch of the League in Dublin, on May 31st, 1892, when the Chairman, an Irish Catholic Member of Parliament, vehemently asserted that the relations between Mr. Parnell and the wife of Captain O'Shea constituted no moral offence. "There never was an Irishman," he said, "who crossed from Ireland to the British House of Commons more essentially pure, more moral in his life, than Charles Stewart Parnell." * This scandalous statement he proceeded to support by a line of argument which is not quotable here, exclaiming in conclusion—"I therefore say he was a pure moral man." He might have added "*Quod Erat Demonstrandum.*"

Mr. Parnell himself, while strongly contending that the clergy were going beyond their proper domain in meddling with this controversy, never expressed his views offensively ; so far as my memory serves me, no word of insult to bishops or priests disfigured his speeches. In that respect his example might well have been followed by some of their spiritual subjects.

The first trial of strength between the rival parties took place at an election for North Kilkenny, in December, 1890. The Parnellite candidate was Mr. Vincent Scully ; his opponent was Sir John Pope

* What a pleasing estimate of the character of Ireland's representatives, all the way down from Henry Grattan to John E. Redmond and John Dillon !

Hennessy. The struggle was a fierce one ; Mr. Parnell was on the spot to encourage his Party and direct operations. The mob, which was preponderatingly on his side, was extremely violent ; but on the polling day the electors gave to the anti-Parnellite candidate a majority of 1,162.

The next defeat for the Chief was at Sligo, where his banner was borne by Alderman V. B. Dillon, of Dublin, who had for his opponent Alderman Colleary, of Sligo. This election was fought even more fiercely than the Kilkenny contest. Mr. Parnell's speeches to his supporters were the most violent he ever spoke ; his abuse of the leading men amongst his opponents was ferocious ; it roused the passions of his supporters to frenzy. One of the election scenes was thus described by a correspondent of *The Daily News*, who was an eye-witness of the engagement :—

Mass over on Sunday, the parties gathered at their respective rendezvous. At the Nationalist head-quarters a dozen brakes were in waiting, and by nine o'clock were ready for a start. Their brass band played them gaily out of the town in the brakes with the three members and Mr. Davitt. Simultaneously Mr. Parnell, followed by half a dozen of his Parliamentary supporters, also headed by a band, filed out of the town. Cocrana was the first halting place. . . . In a few miles more Templeboy was reached. Across the road they had drawn a slim banner, bearing the words "Welcome to Davitt and Sexton." Mr. Sexton's speech was long, and just as Mr. Davitt commenced there was a commotion among the constabulary and a rush made for the roadway on the village side of the meeting. A couple of hundred yards from the meeting a regular procession had been organised, and some four hundred men, in close marching order, followed by a band. The officer of police ran forward, and asked them to desist for the moment, and contemporaneously the batons of the men were whisked out ; but the mob came on, and plying their bludgeons earnestly the while, the constabulary were forced to give way.

Then the officer gave the order to fix bayonets. In an instant there was a howl of rage, but the effect was marvellous. To a

man the interrupters fell back. The sight of the cold steel was too much for them, and once more the police stood in two companies, double lined, with their bayonets firmly at the charge. This interruption of the attack was unexpected, and the mob howled and shook their ashplants and blackthorns at the meeting beyond the lane.

Then the leading cars trotted away to Dromore West. When in sight of the village a lively tune was started, and the procession entered the one street at a brisk trot. They were startled to see troops of police drawn up on the green, but the reason was not far to seek. A great body of Parnellites, three or four hundred strong, were awaiting them at the cross roads. Quickly appreciating the situation, Mr. Davitt gave the order to drive straight on and make no attempt at a meeting. The police drew across the road behind them, and in the necessity arising from the persistent attempts to rush past, bayonets were again fixed, and again with good effect. . . . They kept the mob in check, and again the cars drove on rapidly ; but their passage in this direction had been expected, and in anticipation another group of Mr. Parnell's supporters, each armed with a bludgeon of some shape or form, were awaiting them. Some carried the regulation blackthorn, others ashplants, and pokers, railings, hurdle posts, and even a couple of broken boat oars, made up the mixed medley of their armament.

A strong force of police was drawn across the corner of the road leading to Easky, Mr. Parnell's strongest point. The officer in command had a parley with Mr. Davitt, Mr. Sexton, and Mr. Colleary, and took it upon himself to advise them not to proceed further south or bloodshed, which they would be unable to prevent, must ensue. . . . Mr. Davitt yielded to persuasion, and agreed not to venture beyond the next turning and to return to Sligo by the sea front. . . . The second field, unfortunately, was one of stony places, and the cars were at once assailed with a fusilade of stones. Great chunks of limestone rattled against the cars, on the horses, and on the men. . . . In a moment there were shrieks from the cars. Some of the men lay down in the well, and others, jumping out, sought protection on the off-side of the cars. For a half-a-mile the attack was kept up, and hardly a man escaped being struck. The drivers jumped off and ran behind their horses, and such as had them wrapped rugs around their heads. Every vehicle, by the end of the half mile, had its complement of bleeding men.

The result of the election, which took place on the

2nd of April, 1891, was that the Parnellite candidate was rejected, and the Nationalist returned by a majority of 768.

Two other elections took place in the same year, with similar results. In Carlow, Mr. A. J. Kettle, Parnellite, was placed at the foot of the poll by Mr. John Hammond, who scored a majority of 2,216; and in Cork city Mr. Parnell's first lieutenant, Mr. John E. Redmond, was defeated by Alderman Flavin, with a majority of 1,512 votes.

Mr. Redmond's exclusion from the Parliamentary ranks was but temporary. The death of Mr. Richard Power, M.P., created a vacancy in the representation of Waterford. Mr. Redmond offered himself for the seat; he was opposed by Mr. Michael Davitt on behalf of the Nationalist or "anti-Parnellite" Party; the election resulted in the return of Mr. Redmond, whose votes numbered 1,775 against Davitt's 1,229.

By this time it had become evident to all observers that Mr. Parnell was fighting a losing battle, and that the verdict of the country would be heavily against him. If he had given recognition to the fact and showed any disposition towards a peace policy his colleagues and his countrymen would have done all in their power to ease the situation for him. But he was a man of iron will; he would not hear of compromise; he could not think of surrender. And so the cruel war went on.



CHAPTER XXXII.

The Freeman's Journal on the Moral Question.—The Archbishop of Dublin Denounces the Paper.—Siege of *United Ireland* Office: it is Taken and Retaken.—Mr. Parnell Heads the Final Charge and Breaks into the Premises. Starting of *The Insuppressible* and of *The National Press*.

THE Parnellites were not daunted by their discomfitures and discouragements; they were only enraged. A great matter for them was that in the early period of the struggle they had on their side *The Freeman's Journal*, the only Catholic and National daily paper in Dublin at that time, and up to the starting of *The National Press*, in March, 1891. *The Freeman* fought for the Parnellite cause not simply with enthusiasm, but with *abandon*. It "let itself go" and "struck out" in the most reckless fashion, casting all moderating influences and prudential considerations to the winds. It had been a Catholic organ, *the* Catholic organ of the country so far as the daily Press was concerned; it now took to lecturing and abusing the bishops and priests for daring to condemn Mr. Parnell and oppose his leadership. As if claiming to be a better authority on moral questions than the Catholic clergy, it criticised adversely their sermons and addresses, and undertook to tell Irish Catholics how far they were bound to pay any regard to the views of ecclesiastics on this particular subject. With regard to the discourses of the clergy from their altars and pulpits *The Freeman* thus spoke its mind:—

The men who dwell with prurient persistency on the Divorce Court are the very men who scoffed at it, or passed it over in the beginning. These men, out of their own mouths, are bound to regard the issue in question as a purely political issue. And

once they admit that, as they have admitted it, they confess dishonesty and the scandal of making the Press and the pulpit horrid with the language of the virago and the drab.*

So anti-clerical did the articles and correspondence of *The Freeman* become, and so scandalous its style of controversy, that his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin felt constrained to publish a letter warning his flock against its writings. I quote a portion of the document :

I have read with deep pain and, I must add, not without some alarm, an article in *The Freeman's Journal* of to-day (Jan. 21, 1891) in which the question of Mr. Parnell's " leadership " is dealt with in a spirit not unworthy of the traditions of some leading organ of the atheistic Freemasonry of the Continent.

The mask so clumsily worn for the last few weeks has at length been thrown aside. There is no longer to be kept up even a semblance, even a pretence, of respect for the religious teaching of the religious guides of the Catholic people of Ireland. Morality, it is now openly proclaimed, is henceforth to take only a second place in public affairs—that is to say, in so far as the high authority of the editorial tribunal may henceforth condescend to allow it to have any place at all. . . .

In one sense it is not, I think, to be regretted that the new venture of conducting a political campaign in Ireland in open disregard of the principles of morality should have been so speedily and so plainly avowed. The Catholics of the country will be more surely on their guard against the poison.

At all events it is my duty, the duty of the Bishop of the Diocese in which *The Freeman's Journal* is published, to put the Catholics of Dublin upon their guard against its poisonous teaching.

Not on one occasion only did the Archbishop deem it incumbent on him to condemn the " poisonous teaching " of *The Freeman*. On the 20th of February, 1891, he sent to the Press a letter of protest against its misrepresentations of his own action, in the course of which he reiterated his denunciation of that journal as " a source of danger to the purity of morals of the Catholic

* *Freeman* article, Feb. 25, 1891.

people" of his diocese. Not content with misrepresenting and calumniating the Irish Bishops and priests, *The Freeman* went further and sought to subject His Holiness the Pope to similar treatment. It published a pretended letter from a correspondent in Rome which intimated that the Holy Father did not see his way to agree with the Irish bishops on the Parnell question, and would not give their conduct any endorsement. Here is part of the audacious fabrication :—

The reports circulated in the English Press to the effect that the Pope has signified his approval of the course pursued by the Irish Bishops in the present crisis are utterly without foundation. I learn from an influential and absolutely trustworthy source that if the Pope has formed any definite views on the subject, which is by no means certain, they do not tend in the direction indicated.

Here it was intimated that the Pope was not very clear about the obligatory force of the Sixth Commandment, and that if he had formed any definite views on the subject they did not tend towards a condemnation of the conduct of Mr. Parnell! There was more of this shocking stuff in the document. Here is another paragraph :—

I understand that his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin has been specially detained by His Holiness, and that several lengthy interviews have taken place. What passed at these interviews is not precisely known, but it is stated in Rome that his Holiness is not at present prepared to endorse in its entirety the action taken by the Irish Hierarchy.*

* This was not the first occasion on which such an outrage on the Head of the Church had been perpetrated in the pretended interest of Irish Nationality. When, in 1865, Pius IX. issued a Rescript condemnatory of Freemasonry and secret oath-bound societies, an Irish-American editor, named Spellacy, had the hardihood to state in his journal that his Holiness had expressly exempted the Fenian society from the scope of his censure, and commanded that "Feniani non sunt inquietandi." The story was gladly reprinted—but only by one or two papers—in Ireland; it was, of course, an absolute fiction.

Pretending to take this bundle of lies as a genuine and truthful communication, *The Freeman* founded on it a jubilant article in which it said :—

The message which we publish this morning will send a thrill of joy through all Ireland, and bring comfort to those who have been watching with sadness recent developments in certain of the Irish dioceses.

News of those scandalous publications having been sent to the Archbishop of Dublin, then in Italy, his Grace telegraphed to the editor of *The Irish Catholic* the following message :—

The statement ascribed by *Freeman's Journal* to its Rome Correspondent is a series of disgraceful lies. I trust this answer will reach every part of Sligo in time to prevent the electors from being misled by the use, so audaciously made, of the Pope's name.

There was at that period a "Rome Correspondent" writing for *The Freeman*, but when he read the letter attributed to him he protested, in print, that he had never written a word of it.

In the dissemination of the moral poison spoken of by his Grace of Dublin, *The Freeman* was not without assistance. It had a vigorous helper in the paper then known as *Grabbed United Ireland*. How the "grabbing" was effected is an episode worth relating. *United Ireland* was the organ started by the gentlemen who had purchased Mr. Pigott's papers, with Land League funds, in August, 1881. Its control and management had been given to Mr. William O'Brien. Mr. Parnell held "shares" in the concern, but they could hardly be called his property; they had not been bought with his money; personally he did not own sixpence-worth of anything in the place; Mr. Patrick Egan was a "shareholder" in the same sense as Mr. Parnell, and equally entitled to have a voice in the management of its affairs. Not even the Executive of the League could take the

paper out of Mr. O'Brien's hands without his consent, or a formal and regular order of proceedings. When Mr. O'Brien went to America as one of the National delegation, in October, 1890, he gave over the charge of the paper during his absence to Mr. Matthew McDonogh Bodkin, who had for his second in command Mr. James O'Connor, a "'67 man," who had dared and suffered for the Irish cause. These gentlemen, when the Parnell trouble came on, took the same side as the majority of their countrymen; they were for the retirement of the Chief; but they put their views temperately and not at all in a provocative style. This, however, did not satisfy Mr. Parnell, who resolved that such an engine of war should not be left in the hands of his opponents. On the morning of December 10th, 1890, he arrived in Dublin, from London, to attend a meeting in the Rotunda. He took a hasty breakfast at the house of Dr. Kenny, where a plan of operations was agreed upon, and then with a few stalwart friends, set out to effect an eviction more short, sharp, and decisive than any that ever had been carried out against a cottier in Connaught. The party went to the office of *United Ireland*, interviewed Mr. Bodkin, and informed him that he could have his choice either to walk out or be pitched out. Mr. Bodkin chose to walk out, and Mr. Parnell took possession of the place.

In the evening there was a torchlight procession through the streets to the Rotunda, and much fiery oratory was let off inside that building; but while those brilliant proceedings were going on Mr. T. M. Healy and the evicted sub-editor got together a little party of friends, marched with them to 33 Lower Abbey Street, and recaptured the office in the name of William O'Brien.

But as in military engagements it sometimes happens that positions are won, and lost, and retaken, so it befel in this great fight for *United Ireland*. On Mr. Parnell's

return from the Rotunda to the house of Dr. Kenny he got news of what had occurred. A council of war was held, and plans were laid for a renewed and decisive attack on the newspaper office in the forenoon of the next day.

I had better let Mr. James O'Connor, who endeavoured to "hold the fort," tell the tale of the siege:—

In the forenoon of the day on which the office was broken into, Mr. Parnell's forces were gathering in Abbey Street. Wynn's hotel and the Ship hotel were crowded with "gentlemen" waiting for the word of command. Before the captain of the emergency party came upon the scene the men left to support me had been bribed by a waiter from the Ship hotel to abandon the premises. I was then alone with one brave boy, the son of the late A. M. Sullivan. This fact was known to Mr. John O'Connor, M.P., when a few minutes after the desertion of my assistants he knocked at the door, which I immediately opened on the chain. Through the partly opened door he shook hands with me, and in the blandest tones he begged of me, on the ground of many years of friendship, to let him in to speak a few words, which he assured me would settle the matter in dispute. I told him in an amicable but firm manner that I would not let him in—that I would let no one in. Finding me inflexible, he besought me to come out and listen to his explanation outside. I had no doubt as to his object, which would have been as fully attained by my going out as by my letting him in.

In about ten minutes Mr. Parnell arrived, accompanied by a large number of men, and a crowd armed with sticks and crow-bars. . . . Mr. Parnell knocked violently at the door. I opened it on the chain. He shouted "Mr. Parnell!" He did not ask me to open the door, and I simply said—"I can't let you in." Scarcely was the last word spoken when, so that I should not have time to close the door, he plunged at it shoulder-wise, and every man at his back made an instant dash at it. Myself and my youthful friend resisted with all our force. The door resounded with blows from bludgeons and iron bars, and one honourable gentleman, in his zeal for the cause of his respectable "Chief" shot his stick through the partly opened door at my eye, smashing my glasses, but fortunately not blinding me.

For fifteen minutes the assault and resistance continued, the yells outside being so furious that one might imagine the house was being stormed by a horde of drunken savages. At length

I was reinforced by three boys from the machine-room, and with their help the door was so well buttressed that Mr. Parnell, baffled, and like a raging lunatic, tried to leap over the railings. His friends held him back, but they took the cue, and down they jumped, smashed the kitchen window, and rushed upstairs. Mr. ——— was the first to reach the hall door, and when he opened it, Mr. Parnell, literally blind with rage, struck his friend a brutal blow with a stick plump in the face.

Mr. James O'Connor and his helpers were then turned out of the house and a party of caretakers, for Mr. Parnell, left inside. Next day Mr. Edmund Leamy, M.P., was installed in Mr. O'Brien's place, and made editor of the grabbed paper.

When news of this operation reached Mr. O'Brien in New York, he cabled to the evicted Mr. Bodkin the following message :—

Mournful to think that the paper which for ten years has borne all the assaults of Dublin Castle should receive its worst stab from the leader I all but worshipped. Proud to know that *United Ireland* continues insuppressible. Cannot possibly believe that my true-hearted countrymen will countenance the outrage committed in my absence, and whilst my hands are bound.

Of the perpetrators of this outrage he subsequently wrote that they were

Persons who, without a shadow of legal or equitable title, have seized by violence and destroyed *United Ireland*, for which no one among them ever invested a shilling of his money, contributed an effort of his brain, or risked an hour of his liberty.

The reference to the "insuppressible" nature of his late paper, in Mr. O'Brien's telegram, was due to the fact that the proprietors and staff of *The Nation* had given accommodation in their premises to the evicted pressmen, and a temporary home to the new paper they proposed to bring out. To this organ its producers proudly gave the name of *The Insuppressible*. The Parnellites, however, undeterred by its high-sounding

title, resolved to try whether they could not suppress *The Insuppressible*. They attempted to strangle it at its birth. When its first number was printed, a couple of vans were sent off from *The Nation* office (December 12, 1890) with bundles of the publication to be taken to the Kingsbridge railway station for transmission to various parts of the country. But when the drivers neared the station they found their progress suddenly barred by gangs of men who had been waiting at the quay side and in the off streets; the heads of the horses were seized, the contents of the vans tumbled into the roadway, and then those lovers of liberty commenced to throw the parcels into the river Liffey, which operation they had only partly carried out when the police arrived on the scene and saved a portion of the property.

Under its new management *United Ireland* equalled, or perhaps surpassed, *The Freeman* in the wildness of its utterances and the boldness of its fictions. A flagrant instance may here be cited as a specimen. On the 18th of December, 1890, it published the following sensational story:—

Just as we go to press we are informed that the Chapter of the Diocese of Dublin met yesterday and came to a very important decision with regard to the present crisis. According to our information, the Archbishop of Dublin presided at the meeting, and the Very Rev. Monsignor Lee, D.D., V.G., P.P. of Bray, and Dean of the Chapter, strongly urged that the ecclesiastics of the Diocese should take no action upon the question of the hour, in view of the fact that the Catholic laity are divided on the subject, and that popular feeling is so manifestly in favour of Mr. Parnell. The meeting, as it was positively stated to us, unanimously endorsed this view. Our informant added that Monsignor Lee, if he were compelled to take a side, would have chosen the side of the Irish leader, if for no other reason than to avoid dissension with the people.

In this statement there was not one word of truth. It was a shocking libel on those dignitaries of the Church to represent them as cowering before a semblance of

popular passion, afraid to preach or teach the principles of Christian morality. The worthy Dean of the Diocese was horrified when he read the story. He at once (December 19th, 1890) wrote a contradiction of the report, and to make sure of its insertion, as he thought, he took it himself to the office of *United Ireland*. It was refused insertion, the only reason given to him being that nothing objectionable to Mr. Parnell could be allowed to appear in the paper. Then came another such incident. *The Freeman's* evening issue having copied the false and scandalous report that had appeared in *United Ireland*, the Archbishop of Dublin—who was represented as having presided at the alleged meeting—wrote a letter to *The Freeman* emphatically declaring that the whole story was a baseless invention, and enclosing at the same time a copy of the Dean's letter. *The Freeman* simply took no notice of the communication.

In the interests at once of nationality and religion the "anti-Parnellites" deemed it essential that a daily paper should be started in Dublin, to counteract the evil influence of *The Freeman* and *United Ireland*. The country promptly responded to their call for the necessary funds; a sum of about £36,000 was subscribed by Irishmen at home and abroad. Spacious offices were taken in Middle Abbey Street, machinery of the most improved pattern was set up, and on Saturday, March 7th, 1891, the first number of *The National Press* was given to the public.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

Mr. Parnell's Campaign in Ireland.—His Illness and Death at Brighton.—His Remains Brought to Dublin.—Great Funeral Demonstration.—Poems and Articles of Lamentation.

MR. PARNELL, according to his own testimony had been in poor health for some years. That was the excuse he made for absenting himself from his duties in the House of Commons. But once he set himself to fight for the retention of his leadership, he apparently flung considerations of health to the winds, and acted as if he thought he had a constitution of iron. He was a proud man, resolute and obstinate, and he could not think of giving way before those whom Mrs. O'Shea, in one of her letters to him (read in the course of the divorce proceedings), designated "the sweeps." He rushed to meetings and demonstrations in all parts of the country; he sped at weekly intervals from Dublin to Brighton and back again; he made speeches which put a great strain on his failing physical strength. His Party did not spare him, neither did he spare himself.

On September the 27th, 1891, he addressed his last meeting at Creggs, a small village on the borders of Roscommon and Galway. On his return to Dublin he spent two days at the house of his friend, Dr. Kenny, M.P.; and thence he travelled to Brighton—to die. Extreme debility and acute rheumatism, which had fastened on his heart, brought his life to an end on the 6th of October, 1891.

The news of the death of the Chief created a great sensation in Ireland, where his precarious condition of

health, for some time before, had not been generally known. Immediate action was taken by his friends to provide for the transmission of his remains from Brighton to Dublin, and to arrange for a great funeral procession through the city to Glasnevin cemetery. This demonstration of sympathy assumed immense proportions; it was admirably organised; Corporations, National clubs, and societies of various kinds sent deputations even from remote parts of the country; good order, befitting the solemn occasion, was preserved throughout. The National heart was touched. The Press of all shades of opinion had sympathetic articles; the poets wrote and published songs of lamentation, some of them, indeed, not without notes of bitterness and of menace. The following graceful lines, from the pen of Mr. W. B. Yeats, appeared in *United Ireland* under the title "Mourn—and then Onward."—

Ye on the broad high mountains of old Eri,
Mourn all the night and day,
The man is gone who guided ye, unwearied,
Through the long bitter way.

Ye by the waves that close in our sad nation,
Be full of sudden fears,
The man is gone who from his lonely station
Has moulded the hard years.

Mourn ye on grass-green plains of Eri fated,
For closed in darkness now
Is he who laboured on, derided, hated,
And made the tyrant bow.

Mourn, and then onward, there is no returning,
He guides ye from the tomb;
His memory now is a tall pillar, burning
Before us in the gloom!

Not from Irish writers only came poetical tributes to the memory of the dead patriot. Miss Una Ashworth

Taylor contributed a threnody from which I take some lines :—

He is dead, dead, dead
 "Against death may no man rebel."
 No words avail, nor woman's wail,
 To raise his head.

Wind, O Wind
 The Sunrise flag over his feet ;
 Weep, weep, meadow and tree,
 Each trefoil leaf
 On Irish ground
 Shall know our grief
 From sea to sea his dirges sound
 But never an English flower lay
 On the bier you carry forth to-day.

Our hope is lost ; it was a flying cloud
 Lit by the radiance of a setting sun ;
 It was a voice at morning singing loud
 But mute for ever since his day is done,
 The harp is broken, shattered is the chord,
 Fall tears, slow, slow—
 Ah, no, no—
 For a chief
 Grief

Weeps not, save with a sword.
 But though
 We weep or no—
 There lies the sting—
 He will not know,
 My King, my King.

Irish ladies, too, poured forth songs of sorrow. Miss Katherine Tynan took a strong line, as may be seen from the following verses—the first and the last of a poem of hers entitled "A Wandering Star" :—

That night our chief we laid
 Clay in the ice-cold sod,
 Over the pale sky sped.
 A strange star home to God.

That night our chief we laid
 Clay in the ice-cold sod,
 That night a great star sped
 Out on its way to God.

An impassioned poem by Miss Dora Sigerson had the following verses :—

Dead, you are dead, and are they satisfied
 That their false hands nailed down your coffin lid,
 Will they, then, reach the fair land you descried
 And grasp the helm from which your dead hand slid ?
 And you are dead. To-morrow we'll be brave ;
 We are as women in the field to-day—
 To-morrow, when we close the open grave
 Dug by a brother's hand, we'll *DO* and *SAY*.

Another lady singer was even more vehement, unpacking her heart in this fashion :—

But—O God, the everlasting horror !—
 There he lies before us, foully slain ;
 And the slayers ? his own trusted brothers—
 Lo ! we brand them with the seal of Cain !
 Oh, our blinding tears are falling, falling,
 As we cluster sadly round his bier ;
 Weep, for short must be our day of mourning,
 Lo ! the hour of vengeance draws anear !

The ladies who wrote in this strain, I feel sure, did not want to get anyone hurt, but at a time of high excitement, when men's passions were hot and strong and threatening words were being freely uttered, a little more reserve in the striking of their wild harps would not have been amiss. The prose writers, the "able editors" and "valued correspondents" in the Parnellite Press spoke very plainly on the subject. They denounced Mr. Parnell's opponents as "murderers," and called for reprisals. Here are passages from articles of *United Ireland*, one of which was headed, in large letters, "Done to Death" :—

They have killed him. Under God to-day we do solemnly

believe that they have killed him. . . . Murdered he has been as certainly as if the gang of conspirators had surrounded him and hacked him to pieces. . . . And the leprous traitors who talk of morality with a lie in their hearts—*they* may rejoice to-day that their purpose has been accomplished. Is Mr. John Dillon satisfied now? Is Mr. William O'Brien—dead Caesar's Brutus? Are they as happy as Mr. Thomas Sexton, who plotted the Great Betrayal of November last? Shall Ireland exact no punishment for what has been done? . . . Shall this fatal perfidy, this slow torture of our beloved Leader go unavenged?

These were suggestive queries, and they did not quite fail of their intended effect. The personal safety of some of the men so denounced was seriously imperilled. Speaking at a public meeting a few days after the date of those publications, Mr. John Dillon stated that in Dublin bands of men had been organised and supplied with drink to shout at him "Down with Dillon the murderer!" Mr. William O'Brien had a similar complaint to make, which he set forth in a long letter to *The National Press* of November 16th, 1891. He protested against the "diabolical charge" in the official organ of the Parnellites against Mr. Dillon and himself of having hounded their old leader to death; and he said it was too bad that he and his friend, who in reality had done all in their power to save Mr. Parnell from humiliation, should now be held up to public execration as his murderers "by an unhappy man who never enjoyed an hour of Mr. Parnell's confidence." Not to be outdone in the use of forcible epithets, Mr. O'Brien characterised this conduct as "murderous scoundrelism." At this time, indeed, it would not have been conducive to the comfort of any of the leading "anti-Parnellites" to pass near groups of idle men at the street corners; some, in fact, were more than once treated by sorrowing, but not quite sober, patriots to striking manifestations of regard for a great memory.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Proposals for Reunion Rejected by the Parnellites.—Anti-Clerical War Continued.—*The Freeman* changes sides.—It Gets a Mock Funeral and is Cremated.

THE death of Mr. Parnell opened up an opportunity for ending the bitter strife that had raged between the sundered sections of the National party since the date of the divorce decree. The question of the fitness or unfitness of Mr. Parnell for the position of Irish leader had passed from the sphere of practical politics, and the "seceders" had no desire that it should be further debated. They held that in the interests of the Irish cause, and with a Home Rule Bill in the programme of the English Liberal Party, there should be a truce to controversy and a reunion of the sections as real and cordial as it could be made under the circumstances. With this view Mr. Dillon sought to open peace negotiations with the leaders of the Parnellite Party. His overtures would not be listened to; they were scornfully rejected. He was told that the Chief was gone, but his "principles" remained, and for these his followers would war to the death. The Parnellite organ came out with a thunderous article headed "NO!" the style and substance of which may be appreciated from a few specimen passages:—

NO! No, we cannot make friends with you. We cannot join hands over his grave with the people who killed him. We cannot, even if for Ireland it were good, smile to-day in the faces of the men who turned their backs upon him when he stood at bay, a hundred thousand Saxons howling for his life. No, no! . . .

Our Chief! our Chief!—thou liest cold in the clay this day, and they who killed thee come to us with honeyed words; and they ask us to tear from thy new-made grave the green banner

we laid upon it with love and reverence, and to place there in its stead the red flag of our conqueror. What dost thou say, our Chief? What dost thou say?

"NO!" That is our reply, then. We cannot, must not, will not; no, by Heaven, *will* not! No, not if England bent her knee to us, struck her flag to us, licked the dust in presence of our assembled people. . . .

Wait, traitors, wait; the ides of March are near. Shake hands with you over his grave—with you who pushed him into it—with you who blanched his cheek, crushed his spirit, broke his great heart: shake hands over his grave with *you*! Never! .

Stand back, we say! *Shake hands over his grave*? Nay, poor fools; poor wretched, creeping, wriggling reptiles; rather than do this thing we should prefer to give her to the Saxon, once and for all, unreservedly, unblushingly, in the light of day; we should prefer to sell her to the Saxon like honest brokers, strike our bargain in the market-place, and leave it to other men and other times to vindicate our country.

This was wild rant; but it indicated the Parnellite temper and announced the Parnellite decision. There was to be no peace, there should be war—war against the majority of the Irish Party and the Irish people—war against the Catholic Bishops and clergy. The organ above quoted set itself openly, declaredly, and defiantly to the furtherance of a campaign against the priests. In its issue of November 7th, 1891, it thus sounded the note of battle:—

The clerical power must be fought; it must be fought and conquered.

It must be fought and conquered should we not have a single seat within the four seas.

In its next number (November 14th, 1891) it declared that clericalism was the enemy, and that on the war should go:—

After the declaration of the poll in Cork we told the people of Dublin in as plain and unequivocal words as we could command, what were the issues now before the independent Nationalists of Ireland. We told them they would have to fight

and conquer the political influence of the Irish priests if they wished to have a free, independent, and useful Parliament in this country. We told them that until they grasped that fact with all the strength of their minds, steeled their souls to face and swore to conquer it for the sake of Ireland's liberty, there could be no hope for the Irish nation. Our appeal has not been made in vain. The clear-brained Nationalists of Ireland have taken hold of the situation and made up their minds as to its solution. Peg away, brothers! Peg away!

United Ireland, dependant for its support on an earnest but not numerous section of politicians, could afford to write in this reckless fashion; but the case was far different with *The Freeman*, professing to be an organ of Catholic opinion, a vehicle of Catholic intelligence, read by the clergy generally. It could not with impunity go on storming against Bishops and priests in the manner of its frantic contemporary. After some months of its anti-clerical spree it began to feel very sick. The inevitable headache set in, and with it came the desire, not unusual in such cases, to "turn over a new leaf" and lead a better life. Its new and formidable rival, *The National Press*, was sapping the foundations of the Parnellite journal, taking away its subscribers, capturing its advertisements, drying up its sources of revenue, and threatening to bring the whole concern down in ruin. The shareholders of *The Freeman* Company took alarm. They called a general meeting of their body to consider the situation and see what should be done to save their property. The meeting was held at the Imperial Hotel, Dublin, on the 21st of September, 1891; a motion in favour of a change of policy was earnestly debated; "the ayes had it" by a considerable majority; the old Board of Directors resigned, a new one was appointed—and with a hop, step, and jump *The Freeman* cleared out of the Parnellite camp and landed into the ranks of the "seceders."

This was a heavy blow to the Parnellite party. Their

stalwarts in Dublin were furious. They resolved to get up an anti-*Freeman* demonstration on the following Sunday. They knew *The Freeman* "had a past," and there was a spice of humour in the programme they laid out for their display. On Saturday, September 27th, they had posters set up and handbills distributed throughout the city containing—in a sensational style of lettering—the following announcement:—

FUNERAL PROCESSION

Of The Freeman's Journal.

The Nationalists of Dublin are invited to assist at the
interment of

THE LATE LAMENTED FREEMAN'S JOURNAL,

Which departed this Life on Monday last from an acute attack
of

CLERICAL INTIMIDATION, SOFTENING OF THE BACKBONE,

And other painful disorders.

The melancholy cortege will start from the Gray statue on
Sunday next, at 3.30 o'clock sharp, for the family burial vault of

THE SHAM SQUIRE,

Kilbarrack Churchyard, where funeral orations will be cheerfully
delivered by well-known Dublin speakers. Baby Gray and
Nurse Ennis will be invited to assist as pall-bearers. The remains
will be suitably cremated, and committed

To the vile dust from whence they sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

Bands will attend.

All are welcome.

Those arrangements were fully carried out. *The Daily Express* of the next day gave the following account of the proceedings:—

In obedience to the request contained in the poster published on Saturday, a couple of thousand people assembled in O'Connell Street, on Sunday, shortly after three o'clock, to take part in "the funeral procession of *The Freeman's Journal*." Four

brakes were drawn up opposite the Freeman office in Prince's Street. A very large force of police was present, and a line of constables was placed near *The Freeman* office. Four bands put in an appearance and began marching around the Gray statue and the adjoining streets. A procession being formed, it moved off towards the Amiens' Street terminus, and continued its way along the Clontarf road to Kilbarrack churchyard, "the burial place of the Sham Squire." Having arrived opposite the graveyard the drags were pulled up, and a coffin, painted black, was produced from one of them. A number of copies of *The Freeman's Journal* and *The Evening Telegraph* having been placed in it, a light was applied, and the blazing mass was placed on the sea wall opposite, and burned amid the cheers of the spectators. The coffin was then turned on end, and a tin kettle with a wreath of straw was placed on top of it.

A public meeting of the "mourners" was then held; a young member of the legal profession was appointed chairman; resolutions appropriate to the occasion were proposed, eloquently spoken to, and passed unanimously, after which the meeting dispersed, everyone feeling satisfied that the ends of justice had been served, as far as was possible under the circumstances.



CHAPTER XXXV.

The General Election of 1892.—Fierce Contests.—Desperate Fighting in Meath.—Priests Assaulted and Wounded.—The Parnellites Lose Twenty-one Seats.

WHEN a general election was impending in the summer of 1892, the Parnellite leaders began to give consideration to the fact, that, however formidable their party might be in street fighting, the electoral battle was quite another thing, and was not unlikely to bring them disastrous results. They, therefore, affected a conciliatory temper, and recommended a truce between the parties, based on the plan of letting each set of representatives retain, unchallenged, the seats then in their possession, or, as Mr. Tim Harrington, M.P., expressed it, to "draw dogs" during the election. This arrangement, if entered into, would leave the Parnellites in possession of thirty seats, and deprive the country of its opportunity of delivering judgment on the issue that was disturbing and distracting the public mind. The anti-Parnellite leaders declined to enter into any such arrangement. When the elections were completed, the result, as between the Irish parties, was that the Parnellites, instead of retaining thirty seats, were able to hold only nine; their opponents became masters of seventy-seven.

The contests in some places were productive of scenes of great turbulence. The Parnellites went into them determined that, however they might fare at the polls, they would be victors in the streets. Acting on the counsels of their official organ, they turned the whole

struggle into a war against what they called "clerical dictation." Priests were insulted, hooted, groaned, bespattered with mud, and otherwise mobbed. Their right to interfere in "political affairs," was indignantly denied. Some of the Parnellite speakers charged them with keeping their flocks in a state of illiteracy, in order that they might the more easily subject them to clerical control ;—one went so far as to say that, in his belief, a number of the voters who declared themselves illiterate in the polling booths, were not really so, but had been induced to make false declarations by the priests in order that their reverences might be able to learn how they voted. This endeavour to represent the clergy as patrons of ignorance, and inciters to lying, was an outrage, explainable only on the ground that political fanaticism can warp the judgment, and disorder the reason, of persons estimable in other respects. Desirous to do what I could in the way of protest against those odious libels, I published in a Dublin paper, (March 21st, 1896), a poem of which the following is a portion :—

Who are those priests ? The true-born sons of dear old Innisfail ;
In nerve and vein, in blood and brain, the children of the Gael,
The servants of that Mother Church charged with the task
 sublime
To "teach all nations," failing not, even to the end of time.
The Church that, to its mission true, o'er all the earth's wide
 space,
Has taught and helped, has cheered and bless'd, the suffering
 human race ;
The Church that poured the light of truth where noisome night
 had been
And raised the hearts and minds of men from falsehoods foul
 and mean ;
The Church beneath whose radiant wings and in whose loving
 care
Art, science, learning, ever grew more noble and more fair ;
Whose splendid temples, halls, and schools, upraised by reverent
 hands,
Are still beyond all other charms, the pride of many lands.

We, too, in Erin, had such homes of study, peace, and prayer,
 Their doors stood open to the world, their treasures all might
 share.

Great camps of learning speck'd the isle, whereto from far and
 wide

Came knowledge-seekers, rich and poor, and never were denied.

In later times the scene was changed, a ruthless foreign horde
 Spread hideous wreck and ruin through that vineyard of the
 Lord.

But yet, though halls and fanes were razed, and altars over-
 thrown,

The outlawed monks, the hunted priests, stood by and with
 their own :

In woods, and caves, and mountain clefts, concealed from
 foemen's eyes,

Or moving midst their humble friends in lowly peasant guise,
 They kept the lamp of faith alight, the love of God aglow,
 And aye they taught the highest truths that fallen man can
 know.

So, trained to brave the tyrant's power, his follies and his crimes,
 The genius of the Irish race lived on to better times.

Yet are our priests, like those of old, to God and Ireland true ;
 They labour for our people's weal with zeal for ever new :

To raise their fortunes and their fame to higher planes, and
 higher,

To brighten and to bless their lives, is still their hearts' desire.

Who says that heedless of an ill they might prevent or cure,

They see enswamped in ignorance the children of the poor ?

Who dares to say—and who are they so base as to believe—

That even lettered men they force to lie and to deceive ?

Whoever he and they may be, their utmost art will fail

To lodge in faithful Irish hearts that wild and wicked tale.

Years upon years may come and go, long ages pass away,

But in our isle the priest will hold the place he holds to-day ;

And still, whoever rants or raves, whoever reigns or rules,

His glory and his pride will be his churches and his schools.

Another Parnellite enthusiast—a prominent member
 of the party—announced at a public meeting in Dublin,
 that he had discovered a most excellent way of bringing
 anti-Parnellite priests to their senses, and inducing
 them, if not to change their opinions, at all events, to be

very chary about giving expression to them. This wonderful plan consisted in "stopping their supplies." "I have a remedy," said he (at a meeting in Dublin, November 17th, 1897), "for dealing with men of that kind. It has been tried in a neighbouring county, and it has brought a good many reverend gentlemen to their knees. I say to those whom I have the privilege of addressing, that they are not bound to pay dues to people who prostitute the pulpit to abuse and insult them." Bearing in mind the history of the penal times when "their supplies" were stopped, very effectually, without bringing the priests "to their knees,"—in the sense the Parnellite speaker had used the words—this proposition was at once contemptible and ridiculous. I spoke my mind in a piece which included the following lines :—

And what may be this weapon that we now are asked to seize,
This rod to scourge our Irish priests and "bring them to their
knees ? "

What can it be that will subdue those soldiers of the Lord
Whom England could not buy with gold or conquer with the
sword ?

And who again, for conscience' sake, would tread with holy
pride

The crimsoned pathway of the saints who for us lived and died ?

Whene'er I hear those ranting threats, unchristian and unwise,
To muzzle God's anointed priests by "stopping their supplies,"
To rule them in the pulpit by a gross and grovelling dread
Lest their discourse might mean for them a loss of daily bread—
I mind me of the futile plots devised in other days
To gain that end by sterner means and surer-seeming ways ;
I think of what I've heard and read of addle-pated schemes,
Of crazes, frenzies, phantasies, of visions and of dreams,
And find this plan to frighten priests as fearless as Saint Paul,
The vainest, meanest, saddest, and the maddest of them all.

The Parnellites lost heavily at the election, but there were also a few casualties on the other side. Amongst the stricken ones were Messrs. Justin McCarthy,

Thomas Sexton, William M. Murphy, and T. D. Sullivan. My exclusion from the parliamentary ranks was of brief duration; just four days after my defeat, I received a telegram informing me that I was member for West Donegal. The announcement was a complete surprise to me. Without any communication with me, the local priests and people, on learning of my rejection in the College Green Division, Dublin, had me nominated for their constituency, and I was returned without opposition.

Elsewhere the elections did not proceed so peaceably. At Tuam, where Colonel Nolan was the Parnellite candidate, and Dr. Tanner his opponent, priests who were interesting themselves on behalf of the latter were savagely beaten. One of those outrageous scenes was made the subject of a pastoral letter by the Archbishop of the diocese, in which he said:—

A band of men who had been drilled beforehand for the purpose, violently and gratuitously, without any provocation, sought to prevent the meeting, composed of the clergy and people of the town and neighbourhood. The clergy were the chief objects of attack. They sacrilegiously assaulted and inflicted grievous personal injuries on the clergy in the most brutal manner. The Riot Act was read, and we have it on the most authentic and responsible authority that this was done in consequence of a most determined attempt to murder a clergyman whose zealous efforts in the exercise of his constitutional rights rendered him particularly obnoxious to the chief organisers of disturbance.

At Waterford also, there were very violent scenes. The Candidates were Mr. John E. Redmond, Parnellite, and Mr. David Sheehy, Nationalist, who had been colleagues in the late Parliament. A correspondent of *The Freeman* wrote:—

Mr. David Sheehy is still (Sunday night, July 3rd), confined to bed from the effects of the brutal and cowardly attack to which he was subjected on Friday night. He was knocked down

and his head fearfully battered with stones; it was at first feared he was suffering from concussion of the brain, but fortunately there was no ground for anxiety on that score, the only danger now being from erysipelas. The organised ruffianism of the local factionists is simply astounding. On Friday night priests were mobbed, called the foulest names which the corner-boy can command, and pelted and struck with rotten eggs. On Saturday evening the Rev. Father Hanway, O.S.F., was proceeding with the Last Sacrament to a dying woman who resided in the neighbourhood of Ballybricken, when he was set upon by a gang of howling ruffians, one of whom set a ferocious bull-terrier after him. The rev. gentleman was considerably delayed, and when he arrived at his destination the woman was dead.

At Limerick, Dundalk, Cork, and other places there were similar scenes of turbulence. But the battle royal of the whole election was fought in the County Meath. For the specially furious spirit displayed by the Parnellites throughout that contest, there were two reasons: in the first place the longest and strongest of all the Pastorals published against their party was that issued by the Bishop of the diocese, the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, in the next place no man in Ireland was more obnoxious to them than one of the candidates, Mr. Michael Davitt, who in his weekly paper, *The Labour World*, published in London, scouted the idea of retaining Mr. Parnell as leader after the divorce scandal. These things induced the Parnellites to throw all their energies into the struggle. In the heat of their wild excitement, all respect for the clergy seemed to have perished. They commonly designated the Bishop by an offensive nickname; some of them used to come under the windows of his residence at night, shouting defiantly, and groaning for him. In the course of one of the street rows, Mr. Davitt, bleeding from a severe scalp wound, tried to staunch the flow with his handkerchief which soon assumed a crimson hue, whereupon he was scoffingly told by a voice in the crowd, that now he was

“hoistin’ England’s bloody red.” The “voice” ignored the fact that the “red” was not England’s in any sense of the word; but that of an Irishman, who had spent the best years of his life in British prisons for the Irish cause. In the exuberance of his ardour, the patriotic Parnellite had not time to think of such small details.

The result of the Meath contests was the return of Mr. Davitt for the northern, and Mr. Patrick Fulham for the southern division of the county. Petitions were lodged by the defeated candidates—Messrs. Pierce Mahony and James Dalton—who claimed to have the elections voided, on the ground of spiritual intimidation, and undue influence. In both cases the petitioners were successful. New elections were held in due course. Messrs. Mahony and Dalton again entered the lists; the unseated members could not do so, being now disqualified for a term of years from sitting in Parliament; their places were taken by Messrs. James Gibney and Jeremiah Jordan; a sharp but orderly contest ensued, and the National candidates were again victorious.

In the midst of all this excitement, the Parnellite organ in Dublin published a series of articles denunciatory of the action and influence of the Catholic Church, in Ireland, from the date of Emancipation to the present time. The following are specimen passages:—

The hand of the Irish Church is to-day on the throat of the Irish nation. . . . The Irish Bishops have thrown themselves across the path of the Irish national movement to its temporary ruin. . . .

By a monstrous perversion of both principle and action, the Church in Ireland attempts, by her recent action, to utterly obliterate the nation, and erect in its place a theocratic abortion. . . .

During all this century . . . the Church has failed in its public duty, failed flagrantly and ruinously, if not utterly. She has failed to teach the truth of God as regards labour, or to enforce his justice in relation to the land. She has never held

before the popular mind the ideals of nationality, nor of patriotism, nor even of religion. . . .

"Ecclesiasticism" has been the weakness and, in most cases, the ruin of every attempt of the nation to reconstitute itself when emerging from the ruin wrought by centuries of hostile legislation. By a lamentable perversion of her office, the Church, elsewhere the great reformer and renewer, has been with us the disturbing, disintegrating, and therefore corrupting influence. . . All we can predicate with certainty of her public action is that she will go wrong whenever she gets the opportunity.

Seated in comfortable presbyteries and episcopal palaces, clad in purple and fine linen, feasting amply, if not sumptuously, every day, with supreme power in her hands or at her command, she has witnessed with apathy the accelerating decay and proximate ruin of the nation.

From a Catholic point of view, this was a particularly dangerous line of accusation. It was by similar representations that the loyalty of masses of people to the Church, in other countries, had been sapped and undermined. The truth of the matter is, that in Ireland, the Catholic church was the power that saved the Nation from extermination. In the darkest time the priest was the peasant's comforter and hope-giver; the humble chapel was at once the temple of religion, and the ark of nationality; when it became possible for Catholics to hold meetings out of doors, to call for redress of their grievances, the "Chapel yards," were their first places of assembly. Had the Irish people attorned to the Reformation, and accepted the spiritual supremacy of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, the National idea would have perished; the two countries would have become unified, and Ireland reduced to the condition of an English province. The Parnellite leaders, in their anger, took a distorted and unhistorical view of the relations between the Catholic church and the Irish people. A truer appreciation of them is expressed in Moore's beautiful poem, in which the Irish peasant

thus addresses the persecuted Church of his trust, his hopes, and his affections :—

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheered my way,

'Till hope seemed to bud from each thorn that round me lay ;

The darker our fortune the brighter our pure love burned,

'Till shame into glory, 'till fear into zeal, was turned ;

Oh ! slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,

And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honour'd, whilst thou wert wronged and scorned,

Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows adorned ;

She woo'd me to temples while thou layest hid in caves,

Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas, were slaves ;

Yet cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be

Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely who say thy vows are frail—

Had'st thou been a false one thy cheek had looked less pale,

They say too, so long hast thou worn those lingering chains,

That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains—

Oh ! foul is the slander, no chain could that soul subdue—

Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty shineth too.

A much noted circumstance was, that while the Irish Bishops and priests were being held up to odium by speakers and writers of the Parnellite party, their Chief, with the revelations of the divorce court fresh in the public mind, was being panegyrised as the glory of the land, and a special gift of God to the Irish nation. He was compared to the great deliverer Moses, but in terms that claimed a superiority for Mr. Parnell. For, the reader was told, whereas it took Moses forty years to guide the Israelites through the desert, and bring them within sight of the Promised Land, Parnell had accomplished a similar task in a quarter of the time. Thus said *United Ireland* (26th November, 1892) :—

God gave us a Leader and a Prophet as truly as he gave Moses to the Israelites. Not in forty years, but in ten, he led us through the desert, within sight of the promised land ; and then, urged on by false pretences, we turned on him and stoned him.*

* See Appendix.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Home Rule Campaign in England—English Political Oratory—Bulls and Blunders—"The Birmingham Pup."

THE almost complete clearing out of the Parnellites from the Irish representation, left the ground open for a fresh and vigorous prosecution of the Home Rule cause in Parliament and throughout the British constituencies. Mr. Gladstone set himself to the work of preparing another Home Rule Bill, to be introduced soon after the assembling of the new House of Commons ; and the Irish National members resumed their work of pleading the Irish cause before English meetings. In this department of labour, the nine Parnellite members took no part. I feel bound to say, as regards my experiences on the Home Rule Mission in England, and for my colleagues who were similarly engaged, that we were received in a kindly and cordial way by masses of the people, and by the local Liberals of every class. If I am told by any sour-minded persons that those who gave us the hand of friendship, welcomed us to their homes, spoke with sympathy of our cause in public and in private, and professed an earnest desire to see the wrongs of our country righted, were mere Saxon deceivers, seeking to befool and betray us, my answer is that the story is absurd and ridiculous. They were more convinced and earnest Home Rulers than some of our own countrymen, who professed to be friends of the National movement. "Many things have happened since then," and it is possible that some of our English friends may have "lost the faith" ; but as regards most of them, I believe that their hearts

are unchanged, and that they mourn with us the temporary set-back of the Home Rule cause.

At the National Liberal Club, which was the centre of Liberalism in London, I found the keenest interest in everything affecting the fortunes, not only of the Liberal and Radical party, but also of the Home Rule movement. When, in March 1892, a number of victories were won by the "Progressives," at the elections to the London County Council, the jubilation in the club—where the polls, as the announcements came in, were chalked on a big black board—was immense. Triumphs in other towns and cities were all very well, but think of staid old London waking up and joining in the march to democratic freedom! The feelings of the National Liberals may be better imagined than described; but a day or two afterwards I attempted to give them expression in the following lilt:—

Up comes London, wheeling into line;
 Long lay London idle and supine;
 Isn't it a promise bright, isn't it a sign?
 London comes,
 With flags and drums,
 Wheeling into line!

Some there be who say the news is bad;
 Earls, Dukes, and Marquises think it very sad;
 They cannot any longer have the high old times they had,
 So while they grieve
 They all believe
 The world is going mad!

Now foul night fogs drift away and go;
 Now pure breezes round us rise and blow;
 Now through England the cocks are all a-crow,
 For fair and bright
 With freedom's light
 The heavens begin to glow.

Now may all men know and understand
 Brighter times, better times, are very near at hand;
 The time when every honest cause and every fair demand
 As sure as day
 Shall win its way
 And triumph in the land!

For—Up comes London, wheeling into line,
 Long lay London idle and supine,
 Isn't it a promise bright, isn't it a sign?
 London comes,
 With flags and drums,
 Wheeling into line!

The oratory of our English helpers was not only in a right spirit, but also of good quality. The element of humour was not always absent from their speeches. My experience has taught me that the faculty for saying quaint things, and uttering amusing solecisms, bulls, and blunders is a charm not exclusively possessed by Irishmen. An English speaker at one of our meetings said :—

GENTLEMEN—I am happy to propose this vote of thanks to our worthy chairman. He is the right man in the right place. You know that he has always been a lover of justice and fair play; a man with a good heart, and a sound head on his shoulders—no veneering about him I can tell you; solid mahogany.

Mr. Parnell once made an unconscious joke in proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. A. J. Kettle: “I need hardly tell you, gentlemen,” he said, “that in Ireland the name of Mr. Kettle is a household word.” As for the mixing of metaphors, and the unpremeditated minting of odd forms of expression, the work is continually going on at both sides of the Channel. At a meeting of the Dublin Corporation, (August 27th, 1903), a member said :—

When they authorised Mr. Hammond to take over this work, he did not think any of them knew that this sword was hanging

over their heads, which was to come on them like a bombshell. If he had known that this thing was up Mr. Hammond's sleeve he would not have given the vote he did.

At Melbourne, South Derbyshire, in the period of the Home Rule agitation, the local Liberals in advertising an entertainment which they proposed to give to their newly elected representative, said :—

Mr. H. E. Broad, M.P., will attend and address the meeting. The rest of the evening will be spent in enjoyment.

An Ulster member, now a Judge, speaking at Cirencester, informed his audience that "that half the lies which Mr. Sullivan and those Irish members tell you are not true." Colonel Saunderson did much, both in and out of the House of Commons, to keep up the Irish average in matters of this kind. He once indignantly denounced those Nationalist mob orators "who fire their barbed arrows at Colonel Caddell" (a police officer) "in the hope that some of the mud will stick." In the House of Commons slips of the tongue are not uncommon. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, in a debate on one of the Coercion Acts, made reference to "those miscreants who perpetrate their deeds of darkness under cover of the moonlight." Mr. Gladstone told an hon. member, that there was no use in his "shaking his head in the teeth of his own words." Lord Randolph Churchill said of a sum of money asked for by the Government, that it was "no more than a fleabite in the ocean of our expenditure." Mr. Broadhead is credited with having said in reference to an impending division, that there were many of his colleagues "whose hearts would beat in one lobby, while their heads would beat in the other."

At English political meetings the speaking was mostly of the serious and argumentative kind, but sometimes a little frivolity was attempted. In January,

1890, when an election was on in the Patrick division of Lanarkshire, a young gentleman, not long "let loose from school"—now in the Cabinet—Mr. Austin Chamberlain, was brought down to speak for the Unionist candidate against the Home Ruler, Sir Charles Tennant. Sir Charles was a man of years and experience, a trusted friend of Mr. Gladstone, held in high esteem throughout a wide region of the country. But the young man from Birmingham could think of no more witty sally than to apply to Mr. Gladstone and Sir Charles Tennant the nursery rhyme :—

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

I was in the division giving what help I could to the Home Rule candidate. and it occurred to me that I ought to give the young gentleman a quatrain in exchange for that with which he had favoured the constituency, which I did in this wise :—

Joey had a little pup,
So like his pa was he,
Whenever Joey said "bow wow,"
The puppy said "wee wee."

This little squib "caught on" immensely, and from that time to the close of the contest, Mr. Austin Chamberlain was known in the constituency as "The Birmingham pup."



CHAPTER XXXVII.

Mr. Gladstone's Second Home Rule Bill.—Conduct of the Parnellite Party.—Mr. John Redmond, supported by the Tories, puts the Bill in great peril.—It is passed by the House of Commons, but thrown out by the House of Lords.

 ON the 13th of February, 1893, Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons moved for leave to bring in his second Home Rule Bill. In so doing he gave a clear outline of the measure, and delivered a speech of stately eloquence, every sentence suffused with the glow of a high purpose and a noble inspiration. The first reading was passed without a division, but this is the ordinary Parliamentary form, and gave no promise of smooth sailing over the rest of the course. In all its subsequent stages it was strenuously opposed. To many English politicians the cancelment of the Act of Union, and the re-establishment of an Irish Parliament appeared to be a step backward—or downward—in the history of England, and their pride revolted against the idea. Then a consideration of importance was the antagonism of a majority of the Irish Protestants, who passionately declared their belief that, under the rule of an Irish Parliament, they would have no security for their property or religion. But the main body of the anti-Home Rule forces were the Tory party, headed by the aristocracy of England. To battle against this powerful opposition, with a slender majority of forty in the House of Commons, was the weighty task that Mr. Gladstone had now to face. Necessarily his bill had to be in the nature of a compromise, with many shortcomings from an Irish Nationalist point of view; but

under all the circumstances the measure amounted to a large scheme of Irish autonomy. It would quash the detested Act of Union, and so crown with victory the long struggle of Irish patriots from the days of Henry Grattan. It would give Ireland a native legislature of 300 members, and at the same time allow to her a representation of 80 members in the Imperial Parliament—a provision undreamt of in the days of Grattan and Flood. It would give over to the Irish Parliament two-thirds of the revenues of the country, appropriating the remainder as Ireland's contribution to imperial purposes. After the lapse of six years, the control of the Irish Constabulary was to pass into the hands of the local authority. Finally, by way of abolishing the last vestiges of Catholic disabilities, the reservation of the Viceroyalty to Protestants was to be abolished.

It was a bold scheme, and the statesman who proposed it had a stout heart. For his great project he might fairly claim the sympathy and support of all patriotic Irishmen. So thought the seventy-nine Nationalist members in the House of Commons. The nine Parnellites took a different view. They professed to feel a profound dislike of the measure, and they hated the man. Of course they could not venture to vote against the principle of the Bill, but they could show an unfriendly feeling towards its author, and evince a sour temper during the discussions. That course they adopted.

When the Bill was in its Committee stage, Mr. William Redmond moved an amendment "in page 1, line 12, to leave out the word 'Legislature,' and insert the word 'Parliament.'" Probably every Nationalist would desire that "Parliament," rather than "Legislature," should be the name of the Irish representative body, but the latter word had been chosen by the framers of

the Bill for tactical reasons, and no useful purpose could be served by an endeavour to change it. When Mr. William Redmond finished his speech, his brother, Mr. John E. Redmond, took up the thread of his discourse and spun it out to a great length. They forced the question to a division, with the result that they were able to muster 40 votes in their favour; the numbers in the opposite lobby were 466.

Not in the least disconcerted by this defeat, Mr. William Redmond, two days afterwards, was again to the front with an amendment of a precisely similar character. He moved to leave out the words "the Legislative Council," and "Legislative Assembly," and to substitute for them "the Senate and House of Commons of Ireland." This proposition met with even a worse fate than its predecessor; only 34 votes were cast in its favour, against it were 482.

But these exercises of the younger Mr. Redmond were only as child's play compared with the more serious and dangerous action taken by his brother. On July 10th, 1893, he brought forward a proposition that Ireland, in addition to having a Parliament of 300 members in Dublin, should retain the right of sending 103 members to the Parliament in London. The Bill before the House would allow to Ireland a representation of 80 members in the House of Commons; but that would not satisfy the Parnellite party, they would have no less than 103. The English view of the proposal was that it was audacious; the Nationalist view was that it was mischievous, and would probably do much harm to the Home Rule cause in England.

At the first blush one might suppose that the Tory party would scoff at the Redmondite motion, but they astutely took a different line. They knew the Government must oppose the amendment; they thought a large section of the Irish party might support it; and

they fancied that by throwing in their whole strength with Mr. Redmond they might carry the amendment, and so bundle out of doors both the Home Rule Bill and the Government. Mr. Gladstone, realising that the situation was critical, adopted an ingenious way of dealing with it. He intimated that he would leave the question in the hands of the House, and that an adverse vote would not involve the resignation of the ministry. At this announcement the Tories jeered, but they held to their plan of supporting the Redmondite motion. They came very near to achieving their purpose. When the division was taken (July 10th, 1893), the Government won, but only by the small majority of 14. The Home Rule Bill was brought nearer to destruction in that division than it was at any time—until it reached the House of Lords.

On August 30th, the debate on the Third Reading was opened by Mr. Gladstone. In one sense this was for him a day of pride and glory, for he knew that this great measure of justice, to the construction of which he had given the sunset time of his splendid life, would soon receive the sanction of the House of Commons; but in another sense it was for him a day of grave thought and sad foreboding. For he knew—everyone knew—that the Bill was going to meet its doom in “another place.” The shadow of death was on it. The executioners were awaiting it, and “impatient for the sacrifice.” Under these circumstances, one might suppose that any of the Irish Home Rule members, who would rise to address the House, would speak in friendly terms of the measure, and express some sense of gratitude to the brave old statesman who in his 84th year had undertaken so gigantic a labour for Ireland. But not so thought the leader of the Parnellite party. Shortly after the negative to Mr. Gladstone’s motion had been moved by Mr. Leonard Courtney, and supported

by Mr. Coningsby Disraeli, up rose Mr. John E. Redmond to give his opinion of the Bill. He belittled it, he derided it; he said in effect that it was a house of cards, not a stable structure—a mere makeshift, not a settlement of the Irish question—no guarantee of peace, but a provision for future agitation and strife. This was an appalling pronouncement, listened to with consternation by the Nationalist members. If there was one statement which more than any other had won the good-will of masses of the English people to the Home Rule cause, it was that which gave them to understand that with the passing of such a measure as Mr. Gladstone had proposed, there would be an end of the long trouble between the two countries, and an era of cordial relations would be commenced. Yet here was Mr. Redmond notifying and proclaiming, that within the four corners of this Bill there was no settlement, no reconciliation, no peace with the Irish nation; that agitation in Ireland, and trouble in the House of Commons would go on until further demands were conceded, and a fuller measure of autonomy obtained. I quote his words from *Hansard's Debates* :—

We have endeavoured, using such opportunities as were open to us, so to mould the Bill that it would satisfy what we considered to be the necessary conditions of a reasonable settlement of the question. I regret now, at the end of this discussion, to think that every single effort of ours in that direction failed. Those portions of the Bill which we regarded as objectionable and dangerous we voted against, but our votes were overborne; those portions which we considered faulty and defective we endeavoured to amend, and again our amendments were rejected by the Government, and by the overwhelming majority of the House. The changes which have been made in the Bill are, in my opinion, changes which, on the whole are for the worse and not for the better. . . .

As the Bill now stands I maintain that no man in his senses can any longer regard it either as a full, a final, or a satisfactory

settlement of the Irish Nationalist question. The word "provisional" has, so to speak, been stamped in red ink across every page of his Bill. . . .

No man can claim that such partial and restricted powers as are conferred by this Bill can by any human ingenuity be invested with any element of finality.

In the concluding portion of his speech Mr. Redmond announced that with all its faults he would vote for the Bill; because, he said, though "like the toad, ugly and venomous, it yet wore a precious jewel in its head." But the casting of Mr. Redmond's vote could make no amends for the hostile criticism he had passed upon the measure. He had put a sword into the hand of every enemy of the Bill, with which to hack it to pieces. The weapon was immediately grasped. Mr. Tritton, M.P., wanted to know what was the use of their going on with a Bill regarding which they were assured by so competent an authority, that it would settle nothing and satisfy nobody, and a loud chorus of "hear, hears," gave emphasis to his query.

At this critical juncture, Mr. John Dillon came to the rescue, and, speaking on behalf of the majority of Irish members, made a commendable endeavour to repair the mischief that had been done. With great earnestness of tone and manner, he said:—

It has been said in the course of this discussion—I think said even by men professing to speak for the people of Ireland—that the Bill settles nothing in its present shape, and would satisfy no one in Ireland. Well, Sir, I confess I hold a diametrically opposite opinion. I hold—and I shall not be afraid to maintain this doctrine on any popular platform in Ireland—aye, or in Canada or in the United States, or in Australia—where I know my countrymen as well as any other Irishman—that this Bill, so far from settling nothing, is a great Charter of liberty to the people of Ireland, and they will accept it in that sense. . . .

When I hear men talking about the question of finality, I want to know what is meant by finality. If men mean, when

they speak of finality, that this law is to remain like the laws of the Medes and Persians, as we are told in ancient books, without the alteration of a jot or tittle, or clause, or sub-clause, then such a finality is an absurdity, and never was heard of since human laws were first framed. . . .

I take the Bill as a whole, and if by finality we are to mean, as I think we ought to mean, that the people of Ireland, taking all the circumstances into consideration, and viewing this measure as a whole, would accept it, if passed into law, as a settlement of the National claims of Ireland, I say I believe they would.

The Chairman of the Irish Party thought it incumbent on him to corroborate the words of Mr. Dillon ; and so indeed it was, for if Mr. Redmond's "red ink" story was not authoritatively contradicted on behalf of the Irish people, the English Liberal party might drop the Bill, stung to the quick by conduct so insensate and ungrateful. On the last day of the debate, September 1st, 1893, Mr. Justin McCarthy said :—

The question is whether the Bill as it now stands is a measure which we can accept ? Mr. Speaker, I have no hesitation in saying on behalf of my colleagues—and I am sure for the Irish people—that we accept this Bill with a cordial welcome, and we give our warm and sincere thanks to the great English statesman who has brought it before this House, and who, I hope, will ultimately carry it to a complete success. We have been asked over and over again—"Do you accept this measure as final ?" We want to know what is meant by finality. If anyone asks us whether we suppose that the measure is never to be altered or amended in the whole succession of years to come, I say the question in itself is a foolish and a futile question. No measure that ever passed through this Parliament—no measure that ever passed through any Parliament—was framed on such perfect, and on such a prophetic, knowledge of what was to come in the future as to be in this rigid and pedantic sense absolutely final.

Since the Union Ireland has been kept down under one absolutely rigid principle—namely that she should be governed by this Imperial Parliament, and have no right of control whatever over her own affairs. This measure when carried will put an end to that principle, and will set up the principle that

Ireland is to look after her own domestic affairs for herself under the supreme control of the Imperial Parliament, and with certain limitations and restrictions, which are most gladly accepted. That, I say, is the principle which is final.

That was all very true, but Mr. Chamberlain, quick to seize on a point advantageous for his party, preferred to regard Mr. Redmond as the spokesman of Irish opinion. He said :—

Even if there were no temporary provisions in this Bill, even if it were in the mind and view of the Government a final settlement, what could we say after the significant and remarkable speech that was made the other day by the hon. member for Waterford, the recollection of which has not faded from our minds, even after the speech—the pacific and conciliatory speech—of the hon. member for Longford ?

There was no chemic property in the speeches of Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Dillon that could do away with Mr. Redmond's "red ink," and remove the "crimson stain" which he put upon the measure. When the Bill got to the House of Lords its enemies made much use of the harmful oration. Lord Castletown remarked that it opened up a prospect of continued strife, for every patriotic Irishman would feel it to be his duty to contend for a better measure. Lord Halsbury and Lord Middleton utilised the speech in the same way, and it was similarly referred to by other peers. Some of Mr. Redmond's criticisms were not devoid of weight ; it was easy enough for any Nationalist to point out blots and to pick holes in the Bill, but the performance just then could do no good, it could only do harm—and that it did to a deplorable extent.

At about 1 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, September 1st, 1893, the Third Reading of the Home Rule Bill was carried in the House of Commons by a majority of 34. The numbers were, for the measure, 301 ; against it, 267. A scene of great rejoicing ensued.

the Irish Members standing in their places and cheering frantically, the Liberals and Radicals being scarcely less demonstrative. But all were painfully conscious that the triumph was to be shortlived. The gentlemen in "the other place" had yet to be reckoned with. They had been expecting the "little stranger," and were ready to give it an inhospitable reception. Never before had so large an assemblage of the "Upper House" been got together. Many of them had been habitual absentees; others had but rarely shown themselves in the gilded chamber; the lame, the halt, and the blind were brought in, some who were in a precarious state of health, others, it was alleged, who were known to be insane or imbecile. They simply trampled on the measure in elephantine fashion, and soon Mr. Redmond's "red ink" marks were indistinguishable, for the Bill was "red" all over. The division, taken on September 8th, 1893, showed 41 votes for the Bill, and 419 against it.

So perished Mr. Gladstone's second Home Rule Bill. But the cause did not die with it, nor did its friends, either English or Irish, despair of its future. A great thing had been achieved; a Bill for the reconstitution of Ireland's Parliament had been approved by the representative chamber of the British Parliament. The fact is writ large in English history, and cannot be obliterated:—

Neither heat nor frost nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween
The marks of that which once hath been.

The views in favour of Irish autonomy then deliberately adopted by masses of fair-minded English people are still held as articles of political faith by most of them, and a time will come when they will be gladly reasserted.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Lively Scenes in the House of Commons.—Fisticuffs.—A Pugilistic Colonel gets a Black Eye.—Plain words from Mr. Healy and Mr. Sexton.—Col. Saunderson's Hostile Message.—The Home Rule Campaign in Ulster.—Orange "Counter-Demonstrations."—Atrocious Speech of Lord Rossmore.—The Orange Leaders, Johnston, Saunderson, and Waring.

DURING the progress of the Home Rule agitation we had many lively scenes in Ireland, and some in England, of which two or three occurred within the precincts of the House of Commons. Of these latter the most notable was the fight "on the floor of the House," on the evening of Thursday, July 27th, 1893. The Home Rule Bill was then in the last hours of its Committee stage; the Tory and Unionist party knew that the closure would be employed to put it through; they were in angry mood, and some of the younger bloods resolved that they would do something startling to mark the occasion. Their party being in opposition, they occupied the benches on the left of the Speaker, above the gangway, the section below the gangway being occupied by the Irish members. Such was the situation when Mr. Chamberlain, rising from his place amongst the "Liberal" Unionists, on the Government side of the House, proceeded to deliver a violent denunciation of the Home Rule Bill and a virulent attack on its author, Mr. Gladstone. When in this connection he referred to "Herod," the Scriptural allusion brought out from Mr. T. P. O'Connor the counter-cry of "Judas," directed against the renegade Liberal; and the word was caught up and shouted by a

hundred voices. Excitement rose high ; the political atmosphere became electrical. The closure having been moved, the Tories and Unionists were very slow about proceeding to the division lobbies ; they dawdled along the passages and obstructed progress. At one of the points of egress near the Speaker's chair. Mr. Logan, a Radical member, had to stand still for a little time, as the way to the lobby was blocked. Immediately there were loud cries of "order, order !" from indignant Tories, whereupon Mr. Logan proceeded to put himself "in order," by sitting down for a moment on the bench near him. In an instant he was gripped from behind, and thrust forward by an irate Tory, Mr. Hayes Fisher, and grappled in front by Mr. Ashmead Bartlett. Mr. Logan, a tall powerful man, would have been more than a match for both his assailants, but a general scuffle ensued. The Irish members having risen to take part in the division, moved up towards the seat of war, whereupon Col. Saunderson seized the opportunity of distinguishing himself. He rose, straightened himself up, assumed a pugilistic attitude, and fell to striking at every Nationalist within reach. He "landed" on the head of one of them, but presently the valiant Colonel was the recipient of a three-star blow on the eye from another Nationalist, and was only saved from further punishment by some of his Tory colleagues, who pulled him into his seat and warded off the blows. The noise of cracking wood helped to give the row a very realistic air ; someone of the up-standing members had placed his foot on the little ledge—something like an eaveshoot—affixed to the back of the benches, forming a small receptacle for notes, papers, &c., ; this being of slight construction, gave way under the pressure, making a noise as if the legislators were "smashing the legs of the furniture." Soon Speaker Peel was recalled from his room, and on his retaking

the Chair, the commotion speedily subsided. But what helped even more than the entry of the Speaker to bring the excited representatives to a sense of the enormity of their conduct, was the vigorous hissing to which the performance was treated by the occupants of the Strangers' Gallery. For the members of the House of Commons, claiming to be "the First Assembly of Gentlemen," &c., to be treated to a storm of sibillation in their own Legislative Chamber, as if they were a company of indifferent actors on the stage of a minor theatre, was a startling occurrence, and it had a soberising effect. When members returned to the House after the division—which gave a majority to the Home Rulers—some statements were made to the Speaker as to the origin of the disturbance; but the only one who made any complaint of having received personal injury was the hon. and gallant Colonel, who spoke under the influence of deep emotion and a black eye, and who had been giving so fine a display of fistic science—until he was "knocked out."

Colonel Saunderson was one of the "characters" of the House. If there were no Irish Nationalists in the assembly he would not draw on himself much attention; but with a Home Rule party in front of him, to whom he could address provocative language, and upon whom he could expend a plentiful output of rough humour, sprinkled very often with coarse insults, he was a joy-giver to the Tory party, who rewarded him with the tribute he loved to receive—their cheers and hearty laughter. Notwithstanding his blustering and boisterous attacks on them, the Nationalists felt no enmity towards the Colonel; in fact they would rather like him if he would only give them a chance—in other words, if he knew how to "moderate the rancour of his tongue."

On one occasion, however, when he was in a

particularly offensive mood, he drew from some of the Irishmen retorts that must have stung him almost as much as the blow on the eye administered to him on the night of the row in the House. In a discussion on an Irish Coercion Bill (15th April, 1887), he laid himself out to deliver one of his most truculent speeches. It was an attack on the National League, and all connected with it. The epithets "murderers" and "traitors," were plentifully scattered through his wild harangue, which had a gory hue from first to last. I think he must have meant to provoke a scene; at all events he produced one. Looking straight across the House at Mr. Parnell and the Irish members, he said in his most emphatic manner:—

I do not accuse the hon. member for Cork or his friends in the House of imbruing their hands in blood; but I do accuse them of associating with men whom they knew to be murderers.

In an instant Mr. T. M. Healy was on his feet, calling on the Speaker to say whether such language was in order. The Speaker fenced with the question, and gave an indecisive and unsatisfactory answer. The Colonel endeavoured to resume his speech, but Mr. Healy was not to be put aside so easily; he rose again and in strident tones addressed another protest to the Speaker; some of his colleagues showed similar excitement; Mr. Sexton was heard to say that if the Colonel persisted in his conduct he would tell him what he thought of him, regardless of consequences. The Colonel not appearing willing to withdraw the offensive words, Mr. Healy electrified the House by shouting out "If the hon. member refers to me, I tell him that he is a liar!" Up rose the Speaker immediately, and called on Mr. Healy to withdraw the unparliamentary expression, but as Colonel Saunderson made no retraction of his vile charge, Mr. Healy declined to take back

his words. Thereupon he was "named" by the Speaker, and a motion having been made from the Government benches for his suspension, the Irish members divided the House on the question, amid a scene of great excitement, in the midst of which Mr. W. Redmond called out—"And I say he is a liar too!" The result of the division was, for the suspension 118; against it, 52. On the announcement of the numbers from the Chair, Mr. Healy walked out of the House, his Irish colleagues and many of the Liberal and Radical party rising in their places and cheering him as he went.

After the division Colonel Saunderson again rose to continue his atrocious diatribe; he was continually and passionately interrupted, and the affair degenerated into a noisy wrangle, worthy of a village market place. At this juncture, Mr. Thomas Sexton, following the example of his friends Mr. Healy and Mr. Redmond, took leave to inform the Colonel that he was "a wilful and cowardly liar," adding, in the excitement of the moment, that if he had him outside the House, he would "thrash him within an inch of his life." This threat caused no small amusement amongst the assembled legislators, in view of the physique of the two men. In an intellectual combat Mr. Sexton would be an easy winner, but in a vulgar affair of brawn and muscle no one could doubt which would be the thrasher and which the thrashed. Had the Colonel beckoned to Mr. Sexton, and walked out of the House he would have created a sensation—a sort of thing he dearly loved—but as he did not do so the matter remained to be dealt with by the Speaker. That august functionary called on Mr. Sexton to withdraw his words; a prolonged wrangle ensued, the upshot of which was that Col. Saunderson withdrew the particular observation which had created so much commotion, and Mr. Sexton withdrew the

words in which he had endorsed and emphasised Mr. Healy's estimate of the conduct and character of the Colonel.

There the matter should have ended, but the Colonel took it into his head that the threat about the thrashing called for some extra-Parliamentary treatment at his hands, and accordingly he took certain measures which, a few days afterwards, he thus described at a mass meeting of the "National Union" at St. James's Hall, London :—

Mr. Sexton, who is undoubtedly one of the ablest speakers in the House of Commons, in a moment, I think, of excitement, stated that it was his intention to lick me within an inch of my life. (Laughter.) Well, a threat of that kind carries with it a certain amount of danger, because you may ask the man who threatens just to put his threat into execution, and that is exactly what I did. Mr. Sexton having made that threat, and I having patiently waited for two or three days without that threat having been put into execution, I sent him a message through his friend Mr. Labouchere, who, I understand, gave him the message. I asked Mr. Labouchere to inform Mr. Sexton that as he had not yet put his threat into execution, and as I was very unwilling to baulk him in making the experiment—(laughter)—I wished him to understand that I lived at 44 Pond Street, S.W.—that I was always at home until half-past eleven o'clock in the morning; that I should be ready to give him a warm reception, but if he imagined that the seclusion of my dining-room might be of too private a character I was willing to gratify him, and to meet his convenience by meeting him anywhere that he pleased to appoint, and at any time that did not interfere with my Parliamentary duties. And, moreover, that as I was aware that there was a considerable disparity in size between us, and that he might therefore feel himself placed at a disadvantage, I would permit him on the occasion to avail himself of the active co-operation of Mr. Philip Stanhope, a friend of his own, the member for Wednesbury, who has expressed similar opinions to those uttered by Mr. Sexton. They have neither of them turned up as yet.

This bit of cheap swagger did not redound to the

credit of the gallant Colonel. It was "bad form." The parliamentary idea is that when mutual withdrawals take place in the House of Commons, "the incident is closed," and any reversion to it there or elsewhere is "out of order." Mr. Sexton, of course, knew better than to reconstitute the situation, no matter how greatly the bellicose Colonel might be spoiling for a fight.

All through the Home Rule campaigns, while Mr. Gladstone's Bills were before the country, none of their opponents kept in active use so untiring, rough, and rasping a tongue as Colonel Saunderson. While professing to be a very model and pattern of loyalty, it was his custom to fulminate the most terrific threats against the British Government in case they should dare to pass a Home Rule Bill into law. Thus, speaking professedly on behalf of the Irish Orangemen, he declared at a Unionist Meeting :—

The very moment there is a chance of a Home Rule Parliament we shall arm, we shall drill, and in a fortnight we can put 50,000 men in the field under arms.

This was mere Saundersonian slap-dash, with about as much substance in it as there is in a soap-bubble. The authorities took no notice of it—though Irish Nationalists had often been sent to prison for language less treasonable. The Colonel's oratorical fireworks gave much delight to the Orange fraternity, who fondly believed that he was a terror to Home Rulers of every rank and station. At a twelfth of July meeting over which he presided at Armagh in 1886, one of the speakers—the Rev. Thomas Ellis of Killyleagh, proudly told the assembly that "he had heard, from a gentleman who witnessed it, that the blood rushed to Mr. Gladstone's forehead whenever brother Edward Saunderson got up

to speak." This exhilarating piece of information was received by the meeting with vociferous cheering, and Brother Saunderson, without even saying "pardon my chameleon blushes," appeared much pleased by the demonstration.

But the inflammatory speeches of this gentleman, and others of his kind, wrought mischief in Ireland. They excited the northern Orangemen, ever ready to avail of opportunities for the creation of party riots. They now resolved on a campaign of "counter-demonstrations." Their plan was to call meetings of their party for the same days and at the same places as had previously been selected for meetings of Nationalists. The inevitable consequences of such assemblages would have been furious and bloody riots, but for the presence of large forces of police, and in some cases of military, sent to preserve the peace. Two most critical affairs of this class took place, one at Rosslea, Co. Fermanagh, on the 16th of October, 1883, and the other at Dromore, Co. Tyrone, on January 1st, 1884. At the latter place the rival parties were separated by but a short distance, and towards the close of the proceedings several determined attempts were made by the Orangemen to get across to the Nationalist meeting. They were only prevented from rushing to it in a mass by a military force which held the intervening road. One adventurous young Orangeman, named Giffen, risked his life in an endeavour to reach "the enemy"—and lost it. As he was scrambling over a fence by the side of the road a mounted Lancer gave him a thrust of his weapon, from the effects of which he died a couple of days afterwards.

At the inquest held on the body of Giffen the evidence clearly showed that the Orangemen were the aggressive party. As illustrative of their temper and habits, I quote a few passages from the newspaper reports.

Mr. Robert Thompson, an Orangeman, who was present on the occasion, was examined, and testified as follows :—

Did any of your party break over towards the old road where the Nationalists were ?

Yes, they did.

A Juror—Who were the attacking party ?

The Orange party were attacking the National party ; but at the time of the stone-throwing they were attacking each other.

From the evidence of a Doctor Thompson, who took part in the Orange meeting, and subsequently attended to the wounded man, I take these queries and answers :—

Did you notice that the paling on the opposite side of the road was also broken down ?

Yes.

And was it your party that broke the paling ?

Well, it was the Orange party.

That was your party ?

It was the party I was with. I do not call it my party. I think every loyal man should have been there.

Well, we will not go into that matter ; I think every loyal man should have obeyed the Lord Lieutenant's proclamation, and stayed at home. About how many of your party attacked the Nationalists at the time ?

I cannot form an idea. A very considerable number—I should say a couple of thousand.

Was that the first attack that you saw made that day ?

It was the first disturbance I saw.

In reply to further questions the witness stated that there was a second, but unsuccessful attempt made by the Orangemen to get at the Nationalists. And another Orange witness, a Mr. Edward Archdale, one of the organisers of the demonstration, and a contributor towards its expenses, admitted that never once during the day were the National party the aggressors. Thus says the report :—

At any time during the day was there an attack made on your party by the Nationalists ?

No.

The eagerness for battle evinced by these self-styled supporters of "law and order," on occasions of this kind is largely due to their consciousness of being better armed than the opposing party. Most of the brethren have revolvers, and their lodges expect them to be so provided.* At those anti-Home Rule demonstrations it was customary with them to mark their approbation of warlike passages in the speeches of their orators by volleys from revolvers and pistols. Colonel Saunderson, in the course of one of his speeches, had to appeal to them to "stop that infernal din"; another of their leaders, Mr. Murray Kerr, D.L., at a meeting in Monaghan, gave them the following piece of sage counsel:—

My advice to you about revolvers is—never use a revolver except when you are firing at some one. Firing squibs in the air is nothing.

The situation at the Rosslea meeting was for a time very critical. It was thus referred to by another of those "law and order" Deputy Lieutenants, Captain Barton, at the "Annual Soiree and Musical Reunion of the Royal Hobah Black Preceptory," in the Rotunda, Dublin, on December 4th, 1883:—

I am a Fermanagh magistrate, and I was within six yards of Lord Rossmore at the head of the brethren at Rosslea, and they ran straight up to the rebels. Before Lord Rossmore or Lord Crichton came into Rosslea that day, the Fermanagh Orangemen had made it fit for their reception by taking down every rebel emblem in it. We are not going to threaten any more in Fermanagh, but just let the Nationalists come down and try us. They are blood-stained rebels, and we will have none of them in Fermanagh or in Ulster.

Nice gentlemen these to hold her Majesty's Commission of the Peace, and sit on the Bench at the trial of Irish Catholics! What manner of man this Lord

* See Appendix.

Rossmore was may be judged from the following portion of one of his speeches :—

I am afraid I cannot warm to my work like the “Grand old Gabbler,” and talking about him reminds me of a thought which struck me to-day. You have all heard of the mad dog we have had in our midst lately. You know the misery his presence caused. Well, I say if a human mad dog is loose who wilfully and wantonly destroys thousands of people, what ought to be done with him ? The mad dog ought to be done away with before he infects any more ignorant people with the snapping and snarling of his Home Rule rabies, which rabies, brethren, does so much harm to mankind when bitten by them.*

The four-legged mad dog referred to had been hunted down and shot ; and the suggested “moral” of Lord Rossmore’s story was therefore clear enough. On March the 3rd, 1887, Mr. T. M. Healy brought this matter under the notice of the House of Commons, by asking the Chief Secretary, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, whether his attention had been called to those words. The curt reply was “No, Sir.” But if an Irish peasant, or “agitator,” had used language half so murderously suggestive in reference to an English minister or an Irish landlord, penal servitude would speedily be his fate, and he might count himself fortunate if he got off with “7 years.” †

In the House of Commons at this time there were a triumvirate of Orange leaders, consisting of Mr. William Johnston “of Ballykilbeg,” Colonel Saunderson, and Colonel Waring. The first-named held a higher position in the organisation than either of the others, but he

* Speech delivered in the Camla Orange Hall ; reported in *Monaghan Northern Standard* of February 12, 1887.

† Lord Rossmore was subsequently deprived of the Commission of the Peace ; but after a short time—what I suppose would be called “a decent interval”—was restored to his former status.

was not a very voluble or demonstrative person, and indeed he was regarded by his Nationalist colleagues as rather a good-natured man. Colonel Waring did not often address the House, and when he did there was nothing notable in either the matter or the manner of his speeches. The trait for which he was most remarkable was his close attendance on the movements of his brother Colonel. He always sat either next or near him, and liberally supported his argumentation with hear-hears and cheers. Whenever Colonel Saunderson rose and walked out of the House, Colonel Waring almost immediately followed. The fraternal relations and unity of sentiment between these three lights of the Orange order suggested to me the following lines :—

“ When Gladstone gets his Home Rule Bill,”

Says Saunderson to Waring,

“ Then you, and I, and Ballykill,

Will show our martial daring.

Without delay, the very day

That down such gage he pitches,

We'll fill our flasks from jars and casks,

And march to 'line the ditches.'

With skill and might and valour bright

We'll set the world a-staring”—

“ We surely will,” says Ballykill;

“ Of course we will,” says Waring.

“ If in the fields the rebel rout

Will not confront our Lodges,

In street and lane we'll find them out

Despite their craven dodges;

We'll pot the rascals at their doors

We'll club their babes and spouses,

We'll sack their shops and wreck their stores

And loot their public houses.

And then 'twill be a joy to see

Our boys the plunder sharing;

The victors' toil deserves the spoil”—

“ Of course it does,” says Waring.

"If met by forces of the Crown
 'Neath flags and banners royal,
 We'll simply shoot the traitors down
 For conduct so disloyal :
 We'll feel a pang at every bang,
 We'll weep with every volley—
 But theirs the blame, the sin, the shame,
 The treason and the folly.
 In smiting wrong we must be strong
 Unpitying and unsparing"—
 'Tis heaven's will," says Ballykill,
 "The will of heaven," says Waring.

"Great chiefs will come from distant parts
 And foreign institutions,
 To study all our Orange arts
 And Purple evolutions ;
 And when our glorious fight is won
 They'll all go home, declaring
 Earth holds no match for Saunderson,
 And scarcely one for Waring."

"They surely will," says Ballykill,
 "There's no one worth comparing
 With our great gun, brave Saunderson,"
 "Well, hardly one," says Waring.

The Colonel had a quaint humour of his own, and at political meetings as well as in Parliamentary debates, his sallies were often amusing. On one occasion, describing the hard lot of the Irish landlords, he said :—
 "If we reside on our properties we are liable to be shot ; and if we go out of range we are called absentees." At another time he complained that England whenever she wished to be generous to one class of Irishmen, drew the requisite funds, not from those Imperial sources to which Ireland is forced to contribute more than her share, but, from the pockets of another class of Irishmen. "England," he said, "is very fond of drying the tears of Ireland, but she always makes Ireland pay for the pocket-handkerchief."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Death of Mr. Gladstone.—A Statue of the Home Rule Statesman offered to Dublin.—The Corporation refuse to give a site for it.—Protest against their conduct by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

MR. Gladstone died on the 19th of May, 1898, in his 89th year. In accordance with the general sense of his countrymen, it was arranged that his remains should be honoured by interment in Westminster Abbey; and there, amid a scene of great solemnity, they were deposited on the 28th of May, 1898.

So strong was the feeling of sympathy evoked by the event that almost immediately a movement was started, under influential auspices, for the erection of public memorials of the departed statesman. A committee was formed in London, presided over by the Duke of Westminster, to carry out the work. There was no lack of funds. The plan resolved upon was to erect a statue of the great old legislator in each of the capital cities, London, Edinburgh, and Dublin. Those statues were to be free gifts from the general committee of the citizens.

At a meeting of the Dublin Corporation on August 8th, 1898, a letter was read from the Chairman of the Gladstone Memorial Committee, requesting that a site in some street or public part of the city might be granted for a statue of the deceased statesman. The Corporation, preponderatingly Parnellite in its composition, scornfully rejected the application. If any of the members present disapproved of this course they did not venture to say so, and the resolution of non-compliance passed without a division.

In *The Weekly Nation*, writing over my own name I gave frank expression to my view of this performance. I said :—

No more regrettable, discreditable, and injurious thing has been done in Ireland for many a year than the act of the Dublin Corporation in refusing a site in the streets of the Irish capital for a statue of Mr. Gladstone. That act will leave a black mark on Irish history. All over the civilised world it will tell against the character of the Irish people. It will hurt, well nigh to death, the Irish cause in England ; it will grievously harm it here in Ireland, where patriotic men will be disheartened and disgusted by so scandalous a display of miserable fanaticism and base ingratitude. I have no doubt whatever that it will cause many an honest Nationalist to drop quietly out of the Home Rule movement. Of course the Dublin Corporation in this matter does not represent the Irish Nation ; it really outrages the popular feeling ; and to make that fact as widely known as possible is the only way at present available for minimising the evil that has been done.

The foregoing paragraph was published in *The Nation* of August 15 ; a few days later Sir Charles Gavan Duffy chanced to see in *The Westminster Gazette* an article having reference to this lamentable incident, whereupon the veteran Nationalist, anxious as ever for the honour of his country, wrote to that journal the following letter, which appeared in its columns on August 20th, 1898 :—

SIR,—Have Irish Nationalists made any adequate protest against the disgraceful and disgusting conduct of the Dublin Corporation, respecting Mr. Gladstone's statue ? If they have, I have not seen it ; but I have been spending a month in the Italian Alps, where newspapers are rare and belated, and much may have escaped me. If there has been an adequate protest, drop this note into the waste-paper basket ; but if not, I trust you will allow me, as one Nationalist, to be heard briefly on the subject.

You truly say that a transaction of this nature is hard for English Home Rulers to endure, but how much harder is it for Irish Nationalists who see the cause they love disgraced,

so far as the misconduct of a handful of Philistines can disgrace it, before the civilised world ! The excuse on which these municipal gentlemen rely is that Mr. Gladstone imposed an income tax and other financial burthens on Ireland. Be it so ; but how completely does such a fact disappear in the record of his splendid labours for the last thirty years ! After the amplest allowances are made for the services of Mr. Parnell, and the Irish Party, the fact remains that if there had been no Gladstone the Irish Church would be still established, the Irish Land System would be still unreformed, and the Irish Franchise would be still a mockery of popular representation, the protection of the ballot would not exist, and a Home Rule Bill re-establishing our native legislature would not have passed the House of Commons.

When Irish Nationalists have separated themselves peremptorily from this vote, when they have determined that the Corporation shall be compelled to rescind it, or that another site shall be found in defiance of them, then we may breathe again. But 'till this, or something equivalent to this, be done, we must be ashamed to look an English Home Ruler in the face, or (what is harder to endure) to meet a French or Italian sympathiser with Ireland, who invites you to explain the perplexing and incredible fact.

The Parnellite organs in Dublin and throughout the country treated this protest with derision. One of them said :—" The Dublin Corporation will not be in the least disturbed by the abusive letter which Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has written to a London paper regarding them. The threat that the Corporation must be compelled to rescind their recent vote is really too laughable for serious notice. We should much like to see Sir Charles and his pro-British Irish friends attempting to erect a Gladstone statue in Dublin in opposition to the wishes of the overwhelming majority of Irish Nationalists." The hint thus given was more clearly set forth by another paper, which notified that if any attempt were made to erect a Gladstone statue in the streets of Dublin, the promotor should take the wise precaution of providing for the monument " a sub-

stantial police protection." The language of some of the orators of the party went still further ; they threatened that if it were erected even on private property it would be destroyed ; and one of them publicly declared that if it were set up in a Dublin back yard it would not be allowed to remain long in existence.

It seems never to have occurred to the gentlemen who were ranting in this fashion, that by such displays of intolerance they were strengthening, as one might say, the very foundations of Dublin Castle, and giving to the British Government—by contrast with themselves—the character of guardians of public liberty. The Government does not forbid the erection of monuments to persons it does not like, or smash them when they are set up ; and it hardly befits our lovers of Irish freedom to give them object-lessons in tyranny.

In this connection another memorable incident deserves to be noted. In September, 1899, the Dublin leaders of the party sent in a request to the Corporation, that they should be permitted to take down the statue of our National Bard, Tom Moore, from its pedestal and to set up a statue of Mr. Parnell in its place ! It was an amazing proposition. How even a dozen Irishmen of any creed, class, or party could for a moment entertain such a notion must for ever remain a wonder. Had there not been enough of supplanting and superseding in this case without seeking to oust from his position " the Poet of all circles and the idol of his own." The proposers of this cuckoo trick were indeed so good as to say that after taking down the Moore statue, they would at some undefined time, and in some unnamed place, set it up again. They would put it, they said " elsewhere." The Corporation declined to assent to the proposed outrage ; but they placated the Parnell Monument Committee by granting them as a site for their intended statue one of the finest spots in

Dublin for such a purpose—a space at the head of O'Connell Street, in front of the historic Rotunda.

Within the past few years the long-standing feud between Parnellites and “anti-Parnellites,” has been in a great measure softened down. No patriotic Irishman could desire its continuance. On the main question that divided them each party, probably, retains its own opinions; but on minor points—such as the merits—and demerits—of the foremost champions on each side—it would seem there has been some modification of view—had there been none, they could never have drawn together again, and formed one party in Irish politics. The epithets they were wont to hurl at each other are not, and I hope will never more be, in common use; the physical wounds and bruises inflicted have long since healed, and the moral hurts, if not forgotten, are at all events not bitterly remembered. The strife is now a part of Irish history; its details are on record; they cannot be sponged out; there would be no use in attempting to ignore them; the best thing that can be done is to draw from them their proper moral, and take heed of the lessons they convey. They should teach our politicians to be tolerant of honest differences of opinion, and to avoid the extravagances that are generated by unrestrained party passion. From them we should learn the folly—the wickedness—of putting personal feeling above the interests of the country. They show also the danger of leader-worship among the Irish people. We are apt to spoil our leaders, to turn their heads with adulation, to make despots of them, and when we have to break with them, for reasons no matter how good, we find ourselves involved in serious trouble with the partisans and parasites they have gathered round them. Leaders every struggling nation and people must have, else they are a mere mob, a “heap of uncementing sand,”

but the populace should beware how they make dictators of those gentlemen, and so bring themselves into the condition of being subject to two tyrannies instead of one.

Ireland has passed through a trying time, and emerged, not unhurt, but with her old renown untarnished. On the "holy delicate white hands" of "Dark Rosaleen," there is no stain. That fact, even if there were no prospect of better times, would be a source of pride to her people. But, happily, the situation has improved, and prospects are still brightening. Large concessions in the direction of self-government have been made. The National movement will go on—and on—until some mutually satisfactory settlement of the issue between England and Ireland is arrived at.

It is idle to expect that Ireland will tire of her struggle for the recovery of the status and rights of which she was robbed by the Act of Union. She is winning her battle. She has stormed, captured, and occupied many points of vantage, and is still on the forward move. A friendly settlement will be reached; it cannot be long delayed.



CHAPTER XL.

The Local Government Act.—The Land Conference.—The Dunraven Treaty.—The Land Purchase Act.—Discussions as to its Merits,—Mr. William O'Brien "retires from Public Life."

TWO measures, of recent enactment,—The Local Government Act of 1898, and the Land Act, 1903—mark a great change in Irish political conditions. The first was devised and drafted by the Government, without giving any intimation to the Irish Party that they had such a measure in contemplation. The announcement by Mr. A. J. Balfour in 1897 that a Bill would be laid before Parliament for the extension of the English system of Local Government to Ireland, came as a surprise, "a bolt from the blue," to the Irish people. They had not been asking for that particular concession; their demand, in political currency, was "twenty shillings in the pound," not five shillings, or seven-and-sixpence. Their protest against English misrule struck at the bureaucratic administration centralised at Dublin Castle; but to that grievance they were giving no special attention at the time. In fact, the most distinguished and powerful assailant of the Castle system some years earlier was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. In a series of letters, articles, and speeches in 1884-5, he poured a fire of destructive criticism on that agency of misrule and all its works and ways. Thus, in a speech at Holloway on June 17th, 1885, he said:—

I do not believe that the great majority of Englishmen have the slightest conception of the system under which this free nation attempts to rule the sister country. It is a system which is founded on the bayonets of 30,000 soldiers encamped per-

manently as in a hostile country. It is a system as completely centralized and bureaucratic as that with which Russia governs Poland or as that which prevailed in Venice under the Austrian rule. An Irishman at this moment cannot move a step—he cannot lift a finger in any parochial, municipal, or educational work, without being confronted with, interfered with, controlled by an English official, appointed by a foreign Government, and without a shade or shadow of representative authority. I say the time has come to reform altogether this absurd and irritating anachronism which is known as Dublin Castle.

In an article in *The Fortnightly Review*, unsigned, but known to be from his pen, he put forward a more detailed and elaborate indictment of Dublin Castle, and propounded a scheme for the establishment of national councils. One of his earliest deliverances on the subject was his now famous letter to Mr. W. H. Duignan of Walsall, dated December 17th, 1884, of which the following is a portion :—

If Nationalism means separation, I am prepared to resist it. . . . But if Nationalism means Home Rule I have no objection to make in principle, and am only anxious to find out exactly what it means. . . . I consider that Ireland has a right to a local government more complete, more popular, more thoroughly representative, and more far-reaching than anything that has hitherto been suggested, and I hope that the first session of a reformed Parliament will settle this question, so far at least as what is generally called County Government in Ireland, is concerned.

But for myself I am willing to go even further. I believe that there are questions, not local in any narrow sense, but which require local and exceptional treatment in Ireland, and which cannot be dealt with to the satisfaction of the Irish people by an Imperial Parliament.

Chief amongst them are the education question and the land question, and I would not hesitate to transfer their consideration and solution entirely to an Irish Board altogether independent of English Government influence.

Such a board might also deal with railways and other communications, and would, of course, be invested with powers of taxation in Ireland for these strictly Irish purposes.

This was a broad scheme, outlined by a statesman of recognised ability and large influence, thirteen years before the introduction of the Bill of 1898. The successful carriage of that measure through Parliament was mainly the work of the brothers A. J. and G. W. Balfour; the name of Mr. Chamberlain is not associated with it in the public mind, but I cannot help thinking that to him may justly be given a share of the credit for that considerable measure of reform.

The Bill was well received by all parties—except indeed the small party led by Mr. John Redmond. At one of their meetings in Dublin in February, 1898—a few days before the opening of the Parliamentary Session—Mr. J. E. Redmond, M.P., Mr. William Field, M.P., and Mr. P. O'Brien, M.P., being present—the following resolution was passed unanimously :—

That we regard the substitution by the Government of County Councils for some workable scheme of Irish National Self-Government as a legislative makeshift, well calculated to lead to confusion and abuse, while admitting the difficulty in their way of proposing any plan of Home Rule so long as the majority of the Irish representation in Parliament represents nothing but the success at the polls of clerical dictation and undue influence.

Notwithstanding this plain intimation to the Government, that for the present at all events, they had a valid defence against any claim for the concession of Home Rule, Mr. Redmond straightway proceeded to put on the notice-paper of the House of Commons a Home Rule amendment to the Address in reply to the Queen's Speech. The scheme of Home Rule which it outlined went far beyond that which had been offered by Mr. Gladstone, gladly accepted by Mr. Parnell,* and

* "The statutory legislature which we have accepted is not a supreme or co-ordinate Parliament; it is a subordinate one, which has only power to deal with Irish domestic business." Speech of Mr. Parnell at Plymouth, June 25, 1886.

praised by Mr. Redmond himself from his place in the House of Commons. It declared that the Irish demand

Can be satisfied only by the concession of an Independent Parliament, and an Executive responsible thereto.

Mr. Redmond took a division on his amendment ; the votes cast in its favour numbered—three.

The Local Government Act has effected a little revolution in Ireland. It has not abolished the Castle system, so vigorously denounced by Mr. Chamberlain, but it has modified that abomination to a great extent ; it has disrated the old ascendancy class throughout the country, and given into the hands of popularly elected bodies the management of local affairs to a degree beyond all precedent. No one regards it as a substitute for Home Rule, but it is a great advance towards that solution of the Anglo-Irish difficulty. I wrote thus of the situation a few hours after the Bill had got its second reading in the House of Commons :—

Half-way up the mountain side
After years of stress and strain,
Toiling, let what might betide,
Its bright summit to regain !
Long and rugged was the way,
Path and pass our blood has dyed—
Yea ! but here we stand to-day
Half-way up the mountain side.

Thunders pealed and lightnings blazed,
Snow and hail against us beat ;
Fogs and mists were round us raised,
Snares were set before our feet :
Often for a space misled,
Foiled by many a faithless guide,
On we pressed—'till here we tread
Half-way up the mountain side,

Whether toils of like degree
 Wait us yet, we cannot know;
 Light or heavy let them be,
 Few or many, on we go
 Timid voices whispering say
 Where we are we should abide—
 No! we make no stop or stay
 Half-way up the mountain side.

The Land Act of 1903 is the latest—I doubt that it will prove to be the last—of a long series of measures dealing with the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland. It needs amendment, and will be amended, after the lapse of some years, when its defects shall have been fully exposed. But, meantime, it will operate in the direction of creating a peasant proprietary. It will not “abolish landlordism,” but it will reduce the number of landlords, and clear out many of the most embarrassed, and consequently the most exacting and merciless of their class. In his speech on the second reading of the Bill (May 4, 1903) the Prime Minister, Mr. A. J. Balfour, referred to the Irish land system as “intolerable and absurd, the worst in any civilised country in the world.” Equally true it is that the class of men created and fostered by it were about the most worthless on the face of the earth. Inheritors of confiscated lands, they were devoid of all sympathy with the native population; they did nothing for the improvement of the country, cared nothing for the condition of the people; they regarded themselves as England’s garrison, established to put a check on Irish “disloyalty,” but having for their chief business in life to hunt, shoot, fish, and generally amuse themselves. One who was well qualified to describe them—Professor Mahaffy of Trinity College—gave a presentation of their ideas, manners, and customs in an interesting article in *The Contemporary Review* for January, 1882. He

did not write as an enemy of their order ; he complained of them more in sorrow than in anger ; he did not suggest that they were too hard upon their tenants, on the contrary he held that they were not hard and fierce enough *—but then he went on to reproach them with idleness, lack of public spirit, and almost boorish ignorance. They don't read, he said ; anything in the nature of a library they do not care to have in their houses. Of course he recognised that there are exceptions to the rule ; but on the whole he held that as regards education and enlightenment they were in his own time not advancing but going backwards. I quote his words :—

Alas, instead of improving, it is a melancholy fact that the education of the country gentleman is rapidly disappearing. . . . It is a common thing in Ireland for the sons of respectable parents to learn nothing till they are twelve years old ; then they are sent to school and expected to know enough at sixteen. . . . Every sort of excuse is adopted to delay the boy's going to school, He is supposed to be delicate ; his mother would break her heart. After all, hasn't he time enough ? He hasn't to earn his bread like poor people. What good are books ? They ruin most men. Look at Gladstone ; they say he's a regular bookworm, and of all the—I will not finish the sentence.

The reticence of the learned professor at this point is commendable ; we can do without the ornamental

* The following absolutely Cromwellian suggestion forms part of the article :—"With a capital of £150,000, a properly organised defence association could select a large estate, incur the heavy costs of clearing it by selling out the tenants, and purge it absolutely of disloyal and dishonest people. They could obtain any military force requisite to enforce the ejectments and hold the land. If this were carried out in a few counties, it is the opinion of every man who knows Ireland that the rest would waver, pay their rents in most cases, and leave the small residue easy to be conquered or expelled. This is what the landlords have it still in their power to do."

expressions with which that typical Irish landlord rounded up his argument. Their woman-folk, we are told, were of the same way of thinking :—

“What does he want with education?” said an old lady to me once; in the same connection; “isn’t he a fine handsome boy, and can’t I keep him till he grows up? Then he will go over to England, *and some rich lady will trate herself to him.*”

The “Land War” between those gentry and the tenant class had gone on for generations, but, with all their sufferings, the tenantry were slowly winning their fight. There was much legislative tinkering with the land code; it was pieced and patched again and again; but the first great and far-reaching reform was that effected by Mr. Gladstone’s Act of 1881, which established dual ownership in the land and set up courts to fix equitable rents at stated periods. One result of this measure was a judicially enforced reduction of rents over a great part of the country—to the grief and horror of the stricken landlords. Causes of trouble, however, still remained. The “grabbing” of evicted farms—a crime in the eyes of the people—went on; boycotting was resorted to, evictions were carried out. Ere long the landlords became disgusted with “dual ownership,” and “judicial rents,” and the feeling became universal that another land measure of much wider scope was necessary for the pacification of the country. A conference between representative landlords and leaders of the tenants’ agitation was suggested. At the outset the idea was scouted by the chiefs of the “United Irish League.” They emphatically declared that from their side there should be no hoisting of as much as the corner of a “white flag.” No parley should be held with the enemy—let them come in and surrender. Mr. William O’Brien suggested hanging as a not unmerited punishment for anyone showing the slightest

disposition towards an amicable discussion with landlords on the question at issue. Here is the concluding paragraph of an article signed with his name and published in his paper of September 6th, 1902 :—

Just, and, if you will, chivalrous terms by and bye, as soon as we have spiked the great guns of the Coercionists, and wrenched their poisoned weapons from their hands. But, in the meantime the business of the hour is not whispered conferences with the enemy in the dark, but the steady, disciplined, and fearless battle-charge of men who have never yet been in the long run beaten ; and the man who in such an hour is caught exchanging signals of amity or surrender with Mr. Wyndham, and the landlords is deserving of the infamy, if not of the rope, with which the defenders of Derry passed LUNDY down to history.

A couple of weeks later (September 20th), in another signed article, Mr. O'Brien thus poured out the vials of his wrath on the Chief Secretary :—

It is just here that Mr. Wyndham's abject feebleness as a ruler changes into the wild and spiteful fury of the Coercionist. . . . As he can effect nothing else in Ireland, he gives the signal for anarchy, official savagery, and general hell, in the spirit of a Parisian Communard blowing up a city to keep him company in his suicide. For fear of becoming contemptible he prefers to become detestable. He forgets that it is possible to make himself hated and despised at once. That he has achieved this double fact is his first success in Ireland—and will be his last.

Within a few weeks of those fulminations Mr. O'Brien was not only "exchanging signals of amity," but engaged in "whispered conferences" with representatives of the landlord party—whose guns had not been spiked, and whose "poisoned weapons" had not been wrenched from their hands. Moreover, he had begun to cast soft glances on Mr. Wyndham, and to say nice things of him. The Conferences were held in the Dublin Mansion House in the last weeks of December,

1902. Lord Dunraven was the leader on one side, and Mr. O'Brien on the other. Both parties recognised that a compromise should be effected. The landlord representatives soon found that the erstwhile adamant Mr. O'Brien was like wax in their hands. Lord Dunraven, who is an experienced and accomplished yachtsman, sailed round him as easily as in his yacht "The Valkyrie," he would sail round a Galway hooker. A scheme of settlement having been agreed upon, a report setting forth the resolutions adopted and arrangements recommended was drawn up and signed by the negotiators. Mutual congratulations followed; all appeared to think that the oft-promised "new era" had dawned at last, and that the day was near when the war drums would "throb no longer and the battle flags be furled"—always provided that Chief Secretary Wyndham would approve the Conference recommendations and embody them in the new Land Bill he was known to have in preparation.

When the resolutions were given to the press Mr. O'Brien strongly advised that not a word of criticism on the scheme they set forth should be uttered throughout the land for a period of at least six months; and he angrily attacked the first few persons who dared to suggest that, from the tenants' point of view, the so-called "Treaty" was not as good as it should be. But he failed to impose silence on the whole nation; in a case of such vast importance to the lives and fortunes of the people, public opinion could not be suppressed. Popular pronouncements were favourable to the scheme as a whole, but certain of its provisions—notably the proposed arrangement for keeping the purchase prices of land within certain limitations—were objected to, and various amendments suggested. Some of those amendments Mr. Wyndham accepted, but the objectionable "zone system" for the regulation of

prices he incorporated in his bill; and in that form the measure became law.

A couple of weeks later, in September, 1903, at a meeting of the Directory of the United Irish League, Mr. O'Brien drafted, proposed, and carried a resolution declaring the new Act to be "the most successful victory gained for centuries by the Irish race for the reconquest of the soil of Ireland." Ten months afterwards—on July 8th, 1904—Mr. John Redmond, Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party—brought forward in the House of Commons a motion to amend "the grave defects of that Act, particularly the creation of a system of zones leading to the unjust inflation of prices, and the absence of provisions for the compulsory acquisition of land," etc. Coming from another source this motion would be in no way remarkable; the curious thing was that it should be sponsored by Mr. Redmond. For that gentleman was a party to the "Dunraven Treaty"; he was a signatory of the Conference resolutions which introduced the "system of zones," and, moreover, he had hastened, in the sale of his own property, to take advantage to the utmost of that "inflation of prices" of which his motion complained. But such are some of the little "ironies of public life."

Mr. O'Brien was highly elated by the passing of the Land Purchase Act, and proud, as he well might be, of his own share in its effectuation. But he overestimated its potency. Ever fervent and effervescent, he believed it would speedily work a magical change in the condition of the country and the feelings of all classes of its inhabitants. In his newspaper, the *Irish People*, he announced a new departure: henceforth its keynote was to be conciliation; its policy, the cultivation of good-will between the populace and the gentry, with a view to the winning of the latter important class along the road to Home Rule. It was a com-

mendable purpose, and seemed to show that somewhere deep down in Mr. O'Brien's nature there was an unsuspected deposit of good sense. But he gave the experiment only a brief trial. To his grievous disappointment he found that neither landlords nor tenants were inclined to move as fast as he would have them to go. The majority of the landowners declined to part with their property except on terms to which the tenants would not assent; the United Irish League—of which he was the founder—did not prove as amenable to his suggestions as he thought it should; the leaders of the Irish Parliamentary party could not be got to share his enthusiasm; the Dublin national journals gave him no encouragement; and, growing disgusted with the whole situation, he suddenly resolved to have done with it and to “withdraw from public life.” Only two numbers of the Conciliation series of his paper had been published when he drew down the blinds, shut the doors, paid off his staff, resigned his seat in Parliament, shook the dust of Dublin from off his feet, and went to reside at Mallow Cottage, near Westport, in the County of Mayo.

One would think that to a man of Mr. O'Brien's habits and temperament, life on a silent shore by the “melancholy ocean,” would not be endurable for any considerable time. Few believe that he will remain long in retirement, looking after his garden produce and studying the ways of seagulls. Under the shadow of Croagh Patrick in some of his quiet hours he will distinctly hear “The Voice of the Children of Erin,” crying out to him to return and give them the political guidance of which they stand in need. And I imagine he will obey the summons.*

* See Appendix.

CHAPTER XLI.

The National Question.—“The Dawning of the Day.”

WHATEVER may be said of the recent land legislation, the National question remains. It stands over for settlement. Settled I believe it will be, ere long, and in an amicable fashion, without push of pike or expenditure of gunpowder. Home Rule will come round to us as the Local Government Act and the Land Act have come, by way of friendly arrangement between the two countries; and both will be the happier for the close of their protracted struggle. Ireland will retain her historic character as a distinct nation, and England will say “so be it.”

Pleasant it would be to many of us, who have hoped and striven for such a consummation, could we look upon the old land under the brighter conditions that the future will surely bring; but it is a joy to have seen “The Dawning of the Day.”

In the words of the American poet Whittier, we can say:

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves:

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done.

GOD SAVE IRELAND.

APPENDIX.

BOYCOTTING, p. 64 :

The word "Boycotting" has now a recognised place in the English language. It originated in the policy adopted by the Land Leaguers in the Autumn of 1880, towards a Captain Boycott who had made himself unpopular in connection with the management of his land. But the idea of subjecting obnoxious persons to a sort of excommunication in social and business matters is an old one. When the American Colonies of England were growing restive under her rule, what would now be called a "boycott" was in many places put in practice against merchants and traders who refused to take part in the popular movement. Thus, at a public meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Roxbury on the 5th of March, 1770, it was "VOTED"—

"That we do with the utmost abhorrence and detestation view the little, mean, and sordid conduct of a few traders in this province, who do import British goods contrary to said agreement. . . . That whereas [here a number of names are given] are of this number, we do hereby declare that we will not buy the least article of any of said persons ourselves, or suffer any acting for or under us to buy of them, neither will we buy of those that shall buy or exchange any articles of goods with them."

Amongst the resolutions adopted by the inhabitants of the town of Acton was the following :—

"Voted—That from this time we will have no commercial or social connection with those who at this time do refuse to contribute to the relief of this abused country, especially those that import British goods. . . . that we will not afford them our custom, but treat them with the utmost neglect, and all those who countenance them."

The inhabitants of the town of Littleton, after adopting a similar series of resolutions, voted :—

"That a committee be chosen to inspect the conduct of all buyers and sellers of goods in this town, and report the names

of all (if any such there should be) who shall violate the true spirit and intention of the above-mentioned votes and resolutions."

Scores of similar resolutions were adopted throughout the country before the prevailing discontent ripened into the War of Independence. In Ireland, too, the system of "social ostracism" had been propounded many years before the Land League came into existence. At an election meeting in Tralee in 1852, the Rev. John Maine advised his hearers as to how they should treat any catholic elector who should vote for the anti tenant-right candidate:—

"Pass him with scorn and contempt; do not be seen to walk with him, to talk with him, or associate with him. Be not contaminated by any contact with a wretch so degraded. If you meet him on the high road, pass over to the other side. Have no dealing with him. Make him to understand that he cannot afford to brave the honest indignation of his fellow-countrymen."

Mr. Parnell's advocacy of the policy in a speech at Ennis in 1880, was an almost literal reproduction of those words.

DECLINE AND FALL OF ISAAC BUTT, p. 144:—

A long letter from the pen of Mr. William O'Brien professing to describe the "deposition" of Mr. Butt from the leadership of the Irish party, published in *The Freeman's Journal* of April, 1897, contains a series of misstatements which I feel bound to correct in this work. Mr. O'Brien says that at a meeting of the Home Rule League, held in the Leinster Lecture Hall, Molesworth Street, Dublin, on the 5th of February, 1879:—

"Butt was for the first time beaten, by a narrow majority, by Messrs. Parnell, Biggar, and Dillon."

The fact is that he was not beaten by any majority, large or small. In the division taken on the question of the day—which had relation to his parliamentary policy and conduct of the national movement—Mr. Butt and his supporters were the triumphant party. Mr. O'Brien goes on to say:—

"Those who deposed Mr. Butt were absolutely and inevitably in the right; but the pity of it—the drooped shoulders, the genial old face, the vast arched forehead, with the rings of silver hair tossing about it, the voice in which you heard the last rattle of dying genius!"

Mr. Butt was not deposed; his deposition was not even proposed in the resolution which was debated. Mr. O'Brien continues, picturesquely :—

“ I saw Butt carry on a genial chat with John Dillon just after he had spoken the last word against his leadership, and, if my memory does not deceive me, I think it was the arm of his victorious successor, Mr. Parnell, the great old fellow took in leaving the hall, with the glorious courage of the days of chivalry.”

The arm taken by Mr. Butt was that of his son Robert.

Mr. Parnell was neither victorious on the occasion, nor the successor of Mr. Butt. “ The great old fellow,”—as he truly was—held his place until the hand of the irresistible deposer Death was laid upon him on the 5th day of May, 1879—and then his successor was not Mr. Parnell, but Mr. William Shaw, M.P.

The resolution above referred to was drafted by the writer of these pages, and proposed by him in a temperate speech, pleading merely for the adoption by Mr. Butt of the more advanced and vigorous policy which had found favour with the country; it was seconded by Mr. Biggar, and supported, somewhat vehemently, by Mr. John Dillon. An amendment thereto—which was better liked by Mr. Butt—was proposed by Mr. D. B. Sullivan. The amendment was carried and the resolution defeated by 32 votes to 24.

PARNELL'S PROCLAMATION, p. 200 :

In a history of *The Irish National Invincibles*, by Patrick J. P. Tynan, “ Number One,” originally published in America, and subsequently in an expurgated edition, by Chatham and Co., London, the author sets forth very frankly, and in an approving spirit, the views of this affair, which he alleges were held by the Invincibles and their friends. I can quote only a few of its mildest passages :—

“ Early on Monday morning Dublin was placarded with two British proclamations; one bearing the signature of the ‘ Red Earl,’ chief of Britain’s banditti in Ireland, the other signed by Charles Stewart Parnell, on this occasion the offerer of consolation and assistance to Ireland’s brutal and unrelenting foes. . . . This proclamation of theirs was an act of treason against Ireland, for it expressed sympathy with Ireland’s

invader and enemy, and condemned the secret armed soldiers of Ireland who struck down the new chief of these invading foes. . . . The West British proclamation was written by a man in frenzy and panic, a politician, not a patriot, who compelled the frightened Mr. Parnell to affix his signature to the document, without giving him scarce time to read what was about to go before the world. . . . Anything more infamous was never done by trusted men against their nation since Arnold went over to the British, and tried to surrender West Point to America's enemy. . . . The Irish leaders of the public movement evidently issued their proclamation when suffering under nervous shock. Not content with madly rushing to the enemy's rescue, at a momentous crisis when the Briton's rule in Ireland was quivering under the effect of the mysterious lightning stroke so fiercely dealt at his presence in the country, they permitted their official journal, *United Ireland*, reinstated in Dublin by the enemy's permission, to aid the invader by its vain attempts to cast the stain of crime upon the unknown patriots. They allowed, or possibly instructed, the editor of that journal, Mr. O'Brien, a man with the volatility of a windmill, and the fanaticism of an illusionist, in his faith in the use of words to free nations, to publish an editorial upon this historic incident worthy of Britain's murder organ, the *London Times*, attacking his own countrymen who tried to hold the breach when the foe had imprisoned the orators."

JAMES CAREY, p. 206 :

In his evidence at the Invincible trials Carey said :—" I am no informer ; I got no one arrested." In reply to questions on cross-examination (February 18th, 1883), he made the following memorable statement :—" I became a member of the Assassination Committee when the country was in a bad state, when coercion was in full force, when the popular leaders were in prison, when any man might be thrown into prison at a moment's notice, and kept there without trial. But for that the Committee would not have had so many recruits."

O'DONNELL, p. 206 :—

A couple of years after the execution of Patrick O'Donnell, and the burial of his remains in Newgate prison graveyard, a

handsome marble monument to his memory was sent from New York to Dublin, and set up in Glasnevin Cemetery. It bears the following inscription, suitably spaced out :—

“Thy will be Done. In memory of Patrick O'Donnell, who heroically gave up his life for Ireland, in London, England, on 17th December, 1883. Not tears but prayers for the dead who died for Ireland. This monument was erected by the grateful admirers of his heroism in the United States of America, through the Irish World, and forwarded by a ladies' committee of New York. Mrs. F. Byrne, Mrs. Maggie Halvey, Ellen A. Ford. R. I. P.”

MOSES, p. 331 :—

Mr. Parnell was not the only Moses we have had in Ireland of late years, according to the testimony of some of our enthusiastic fellow-countrymen. Here is an extract from an address presented to Mr. William O'Brien at a meeting at Castlebar, on August 2nd, 1902, from which it would appear that he has been to Ireland not only another Moses but also another Saint Patrick :—

“It would almost appear that Divine Providence inspired William O'Brien to come down to Mayo, and plant his tabernacle at the foot of Croagh Patrick, and, like another Moses write his table of commandments and lead his people from the bondage of disunion and slavery to the joy of Union of hearts, loyal comradeship, and the promised land of Irish National freedom. . . . You (Mr. O'Brien) have banished dissension and despair, as St. Patrick banished the snakes and reptiles out of Ireland at Croagh Patrick. . . . Yours is a magnificent achievement, unsurpassed by any hero or warrior of ancient or modern times.”

In this connection it would be a pity not to quote the following prodigious passages from an address to Mr. O'Brien adopted at a meeting in Glasgow, under the presidency of Bailie John Ferguson on November 15th, 1903 :—

“We implore you by the memory of ‘Untiring Tone,’ and ‘Devoted Emmet,’ by the lives of ‘Smith O'Brien the Proud,’ ‘John Mitchel the Fierce,’ and the ‘Saintly John Martin,’—of each of which three patriots you possess strong characteristics—to sacrifice on the altar of your country's needs the deep feelings that have compelled you to take a step so dangerous to the cause you would die to win. . . . We know that

your retirement is not secession with hostile intent—like that which, when wounded to the heart by O'Connell, Young Ireland sadly, but with high motive resolved upon—but rather that of Aristides the Just, Cincinnatus, Camillus, and Epaminondas—self-effacement, pure and noble, with the object of avoiding contention.”

What wonderful man! May he live long and die happy!

REVOLVERS AND PISTOLS, p. 355 :—

In an interview with a representative of *The Roscommon Herald*, in December 1904, Captain McTernan, R.M., who was in charge of the police at the Rosslea meeting, said he was aware that the orangemen would be “all armed with revolvers,” and that he “heard one of the gentlemen boast that he had distributed 3 cwt. of revolvers to his tenantry.” (Query, 300 ?).

W. O'BRIEN, p. 375 :—

“Few believe that he will remain long in retirement.”—Since these words were put in print the expected thing has happened. Mr. O'Brien has “returned to public life.” He has been re-elected to Parliament by his former constituents of Cork city, who considerably refrained from imposing on him the hitherto indispensable pledge of submission to the decisions of the members present and voting at meetings of the Irish Party. He has propounded a policy of his own called “the Conciliation Policy” and proposed the formation of a small select body to be entitled “The Advisory Committee” whose function it would be to give wise council to the United Irish League and the country on all important questions and critical occasions. But his old companions-in-arms, the leaders of the League, will have none of these things—least of all the “advisory committee.” And thus is created an interesting situation.

INDEX.

	PAGE.
A	
Aberdeen, Earl of, Viceroy	207, 212
Abraham, William, M.P.	287, 293
Address of Parnell, Dillon, and Davitt <i>re</i> Phoenix Park murders	200
Address of the Women of Ireland to Mr. Gladstone	227
Address of the Women of England to their Irish Sisters	228
Albert (Prince) Monument	95
All Night Sitings	185
Amnesty Movement	128-132
Arrests of Members of the Phoenix Society	40
Arrests of the Staff of <i>The Irish People</i> (Fenian organ)	58
Arrests for the Phoenix Park Murders.	204
Archbishop of Dublin on <i>Freeman's Journal</i>	305-307
Attacks by "extreme" Nationalists on Public Meetings	128-137
Attack by Police on Meeting in the Phoenix Park	138-144
B.	
Bagenal, Philip H.	214
Bagwell, Richard	215
Bailey Brigade	219
Balfour, Brothers	366, 369
Ballingarry	7, 16
Bantry	1, 5
Barry, Charles R., Q.C.	60
Barry, John, M.P.	286
Biggar, Joseph, M.P.	134, 186-189
"Black Bag" (Pigott's invention)	264
Blackmail	77-79
Blocking of Bills	186
Boulogne Negotiations	295
Brady, Joseph, executed	204
Breslin, John J.	163, 265

			PAGE.
Burke, Hon. T. H., Under Sec.	..	..	143
"Burying the Hatchet"	..	..	160
Butt, Isaac, Q.C.	..	..	62, 69, 181

C.

Cablegram from Delegates, New York	..	..	280
Canada, Fenian Invasion	..	..	125
Cardinal Cullen	..	..	26, 30, 61
Carey, James	..	..	204, 206
Carroll, Rev. W. G., Rector	..	..	159
Carpenters, English	..	..	241
Casey, John K.	..	..	69, 70, 71
Cavendish, Lord F.	..	..	199, 200
Cantwell, James	..	..	146
Challenges to Duels	..	..	153-157
Clark, W. S. and Sons	..	..	220
Colleary, Bernard	..	..	301
Commins, Dr., Q.C., M.P.	..	..	286
Commission, Special (Parnell)	..	..	254
Convention Act Repeal	..	..	145
Conference, Dunraven	..	..	371
Corydon, Government Spy	..	..	190
Crowe, Patrick	..	..	169
Curley, Daniel, executed	..	..	205

D.

Davitt, Michael	..	..	253, 303, 328
Dawson, Charles, Lord Mayor	..	..	225
"De l'Abbaye"	..	..	54-56, 85
Delegates, Irish, in America	..	..	280-283
Deputations to Mr. Gladstone	from Irish Municipal		
Bodies	..	..	226
Do.	Do.	from Room 15	290
Devoy, John	..	..	79, 109, 162
Dillon, John Blake	..	..	16
Dillon, John, M.P.	..	..	281, 342
Dillon, V.B., Alderman	..	..	237, 301, 342
Doherty, Rev. John	..	..	154, 184
Doyle, Very Rev. Canon, P.P.	..	..	237
Downing, McCarthy, Solicitor, M.P.	..	..	45
Dromore, Rival Meetings	..	..	353
Duffy, Charles Gavan	..	..	8, 10, 13, 31, 360

				PAGE.
Duffy, Edward	..	..	..	70
Dunraven, Lord	..	..	..	373
Dynamite	..	..	..	164, 169

E.

Ecclesiastical Titles' Act	..	..	..	26
Edinburgh, Duke of	..	..	..	104
Egan, Patrick	..	..	..	77-79
Election Riots	..	..	..	301, 327
English Home Rule Deputations in Dublin	..	..	..	231
English Home Rule Meetings	..	..	..	332
"Erin's Hope"	..	..	..	90
"Executive" Documents	..	..	..	59, 116
Executions, Manchester	..	..	..	176
Do. Dublin	..	..	..	205
Explosions	..	..	..	171-175

F.

Famine of '47-8	..	..	..	3-5
"Fair Trial Fund"	..	..	..	41
Farewell Demonstration to Lord Aberdeen	..	..	..	212
Fenian Organisation	..	..	..	46-52
Fenian Risings	..	..	..	83-92
Findings of the Parnell Commission	..	..	..	275
Finnerty, John F.	..	..	..	213, 278
Fight in the House of Commons	..	..	..	347
Flanagan, Woulfe	..	..	..	247
Flight of Pigott	..	..	..	274
Ford, Patrick	..	..	..	164-168
Forgeries (Pigott's)	..	..	..	248, 267
Forster, Rt. Hon. W. E.	..	..	..	4, 257-261
"Frazer Letter" (O'Keeffe's)	..	..	..	59
Freedom of Dublin conferred on Parnell and Dillon	..	..	..	225
<i>Freeman's Journal</i>	..	..	..	62, 304-307, 320

G.

Galbraith, Rev. J. A., Professor, T.C.D.	..	..	..	150
Galway Election	..	..	..	194
"Garnishee"	..	..	..	74
Gavin, Major, M.P.	..	..	..	153
Giffin, Death of	..	..	..	353-4

	PAGE.
Gill, T. P., M.P.	237, 281
Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E.	202, 340
Glastonbury, Unionist Attack on a Home Rule Meeting	218
"God Save Ireland"	177-180
Grattan Monument	96, 101
Gray, Sir John	62
Gray, Edmund Dwyer, M.P.	224

H.

Harrington, Timothy	283, 323
Hawarden Castle, Reception of Irish Municipal Deputations by Mr. Gladstone	226
Healy, T. M., M.P.	5, 192, 237, 294, 308, 340, 349
Hennessy, John Pope	301
Henry, Mitchell	132
Holland, Denis	38
Home Rule Bills	344
Home Government Association	158
Hopps, Rev. John Page	232
Houston, Ed. Caulfield	247, 263, 269
"How the Patriot Falls"	149

I.

Imprisonment of Land League Leaders in Kilmainham Jail	198
Inquest on Giffin	353
"Insuppressible" newspaper	310
"Invincible" Society	204
"Irish People" (John O'Leary's)	50-63
"Irish People" (William O'Brien's)	374
Irwin, Thomas (Poet)	21

K.

Keogh, Judge	26-28, 61
Kenny, Doctor Joseph E.	211
Kickham, C. J.	51-59
Kilmainham Treaty	198
Kilkenny (North) Election	300
Kettle, A. J.	303
Kelly, Timothy, executed	205
Kerr, Murray, D.L.	355

	L.	PAGE.
Labouchere, Henry		270, 351
Land Purchase Act		369
Larkin, Michael, executed		176
Larkin, Rev. Father (New Zealand)		177
Leamy, Edmund, M.P.		310
Lewis, Mr. George		270
Limerick Tenant-Right Meeting—Attack on		130
Local Government Act		365-368
London Bridge, Explosion		173
Longford Election		158
Lord Edward Street, Dublin		117
"Loyal and Patriotic Union"		214
Luby, Thomas Clarke		51, 163
Lundy (of Derry)		372
Lynch, Michael (of Galway)		192
Lyttleton, Hon. A.G.		203
Leadership, Pronouncements of Irish Delegates in America		280, 283

M.

Mackay (Lomasney)		174
McCarthy, Justin, M.P.		293, 326, 343
McCarthy, Downing, M.P.		41-45
McCarthy, Colour-Sergeant		68
McGee, Thomas D'Arcy		17, 119-127
McHale, Archbishop of Tuam		29
McKenna, Sir Joseph Neale		146
Maguire, John Francis, M.P.		149
Maguire, Professor, T.C.D.		215, 247
Mahaffy, Professor, T.C.D.		140, 369
Maher, Patrick, His Paper Bags		208
Mahony, Pierce		329
Manchester Rescue, and Executions		176
Manifesto (anti-Gladstone) of Mr. Parnell		283
Manifesto of Irish Bishops		298
Martin, John, M.P.		92, 177
Meath Elections		328
Meehan, Rev. C. P.		159
Meehan, Patrick J.		110-113
Monument to Patrick O'Donnell		(Appendix iii.)
Mitchel, John		14, 16

	PAGE.
Moore, George Henry	24, 30, 69, 155
Mooney, Thomas (San Francisco) ..	164
Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry	83-85
Morley, John	230, 284
Moyers, Lord Mayor, Dublin	224
Murphy, William M., M.P.	211, 327
"Murphy" (Pigott's invention)	264

N.

Nagle, Colonel, Fenian Officer	68
Nagle, Pierce, Government Spy	63
<i>Nation</i> (New Series)	8-13
Do. Prosecuted under Coercion Act	236
<i>National Press</i>	312
"New Departure" (John Devoy's)	162
Nolan, Colonel, M.P.	327
Nolan, "John Amnesty"	129, 138
Nonconformist Ministers	241
"No Rent Manifesto"	198
Nugent, Col. Greville	160
Nulty, Most Rev. Dr., Bishop of Meath	328

O.

O'Brien, Michael, Executed at Manchester	176
O'Brien, J. F .X.	54, 289
O'Brien, William 73, 75, 87-92, 194, 310, 371, 375	
Obstruction Policy	181
O'Connor, James	308, 310
O'Connor, T. P.	346
O'Connor, Power	134
O'Donovan Rossa	6, 36, 43-46, 63
O'Donoghue, M.P.	43, 148-157
O'Donnell, Patrick, Slayer of James Carey	205
O'Donnell, Frank Hugh	181, 197, 250, 253
O'Farrell, H. J. (Sydney)	103-106
O'Keeffe, C. M.	54-66
O'Leary, John	49, 71, 108, 136
O'Leary, "Pagan"	67
O'Mahony, John	46
Orange Demonstrations	353-358
O'Reilly, John Boyle	68
O'Shea, Captain	192-201
O'Sullivan, Rev. John, P.P., Kenmare	38-40

	PAGE.
O'Sullivan, Daniel (Phoenix)	42
O'Sullivan, Florence (Phoenix)	42
O'Sullivan, Richard	105-107

P.

Parnell, Charles Stewart	102, 277, 313
Parnell, Miss Anna	195
Parnell, Miss Fanny	197
"Parnellism and Crime (<i>Times</i> articles)	246
Pastoral of the Irish Bishops	298
Peel, Sir Robert, Chief Secretary	151-155
Pigott, Richard	39, 69, 113, 256-274
Phoenix Society	35-43
Phoenix Park Assassinations	200
Plunkett, Lord, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin	118
Poems on the Death of Parnell	314-316

R.

Release of Parnell and Others from Kilmainham Jail	199
Redmond, John E.	303, 327-342, 367
Redmond, William	338, 350
Report of Parnell Commission	274
Re-Union with Parliamentary Party Refused by Parnellites	318
Rogers, Professor Thorald	230
"Room Fifteen"	286, 294
Rossa, O'Donovan	5, 36, 51, 168, 278
Rosslea Meeting	353
Rossmore, Lord	356
Row in the House of Commons	347
Russell, Sir Charles	256
Rutherford, John	108

S.

Saunderson, Colonel	335, 347, 357
Sexton, Thomas, M.P.	73, 211, 237, 287-294, 327, 349-352
Sheehy, David, M.P.	327
Sigerson, George, M.D.	262
Sligo Election Riots	301
Smyth, P. J., M.P.	139, 148, 157
Spencer, Earl, Viceroy	75, 199
"Split" of the Irish Party	294

				PAGE.
Stephens, James	..	..	..	36, 46, 51, 82, 110
Sullivan, A. M.	..	1, 6, 12, 41, 96, 99, 111, 161,	170, 206	
Sullivan, D. B.	..	..	..	140, 205
Sullivan, Richard	..	..	..	105, 107
Sullivan, T. D.	..	..	..	236

T.

Tanner, Dr., C. K.	..	..	..	327
Taylor, Miss Una Ashworth	..	..	..	243, 315
Tenant Right Movement	..	..	..	11
<i>Times</i> on Police Riot in Phoenix Park	..	..	..	142
On Patrick Ford's Paper	..	..	..	166
On "Parnellism and Crime"	..	..	..	246
Pays £5,000 Damages to Mr. Parnell	..	..	..	276
Tower of London Explosion	..	..	..	173
Tuam Election Riots	..	..	..	327
Tullamore Jail	..	..	..	240
Tynan, Miss Catherine	..	..	..	315

U.

<i>Union</i> Newspaper	..	..	..	214
<i>United Irishman</i> (John Mitchel's)	..	..	..	14
<i>United Irishman</i> (Rossa's)	..	..	..	164, 168
<i>United Ireland</i> (Wm. O'Brien's)	..	..	..	73, 308
"Union of Hearts"	..	..	..	210

W.

Wales, Prince of	..	..	..	222
Walsh, Most Rev. Dr., Archbishop of Dublin	..	..	..	305
Waters, Dr. John Charles	..	..	..	48
Waterford Election Riots	..	..	..	327
Westminster Hall Explosion	..	..	..	172
Wilde, Lady ("Speranza")	..	..	..	18
Wolseley, Sir Garnet	..	..	..	221
Wyndham, Rt. Hon. George	..	..	..	372

COUNTY LIBRARY

[illegible]

30006008445943



